

No Existing Ames High Spirit Vol. 8 No. 1-3

THE SPIRIT





START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT
TRADE AT TILDEN'S

The Tilden Store Co.

Dry Goods

Clothing



"Real Music at Last"

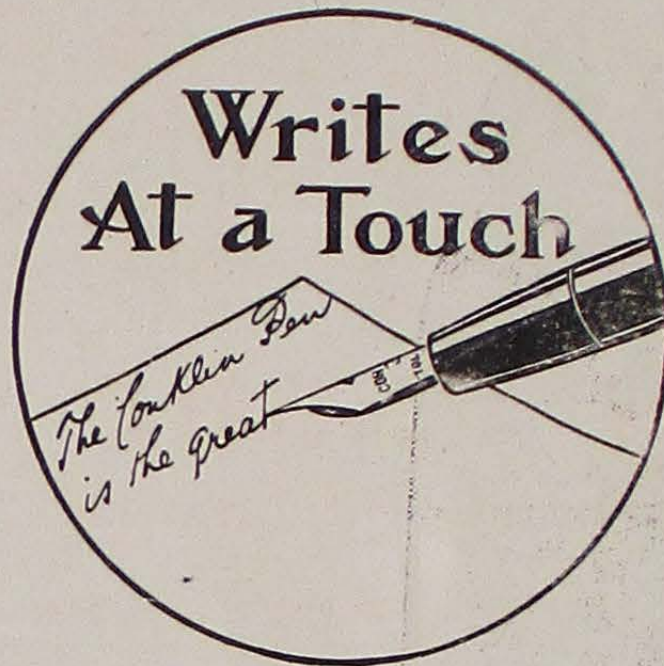
*"I wish I had heard
the Edison first"---*

*So many folks have made that remark
---and then have sought us---for relief.*

QUADE STUDIO

C. R. QUADE, Artist Photographer

417 Main St.



A Real Fountain Pen

We have a point that is
sure to satisfy you

AMES NEWS STAND

Reynolds & Iversen

We do satisfactory work
for all

**SHELDON-MUNN
BARBER SHOP**

Finest in the city
Children's work a specialty

GO TO
JUDISCH BROS.

FOR
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
FINE STATIONERY
and
TOILET ARTICLES

L - I - S - T - E - N

To the Clubs and Boarding
Houses

Buy a few bargains in case
and gallon goods

Yours for business,

W. H. POOLE

I. O. O. F. Temple

Phone 86

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Let us show you, and you'll
let us shoe you

AMES BOOTERY



THE SPIRIT



VOL. 8

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 4

75c a Year

DECEMBER 30, 1918

10c a Copy

Literary Issue

Published Quarterly

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - - - Fern Grover '19
 Assistant Editor - - - Ralph Mayo '20
 Business Manager - - Robert Potter '19
 Ass't. Business Manager - Leslie Gray '20

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Literary - - - Eleanor Murray '19
 Athletic - - - Homer Tostlebe '20
 Exchange - - - Mann'ng Howell '19
 Jokes - - - Margaret Sloss '19
 Art - - - Lowell Houser '21
 News - - - Ruth Prall '19
 Soldier and Sailor - - -
 Carolyn Crosby, Chevalier Adams '19
 Club - - - Harriett Tilden '19
 Contest - - - Lydia Tilden '19
 Society - - - Marie Mortensen '19

ADVISORY BOARD

Mr. Steffy - - - Miss Coskery

STENOGRAPHERS

Lucille Nickels '19 - Priscilla Dodds '19

"CARRY ON"

One of the phrases which we often heard during the war was, "carry on." We were asked to carry on Red Cross activities, conserve food, buy War Savings Stamps, and various other things too numerous to mention.

Now that the war has ceased does it mean that we should not "carry on" any more? That we should not continue Red Cross duties, buy no more War Savings Stamps, not help the Victory Boys and Girls and not conserve food? No, it does

not. Even tho the war is ended, as far as fighting is concerned we must still "carry on."

There is another Red Cross campaign membership about to be launched, and everyone is asked to subscribe. Just because the war is ended we mustn't think that the Red Cross doesn't need our dollar, because it does, and badly. There will be many soldiers, across the sea, who can't come home, and the money we give will help them to be more comfortable while they are waiting. There are also wounded men in the hospitals in this country, and the Red Cross helps them. Last year Ames High was 100 per cent Red Cross. We are going to be 100 per cent this year too, aren't we?

Almost all of us have some Thrift Stamps and the time is soon to come when these will be worthless, unless we buy a few more and fill out our card which enables us to get a War Savings Stamp. So we must carry on our saving of quarters. Quarters don't buy much for us any more, so why not save them?

Then there is a new organization called the Victory Boys and Victory Girls. These boys and girls are still carrying on by earning, themselves, five dollars, which goes to the United War Work. The work of the seven organizations to the support of which this money goes, is to keep our boys happy and contented and safe.

Mr. Hoover is appealing to us more than ever to save food. The food that we

save will feed the starving nations in Europe. America has to feed the world. Therefore we must carry on saving food and see that our garbage pails have as little in them as possible.

Carry on! carry on! was, and is now, the slogan of every true American.

THE MORALE OF A. H. S.

Morale is a word which we hear so often these days in connection with our soldiers, both abroad and at camps in this country. We hear people talking about lectures given to raise the morale of the soldiers and yet, we wager, there are very few of us who could express satisfactorily the significance of the word.

There are six factors which definitely contribute to morale in soldier life: first, that the soldier be sure he is right; second, that he be satisfied; third, that he be happy; fourth, that he be physically fit and morally clean; fifth that he be very much in earnest.

General Pershing says that nine men who are kept happy and contented can outfight ten men who are dissatisfied and whose hearts are not in their work. This is what another great general, Napoleon, had to say: "It is to other factors in war as three to one—that indefinable, indispensable factor, morale."

If morale is so indispensable in the army, why is it not necessary in other organizations which desire to be efficient? If we had all of these factors which make up morale in our high school life wouldn't we have a better high school?

First—we should be sure our business in school is worth while. We come to school to get an education—that is, most of us do. And if we get our lessons each day we are certainly getting something worth our trouble. Of course it is not always easy to have our lessons every day; in fact, there are very few who do have them. It is very easy to let a lesson slide because there is a good movie on and we are getting tired of school. It is very easy to say to our consciences that we can get that lesson in class the next day. Everybody who does this helps destroy the morale of the school.

Second, we should be satisfied. It is

absolutely impossible to be satisfied at school unless one does what he is supposed to do. A person may copy some one else's note book or Algebra problems, hand them in as his own, and get a grade. But is that person satisfied? The student who does that we think you'll find is the one not contented in school. He is the knocker. Such a one never built up the morale of the school.

It is just as necessary for us to be happy if we are to do our best, as it is for the soldier. The organizations of the school: the orchestra, the Spirit, the Forensic Club, the Declamatory Contest, class organizations, athletics,—all call the pupils of Ames High School to join and be happy. There are activities enough to yield joy to everyone.

We should be physically fit and morally clean. Everyone should do his best to be healthy and to keep his slate and his conscience clean if A. H. S. is to keep up its morale.

Of course, we must be in earnest in our work. This doesn't necessarily mean that we should go thru the halls with a long, sad face, and never smile or laugh, but that we must study with a purpose.

The sixth factor in morale is that we be ready to make sacrifices to perpetuate our ideals. The student whose ideals aren't worth preserving to the point of sacrifice, will soon lose them. When you compromise—when you fail to live up to those ideals, you break down the morale of the school.

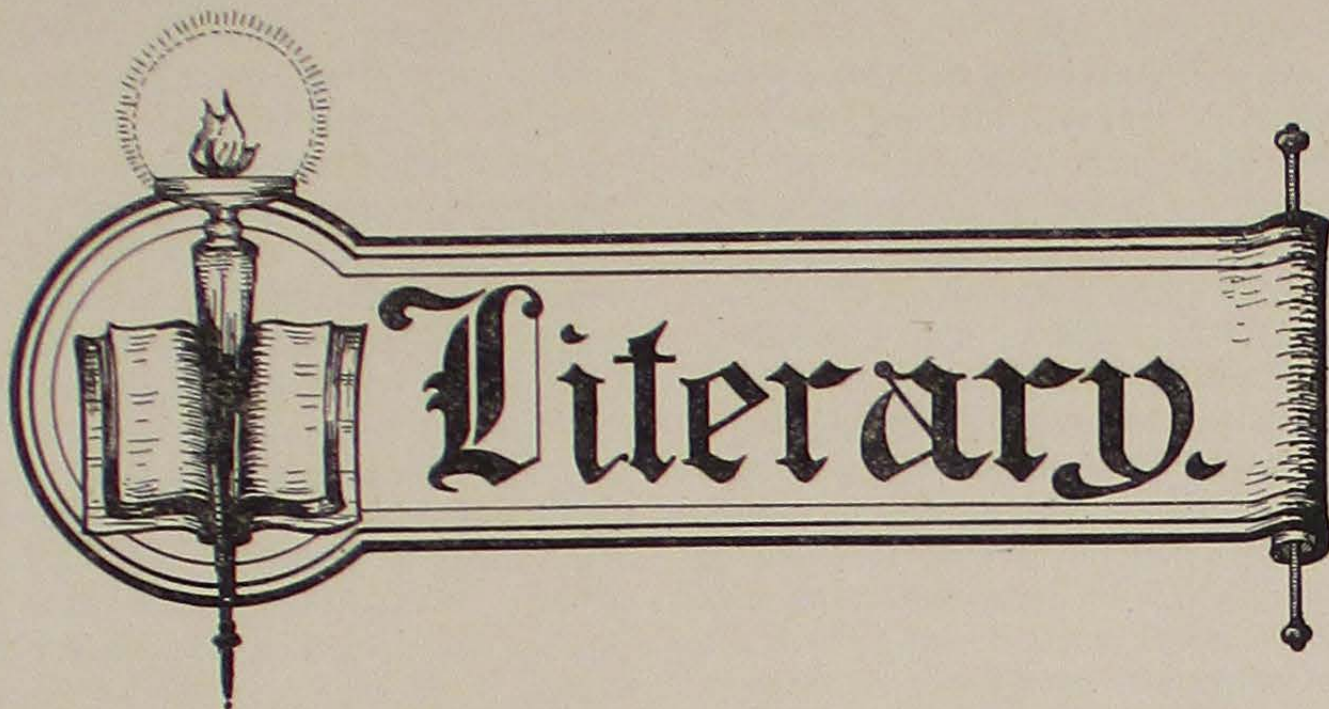
The morale of a high school depends on the attitude of each student in it. Help build up the morale of Ames High School.

Miss Rayburn—"What is density?"

Harold Griffith—"I can't define it, but I can give an illustration." (Stands still without saying anything.)

Miss Rayburn—"The illustration is good sit down."

Andra Welsh, in Biology when asked the question, "What is the economic importance of grass hoppers?" replied: "They spit tobacco juice." Therefore they take the place of man.



THE STORY CONTEST

Those in charge of the story contest were very much pleased with the number of excellent stories handed in. It was unanimously decided to give the first place to Mavia Cooper, while honorary mention was to be given to Barbara Stanton, Harriett Schleiter, and Neva Spence. The stories of the two former appear in this issue and Neva's will be in the next one.

We wish to thank the freshmen especially, who turned in more stories than any other one class. The only disappointing fact about the contest was that no boys contributed any stories.

FIRST PRIZE "PRIMA LUX"

As Pat McKenly pressed his face against the damp, rusty bars in the opening on the eastern side of his little cramped cell the quick pulsation of his throbbing heart seemed to be ever hammering the words "Prima Lux" into his very brain. The long russet streaks of early dawn could now be seen readily blending themselves with the shadows of the night. Never before had they seemed so much like the cruel fingers of death pointing to the terrible happenings which would accompany the rising sun.

"Ah, yes, at the break of day," muttered the prisoner. "At day break," when the upper edge of sun would first appear above the horizon some poor man would crumble down, before the fire of that horrid Mexi-

can gun squad. "Perhaps it will be me first and luck if it were" he reasoned to himself, "for to view those glaring eyed, open-mouthed forms, if I should come last will make my own execution seem all the worse."

Already he could hear the clamor of the shovels of the guardsmen digging a shallow, wide hole which was to serve for a grave for all nine of the condemned Americans.

It had been the same old story of a villainous capture and a black bean trial. After chasing a part of the Mexican bandits across the border from the Texas side, the company of eleven cavalry men including a boy, little Jim Bolue, had all been trapped, taken to Carrizal and thrown into prison. Later, after being given a meager opportunity for their freedom all, with the exception of two, were to be shot.

Well could Pat picture the morning they were given their chance. And what a chance it was. Into that long, low building called "Justice Hall," they were led like so many cattle. On a large, heavy table in the center of the room was a white earthen jar. On its side in black relief was a skull and cross bones, under which was written "Prima Lux." Everyone knew that it meant death at daybreak. They had been informed that the jar contained eight black and two white beans. Each man was given a chance to put his hand under the cover and draw a bean. If it were white he was given his freedom, if black he was to be killed when the sun

began to rise, on the morning that best pleased the commander.

Scarcely a sound could be heard when the first man stepped forward to start the game of lottery for his life. On glancing at the palm of his hand which he had drawn from the jar he uttered a groan and staggered back; his head dropped forward; his shoulders suddenly lost their soldierly squareness; and the excited glance changed to a glassy stare. Thus ended his chance. It was the same with the next seven men, as the line moved forward each man in turn giving vent to his despair in a most sickening manner as he slowly took his place again. Even the shout of the ninth man as he drew a white bean affected them no more than it did the brown rafters above their heads.

Two beans now remained—a black and a white. The chance was between Pat and the boy. As Pat slowly reached for the jar, he felt the trembling grasp of the youth on his strong arm.

"Oh," sobbed Jimmie in a frenzied tone, "If I get the black one please tell my Mother I'm sorry and will be thinkin' of her just before I die."

The pleading eyes from which tears were streaming, the white lips and above all the word "Mother" touched the big Irish soldier's heart. In spite of the fact that Jimmie had run off and in his zeal to become a soldier had lied about his age, he and Pat had become greatly attached to each other.

"Step up and draw first. Don't be so scared, son," said Pat, stepping back and pushing his little friend forward.

When the ill fated boy drew his hand from under the cover he held between his thumb and finger the dreaded black bean. A look of horror seemed to freeze on his face and with a quick shudder he sank to the floor.

It was then Pat sealed his own fate by changing the white for the black bean.

"What of it," he thot, "would he not pass into the dark beyond with at least one good deed to his credit?" He remembered once hearing a preacher say no man had greater love than one who would give up his life for a friend.

The sound of a turning latch and a loud

clanging of the door bars suddenly aroused the prisoner from his dream. He was then led out and after being blindfolded and having his hands tied securely behind him placed in front of a firing squad.

The command "Load!" was given and next, "Aim!" At this the strong man's courage was undergoing tests. A hundred thots crowded thru his mind at once. All that he had ever done, both good and bad, seemed suddenly to be recollected. He stood listening for the third command which would be the countersign giving him admittance to eternity. But what was wrong? What was the meaning of all this cursing and noise and why hadn't he been shot?

Gradually the uproar of excited men grew less distinct and a sound of hoofs became audible. No shouting, no shooting,—merely the hubbub of an oncoming body could be heard. At length the lowing and bellowing of cattle partly explained to the blindfolded man the delay of his execution. By some means or other the stockade west of town had been opened, releasing several hundred wild, long horned cattle. The Mexicans, fearing for their own safety, after firing a few shots fled to a place of refuge. However, realizing that the cattle would have an aversion to the grave in front of him, Pat felt free from danger for the time being.

No sooner had the rapidly moving drove passed when a horseman rode up, jumped from his horse and released the prisoner.

"Quick! onto the horse!" commanded the voice of no other than little Jimmie.

On reaching the other eight Americans after a half hour of hard riding Jimmie explained to Pat how he had brought about the rescue. Instead of returning to the States he had stayed secluded in town. When Pat was led out, the guard had left the keys in the door. Jimmie, after freeing the other Americans, hurried to the stockade, allowing the cattle to start down the first street which led to the prison. As soon as the cattle had passed he had hurried by road up to his friend and released him.

Jimmie had just finished his explanation when the Stars and Stripes came into

view in front of the riders as the sun on their right appeared only a few feet above the horizon and the thud of the Mexican's spent bullets could be heard as they buried themselves in the dirt about the cavalry men.

"Ah, the Prima Lux is past," said Pat.

"And what a wonderful day it's going to be."
Mavia Cooper.

"The ghosts who fearing run away,
Will live to haunt another day."

—Old Saw.

"Hi there! Red!"

"Hi, yerself," answered the gentleman thus addressed. "What d'you want? You act like you was elected president, or had a quarter'r somethin'," he added disgustedly.

"Well, what's it to you the way I act?" answered the first young gentleman, christened James but known by all his friends as Spider.

The pals strode along in silence for a few moments, one viciously kicking the dead leaves from his path, the other chuckling mysteriously. At last Red could stand it no longer.

"Sufferin' cats, what ails you?" he exploded.

"Oh, you don't really want to know?"

Then unable longer to withhold it, he burst forth with his secret.

"You sure ain't forgot what tomorrow night is, have you? An' you know we've done about everything theer is to do with Jack'lanterns an' corn an' such. But gosh, Red—Say, honest Injun. You won't tell this, will you? Who ever would have thought of th's. Let's go down to the haunted house (an old house long vacated, of which children told each other gruesome tales of white-robed figures and blood curdling screams)—cause of course we know that haunted stuff is all bosh, and we'll scare everyone into the middle of next week. We can just put sheets around us and—well—just carrying a light around for a minute will scare silly them as sees it. We'll have the whole town scared to—gosh!" Words failed him and he paused for comment from his chum.

"Gosh!" was all Red said but his look spoke volumes.

Spider beamed with pardonable pride and whistled with apparent unconcern.

On Hallowe'en night two figures met casually on the street. A close observer would have seen that both forms bulged suspiciously, and from under the coat of one something white flapped.

Silently and stealthily they made their way toward the haunted house.

It was a shambling old structure. The windows had long been broken by stray stones and baseballs, and the doors hung perilously on rusty hinges. All about it there was an air of mystery and ghastliness.

Somehow all the tales of horror the boys had ever heard of the old house floated thru their minds, as they crept up the steps and into the big bare hall. Of course they knew none of the stories were true and—

"Gosh, Spider, what was that?" gasped Red in an awful whisper, gripping his comrade's arm suddenly.

"Aw, I didn't hear nothin'," Spider said roughly. But even as he spoke the sound came again. A low, moving, groaning, horrible sound. Some might have said it was a creaking door but Red and Spider knew it was a ghost. They felt cold shivers playing up and down their spines as they clutched each other in fear. They grew stiff with horror. Suddenly they saw lurking in the shadows a white form. If they had looked closer they might have seen it greatly resembled a stack of old newspapers. Again came the wailing sound answered by another wail on the second floor. The stiffness left them as suddenly as it had come and of one accord the two boys ran from the house. It could hardly be called running—it was a great deal more like flying but at any rate neither boy slowed down until they dropped exhausted on the steps of Red's home.

For a moment they sat panting. Then their eyes met and they grinned sheepishly.

"Gosh, Spider, I don't see what fun that would have been, do you?"

"Naw," answered Spider, "I didn't care much about it in the first place, no how."

—Harriett Schleiter.

NANCY'S SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS

They had always kept Christmas at home even if in no very expensive way. But what on earth was there to do out in the middle of the Texas prairie where the thermometer was just at summer heat and the roses were blossoming?

Here the Murtrie family had come from the north when Mr. Murtrie had come to grief in his business, losing, when all debts were paid, everything but this ranch to which he had brought his family, and which seemed like a new world.

At first it had been so novel, no one thought of homesickness. Nancy herself had enjoyed the singing of the mocking birds at night, the fragrance of the jasmynes, the charm of the wide landscape. But now Nancy was longing for the branches of her old apple tree, for the wide, snow-covered fields, and for all the happy cheer of Christmas as she had known it.

Christmas without snow, without whistling winds, and without the Christmas bells—oh, it wasn't Christmas at all.

And then, suddenly, it occurred to her that gifts, greens, bells and snow weren't all there was to Christmas. Christmas was a time to be glad that Christ came to make all the world good and happy.

And just as suddenly it came to her to ask herself what she was doing to make Christmas happy. North or south, Christmas was Christmas; and even if Christmas wasn't all pleasures and gifts there must be just a few gifts.

For the first, she betook herself to one of the rangers who helped her find some large horns and polished until they shone like silver. Then they dug a mesquit root and scraped and polished it. And then they fitted the roots and horns together, and there was a chair for father, good enough for any palace.

And for mother—Nancy and her brother Jimmy knew where some tall flat grasses grew in a stream not far away and Johnny waded in and got them. Nancy wove them into a pretty little work basket and lined it with a piece of silk that had been a doll's skirt in her day of dolls.

The man who had helped Nancy find the horns also found a little baby fox and

that was kept in great seclusion to become, on Christmas, a pet for Johnny.

But what was there to be had for little lame Marnie? Oh yes! She remembered now having seen in one of those Mexican shacks down by the ruins of the old mission, a big cage full of canaries. And so Johnny and Nancy walked over to the mission, losing their way several times, but finding it again all at once.

There, an Indian woman, after a great deal of pantomime and dumb show, sold them two of the little birds for the last piece of silver in Nancy's purse. There! the presents were ready. True they were not large or expensive, but just the same they were gifts that had worked into them the love and sunshine of the makers.

But something is always taking the joy out of life! Father had left a week before on a hunting trip and had not yet returned. Mrs. Murtrie was very anxious about him and of course, she was thinking of all sorts of frightful possibilities in the way of accidents. In fact, the whole family were pretty much alarmed, so that as night fell on Christmas eve the house was full of a sort of electric tension. No one said just what every one was thinking until Marnie burst out, "I want my papa." Then every one fell to comforting her and every one was busy wiping away tears, when steps rang on the little porch, the door burst open, and there was father, standing before them holding an immense bird.

"It's a wild turkey" cried Nancy, who had but lately been bemoaning that the dinner would be without a turkey.

If you could have looked into the bare sitting room of that house and of all the houses in the north, I don't believe you would have found a happier family than the Murtries in all the north.

Johnny was hugging his little cub, and Marnie chirping to her birds. Mother was filling her work-basket and the father was taking his ease in his big chair with its shining supports. Nancy was leisurely fanning herself with a pretty fan her mother had secretly made the night before, out of the wings of the turkey.

There was a roaring fire in the stove for there was a norther blowing outside,

which, had the casements been open would have blown the rain clear across the room. Rain? No, oh, no! For, see! look! For a wonder, the loveliest, silveriest, soft snow was falling, which even if it melted tomorrow made Nancy's northern heart feel, in her southern home, the spirit of Christmas everywhere.

—Barbara Stanton.

CLERKING IN A RANCH STORE

The basin of the Big Horn River is about seventy-five miles from the Rockies, the backbone of the United States. In the valley, whose principal industry is raising sugar beets, is the little town of Worland, Wyoming.

Although the mountains are seventy-five miles away, they are plainly visible and look to be within walking distance.

Worland has two general ranch stores, the largest of which is the Washakie Trading Co. This store has the same name as the county and the county was named for the Indian chief, Washakie. Washakie was chief of the Shoshone Indians, a large and powerful tribe. He made peace with the English who came there and was always friendly. He gave to the state of Wyoming the tract of land containing the Big Horn Hot Springs near Thermopolis.

The Washakie Trading Co. employed me to take charge of the dry goods department. This was a general or department store, but the articles most in evidence were not just the same as those in a department store in Ames, Iowa. The articles we sold the most of were: mosquito netting, needed because of the large and healthy mosquitos; dam canvas, used to make dams in irrigation canals; khaki cloth, to make suits for the women because every woman rich or poor, red or white, has a khaki suit or two. In our department we also carried articles for the men, such as elk hide shoes, corduroy trousers, cowboy hats, and khaki coveralls.

The customers varied from the banker's wife, dressed in the height of New York fashion to the Indian woman wrapped in a blanket. The men comprised wealthy ranch men, sheepherders, and the Mexicans who were employed in the sugar beet factory.

One of the Mexicans came in one day with a check made out to "X, His Mark." Never having seen one so made out I was curious as to how he would endorse it.

Although we do not think of women in the state of Iowa using profane language and have only heard of one away down in Missouri who would swear, one of our women customers was not so restrained. This woman came in one day to buy a pair of shoes and, though I gave her the largest pair I had, they were rather a close fit and she mentioned it in no uncertain terms.

On the whole I enjoyed the experience as it was different from anything I ever had done and I counted it a privilege to meet so many different kinds of people. Some day when the war is over and railroad fares are selling at a bargain, I hope I may again see the Big Horn Valley and the Washakie Trading Co.

—Grace A. Curtis.

THE IDEAL MAN

I have never seen my ideal man, but I have seen little parts of him in a good many A. H. S. boys.

Of course he must be heavenly looking. His eyes are an important feature. They will be big, beautiful, fathomless eyes like Bob Watson's (now don't get conceited, Bob.) Curly locks like Roy Bennet's must crown his head. A roseleaf complexion like Frank Kulow's will suit me perfectly. Not so peaches and creamy as to be effeminate, but tan with pretty red cheeks like aforesaid young gentleman. His nose and forehead must be as beautiful as Chevalier Adams' and he has the dimpled, but firm chin of Norman Corneliusson. To carry this head of perfection, he must have such manly shoulders as Ellis Scovel. There, can you imagine anyone better looking?

Looks aren't all, of course. First and above all he must be a millionaire and willing to gratify my slightest wish. He must be very meek. Oh, no he won't be henpecked if he does everything I tell him to, cheerfully. His life will not be very hard. I firmly believe in kindness to dumb animals, so I will never insist on his doing anything that doesn't appeal to him, tho

I may have to gently persuade him by throwing dishes at him or kicking him down stairs.

I'm really not very particular about his ways. Almost anything would be overlooked except a squeaky voice, bad table manners, and a tendency to wear brown suits.

(P. S. Anyone who thinks he can qualify apply to the author—Come early and avoid the rush.)

—H. E. S. '20.

AN IDEAL TEACHER

(From Elias Scruggin's Viewpoint.)

My idea of an ideal teacher is her that won't scream if she sees a mouse pokin' his head out of the upper left hand drawer of her desk. I 'spose mice do look scary to girls but I should think a teacher that had grit enough to tell a boy's ma to wash behind his ears ought to be able to look at a mouse without climbin' up on the desk. When I see a mouse I want to see him close or not at all.

'Nother thing I don't think an "ideal teacher" ought to make a fellow write a paper on "Why I Like School" when any common person would know I didn't. I feel like telling her so too, but then she'd lecture us on how we would need a good edgocation when we grow up and go into business for ourselves. But I'll learn all I want to know when I grow up so what do I want to study now fer, I'll forget all I know before I'm a man.

But seriously speakin' I like the substitute teacher we had last week. Say! she was a dandy! She wasn't afraid to climb over that barbed wire fence on Old Griggs lot when she went home either. So many of our lady teachers are 'fraid they'll tear their clothes.

I think I'm getting off the subject, aint I? Well, I started to tell about a ideal teacher and I can't say what my idea of one is like for I don't think there is any. But usboys likes a teacher that will talk nice to a fellow when he does something he ain't 'sposed to do 'stead o' settin' him up in the front seat and tellin' him that he ought to be ashamed, or "we'll see the superintendent about this." Those kind of

teachers don't mount to much 'cordin' to my ideas.

Of course the girls like teachers that wear flimsy clothes and pet 'em 'n everything. You see I can't say what girls do like about a teacher because I'm a boy.

I was tellin' you about our substitute teacher a while ago an' I've got some more to say about her. She took us boys out in the woods an' had us watch the birds. She told us lots of things about the birds an' their nests an' us boys guessed we wouldn't rob birds nests' any more. Course you needn't tell this but I'm kind o' 'shamed cause I've robbed so many birds nests. I won't do it any more tho, no sir, after the way Miss Smithers talked.

Oh! Miss Smithers is the nicest woman in the world. She makes our geography so interesting. She showed us some pictures she took herself down in Georgia. She had some cotton too an' well I can't explain. It just seems as if when I want to say something real nice about a fellow I can't do it. Guess I haven't got edycashun enough to try to tell you why I like Miss Smithers.

—Neva Spence.

THE IDEAL STUDENT

(From the Teacher's Standpoint)

The ideal student is first of all honest; too honest to look over the shoulder of another student in a mathematics examination, or to say his tardiness was caused by sickness, when it was really because he stopped to look at the week's movie program, as it was displayed in the front window of the "Virginia." He tells the absolute truth in word and action, but is too well trained to blurt out such unpleasant truths as "Mary says your new hat looks as if it had been trimmed at the canning factory," or "You looked so awkward when you got up to speak in Assembly."

The ideal student is industrious. He puts his mind on his work and gets it done on time. He is not afraid to learn a little more than the assignment, and he is prompt about getting references looked up and map books finished. He would never wait for the teacher to say, "Joshua, your notebook did not come in yesterday." No, he would be waiting at the class room door

and say, "Mr. Slowcome, I forgot to give you my notebook yestenday. Here it is, and I will be sure to remember it next time."

Then, the ideal student is cheerful and friendly. He is friendly to the teachers, who like a word of greeting and a remark about the weather, or the last letter from France, as well as the boys and girls do. He is friendly to all the students, for though Vivian and Viola and Jemima are "intimate friends" to quote from that long-forgotten book, "Emmy Lou," that need not prevent them from having ear to ear talks with Amanda and Esther and Luel-la, when they meet on the way to school, on the car, or at the class meetings. He will not be afraid to speak to the other students, though their names are unknown to him, even if someone should give him an ice-cold answer; for that surely would not freeze the social spirit of a genuine fraternizer.

Fourthly and lastly and finally; an ideal is something we strive for, and do not always attain. One who is in all respects, ideal, is about ready to become an angel, and I am sure I would not like to teach a class of angels. For aside from being unfitted for such a responsibility, angels are so undependable, always flying away somewhere. And they might take a notion to fly away just as the last bell rings, and then there would be no class, and that would be heart-breaking.

Honest, industrious, kindly, helpful students are near enough to the ideal to suit the most exacting, and of these, Ames High School has many.

—Ida E. Boyd.

THE IDEAL TEACHER

Wouldn't you like to have a teacher
Like the one I'm to describe?
Tho I know there couldn't be one
Even with many and many a bribe.
I'll make a short description
Of the Ideal One we'd like,
So teachers can sort o' copy it,
And make the world go right.

First. She simply hates examinations,
So never gives a one.
Another thing, She's awful deaf,

And we can chew our gum.
Or whisper, sing or whistle,
Whichever the case may be,
And she simply couldn't hear us
Because she's deaf, you see!

Then too, she's awful educated,
She knows most everything!
She doesn't have to ask questions,
Or make us explain a thing.
We wouldn'd have to buy any books,
She knows such an awful lot,
And we wouldn't have any study periods
To go to sleep in, like as not.

She never says in the rest room,
"You're all right, now run along!"
But just sits in the rocking chair
With a quiet little song.
O! she's a dandy teacher,
She'd give us lots of pep
She'd be in for any kind of fun
And would heighten our good old "rep."
—Marjorie Beam.

THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN

"The Gods of the Mountain," a playlet by Lord Dunsany, the Irish playwright who is considered the most original, fanciful, and imaginative of living writers is one of the most interesting plays, if not the most unique one which has been produced in the last ten years. It is considered by some prominent critics as the greatest one act play in the world.

The story is the thrilling tale of seven beggars who proclaim themselves the seven jade gods that sit upon the mountain, but at the height of their rejoicing in their clever scheme and in the offerings which have been lavished upon them seven Things stride in with strong footfalls and pointing accusing fingers smite the seven beggars into stone. There is a very curious turn at the end of the play for the beggars having become stone, those among the people who had been skeptical and who had doubted the divinity of the beggars come in and fall prostrate before them crying: "They were indeed the true gods."

The playlet is very oriental in style. Although no time or known place is mentioned yet it suggests much of the Orient. Lord Dunsany's choice of names for his

characters and for his places is one of the most evident fruits of his imagination. The names are very suggestive and very symbolical such as—Slith and Sippy and Slorg, the three thieves who went to the edge of the World in quest of the Golden Box. Don't those names suggest much? His style also contains many Biblical qualities. The language is so simple and beautiful and the thoughts are expressed very much like Scriptural writings. He wastes no words or gestures in gaining the effect. Unlike Maeterlinck, with whom Dunsany may be compared because the works of both are symbolic, but whose dialogues often very vague, merely puzzle, the speeches of Dunsany's characters are always full of meaning and aid in carrying the action of the play forward.

The atmosphere is suggested in the most subtle and delicate manner. Thruout the play there is a forboding of disaster which is suggested only by the simple speeches of one of the beggars who at the beginning of their plans has a fear and who, even at the height of their success, still fears the consequences of their act. This element of fear enters most of Dunsany's writings.

Not only in "The Gods of the Mountain" but in the greater share of his plays is there an intervention of a power greater than human. Very often some divinity of his own creation steps in and metes out some severe punishment for those who have sinned.

The Celtic writer has opened up worlds which have never before been entered. His writings are based not on legends but on mythology which he himself has created.

Lord Dunsany is now serving in France with the Coldstream Guards and some lover of this poet-dreamer has made this plea, "May the gods not too soon gather to them the dreamer of these strange, beautiful dreams."

—Russell Barker.

Raymond in Eng. 7: "The Anglo-Saxons contributed the every day words of the language."

Georgina: "Yes, and the Normans told all about the knights."

VERBIAGE

I asked a pretty adjective
To go with me to town;
She said, "I really cannot, sir,
I'm promised to the noun."

I saw them sitting side by side,
And neither one had stirred;
"What is keeping you?" I asked.
"We're waiting for the verb."

But when the verb came dashing up,
There was no more delay.
He took them up into his cab
And whisked them both away.

So adjectives are pretty maids
And nouns are lovers frantic
And verbs are "cabbies" brisk and bold,
Now isn't that romantic?

—Gladys Myers.

SPIRIT

School Spirit
Is the regular thing,
It gives the school
A regular bing.

It tends to make us
Hold our head
Up on the plane
Ames High led.

A score and twenty years
Before
We never thought
Of this great war.

—Hoffman.

Dorothy Gruwell—"Say, is there any river in Connecticut?"

Florence Goddard—"Why, not in this book."

Dorothy Gruwell—"Gee, it must be dry."

Harriet S: "Just think, I've got all next week's typewriting done!"

Ruth: "Fine! Now you won't have anything to do for a while, will you."

Harriet: "Well, for goodness sake you can't stop! You have to keep right on and prepare for sickness or death."

"THE JUNIORS"

When we entered Ames High School as
Freshmen

We thought that our troubles were past,
But we found ourselves greatly mistaken
The enjoyment was too good to last.

"The Preps" was the name that was given
To each one, first entering High School!
And the way we were treated by Seniors
To say the least, was exceedingly cool.

But we worked, and we schemed, and we
plodded,
With some fun mixed in every day,
For we knew that all work and no pleasure
In the long run never would pay.

The next year as "Sophs" we were entered
We knew our reputation was made
When our football boys took all honors
Leaving the rest in the shade.

As Juniors, this year, we are working
Reaching out for the coveted goal.
Next year we'll be classed as "The Seniors"
Thus ending our days in High School.

But when days in the school room are
ended
And real "grown up life" has begun
I'm afraid though our faults may be
mended
We shall never have any more fun.

THE LOST CIVICS PAPERS

Remember! the Civics papers lost last year
That caused Senior grief and Junior cheer,
'Twas a very hard test; some laughed with
glee,
But the seniors took it again. Ah, me!

A mystery still at the close of the year,
Some said "lost," others "stolen," and
some shed a tear.
'Where can they be?' Miss Miller cried,
'I put them here, right on this side.'

At last September came 'round again
With school, new teachers, kids and rain.
They started things moving right away
With a cabinet meeting of Y. W. C. A.

'Twas Gertrude Reis who played Sherlock
Holmes,

You know how round a room she roams,
For there in plain sight was a queer little
door
Snuggled down quite close to Miss Miller's
floor.

"Let's all explore," they shouted in glee,
And each one got down on bended knee,
And lo! hidden from view because of the
door
Lay the lost Civics papers on the floor.

The mystery then was easily solved
And suspicious characters all absolved;
For those bad Civics papers, not keen for a
grade
Had slipped thru and there all summer
layed.

—Eleanor Murray.

WANTED

Wanted—School to end tomorrow.
Waldo McDowell.

Wanted—A new recipe for, "How to
make my hair curly." Winnie Hall.

Wanted—More typewriters. Miss Boyd.

Wanted—Some go-carts to wheel the
Freshmen up and down the stairs. Teach-
ers.

Wanted—Freedom in the rest room.
All the girls.

Wanted—A co-worker to find definitions
of words when I am getting my lesson.
Alvin Thornburg.

Wanted—A position as typist. 14 words
a minute on Smith typewriter. Ardella
Pike.

Wanted—Another year in Ames High
School. Neva Snook.

Wanted—Three more years in A. H. S.
Cleo Allen.

Wanted—"To get in good" with all the
teachers. Ted Kooser.

Wanted—A companion—I am a lone-
some old maid with my room clear up on
third floor. Mary Thornburg.

Wanted—My teacher, Miss Gates, back
All Sophomore Class.

Wanted—Braing for American History.
All those indulging in that study.

Soph.—"Name a thing that is dangerous
to get near to that has horns."

Prep.—"Automobile."



SCHOOL NEWS

How many of our students know what appropriate school news is? A great editor is said to have declared that anything permitted by the Lord was news for his paper. What appeals to a high school student as a very interesting story often belongs in the waste basket. The cost of printing is too much to allow printing of silly, harmful or useless news and the student must help the school paper by handing in useful news instead of anything that happens to be thought of.

The organizations of the average high school, the changes in schedules, athletics, new additions to the school library, entertainments coming, or programs in preparation, news of people in the school who are doing things interesting to the high school as a whole, all provide unending sources for gathering news.

The value of a good school paper, published by students and distributed around the community, may easily be seen because outside people who read the paper will judge the school by its product. If they find that the school paper is lively and interesting, showing the hand of wide awake and conscientious workers, they will be apt to recommend that school in the future, and to help it establish a reputation for alertness and reliability.

The Spirit, if it is to be the newsiest kind of paper, needs the cooperation of everyone connected with Ames High—students and teachers alike. Everybody should feel not only free to hand in news articles and items but also under obliga-

tion to do so. The staff will also do its best to collect the news but some will undoubtedly escape it. That bit of news you gathered—you know—hand it in.

THE RED CROSS DURING VACATION

The Red Cross met a great need during the epidemic of influenza which prevailed in Ames for seven weeks.

Many soldiers had the "flu" and it often became necessary for their parents to come to visit them. Therefore the Red Cross established a room in the Y. M. C. A. where these visitors could go. Here sandwiches and coffee were served at all hours. Here telephone calls and telegrams could be sent at any time. Here a woman stayed night and day in order that the people might be served in the best possible way. Miss Ott was the head woman and Miss Thornburg and Mrs. Haugner assisted her a great deal.

Trains were met at all hours with cars and people were taken to homes where they could remain until their sons were well. Mrs. Haugner drove a Red Cross car so it was not necessary for her to have a pass to get through the lines.

Many a sad parent has been thankful that during his sorrow others were trying to ease his burdens as much as possible.

"SOCIETY"

A bunch of high school girls had a skating party on Lake LeVerne Saturday evening. But that was not all. Ask Carolyn and Fern why they were not at the ice-cream parlor with the party.

ACTIVITIES OF Y. W. C. A.

Last week the whole high school had an opportunity to hear Miss James, a Y. W. secretary, tell of the work of the Y. W. in this country and in other countries during the war. After school, a special meeting of the Y. W. cabinet was called and Miss James talked to the girls giving many helpful suggestions about the work here and telling what had been done in other schools. She also showed that it would be possible for the Y. W. here to become an honor organization if the following regulations were carried out:

1. Have a balanced program.
2. Use simplified plan of organization.
3. Have regular cabinet and committee meetings.
4. Have every member have some work to do at some time during the year.
5. Have a membership paid up and 40 per cent sent to the field office.
6. Make some contributions for foreign work.
7. Have annual report sent into headquarters on time.
8. Have representatives at Conferences.
9. Use recognition and installation services for new members and officers.
10. Have every girl a member of the Patriotic League.

This week, Thursday, a Geneva meeting was held in the Auditorium. At this meeting Loraine Caul, Jeanette Byer, and Harriet Tilden, who attended the Y. W. conference at Lake Geneva, told something of what the Conference meant to them.

After Christmas the Y. W. is planning to give an entertainment similar to last year's carnival, in order to raise \$100 which has been pledged to the United War Work. The Y. W. is planning many other good times also and we hope that all the girls will realize what the Y. W. is doing and give it their loyal support.

"JIM"

I over heard the following conversation on different floors of Ames High School building. Now don't misunderstand me for you know it is an accident to overhear and an outright rudeness to eavesdrop.

"I can't for the life of me get this pad-

lock off," groaned a brilliant Soph.

"Let's go get 'Jim' to cut it off," suggested an equally brilliant classmate.

So off they hurried downstairs to find "Jim" and I followed to watch results.

"Jim?" Why he's been gone since 1492 it seems to me, but for the exact date you'd better ask Miss Ball because I've heard dignified seniors say, she has an awfully good memory for dates.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Ragsdale, we can't get the lock off that miserable (other language too strong to repeat was used here) locker and we thought 'Jim' would help us," wailed the unfortunates.

"I suppose I could help you," suggested Mr. Ragsdale. And they hurried upstairs to perform the operation.

On the third floor about noon I heard three teachers talking and one of them (I guess she is a new one—the girls will know—she's the one that chases people out of the rest room) said, "Where has that jolly, good-natured janitor gone since vacation?"

Then one with a piping voice said, "I heard he got a new position so he left."

"Really, I surely do miss him," said one by the name of Miss Miller, "because he used to come in to talk to me nearly every day." (And just think, he is a married man.)

Now I surely feel sorry for the Sophs, the teachers and Mr. Ragsdale, but my sympathy goes out to the seniors, whose best friend was "Jim."

He's gone but he never will be forgotten. We're glad that he had the opportunity for advancement.

Altho we have an equally good janitor, none will ever take the place of "Jim." So here's good luck to you "Jim." May you keep on advancing as we all know you will.

—M. W. S. '19

NEWS

Burton Colburn has returned from Wentworth Military Academy on account of the "flu" there.

Miss Franke spent the week-end in Carroll.

Miss Miller visited the Browns a week ago.



OUR FLAG

When it comes back, as in God's good time it will, it may come back torn and faded, but it will not, it shall not, return disgraced.

Dust and blood may stain it, the iron hail of the battle mar its beautiful blazonry, but Liberty and Justice shall cling to its last shred. —Edward Everett.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

We print in this issue a letter from Louis E. Gray, Petty Officer Second Class, U. S. N. R. F. Louie is attached to a transport in the Armed Guard. So far, he has made six round trips on his ship, the U. S. S. Lenape, which is now in dry dock for repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Louie is a former "A" man, and is still interested in Ames High. He is glad that the high school sends out Spirits to the boys in service. He says, "It helps a lot to read about the folks back home. Let me congratulate the staff on the good work they are doing."

The letter follows:

U. S. S. Lenape,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 26, '18.

My Dearest Parents:

I received your most welcomed letters and was surely glad to hear from you.

We arrived two days ago but haven't had time to write you because we have been busy as bees. At first we were in Hoboken, New Jersey. Now we are at the repair docks in Brooklyn. The workmen

haven't started yet, as they are waiting for orders.

This last trip was a good one, with a few exceptions. Of course we struck rough weather several times. We carried more soldiers this time than we have any trip before, and consequently, more were seasick. However, that is to be expected.

Almost forget to tell you that we met the Mount Vernon (another U. S. transport) in Brest, France, just after she was pickled (torpedoed). The only thing that saved her was the quick work of her crew in getting all water-tight compartments closed. Thirty-eight members of the crew were killed in the explosion.

We brought back some of the soldiers that were to go on the Mount Vernon, and they certainly were a glad bunch when they saw Miss Liberty holding the lighted torch in her hand.

We brought back an outfit that had been shell-shocked and gassed. Although cheerful, they certainly were in bad condition.

While in France, a few of us went over to the base hospital, and gave the wounded French soldiers some gum and American cigarettes. They were as happy as a kid getting his first long trousers.

We are now in for a few repairs, and we all hope to stay here some time. Our last furlough party had ten days; I expect to get another furlough either this trip or next.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Your son,

Louis.

Since writing this letter, Louie has returned to Ames. He expects to return to school and participate in athletics again.

At the time of his discharge he was stationed at the U. S. receiving ship at Brooklyn, N. Y. He had previously made eight trips to France as captain of a gun crew on a transport.

Over Here in Sunny France,
Aug. 27, 1918.

Dear Sis:

Well, Ruth, I just had supper, but as our rations were a little short for today, my pal and I are going up to the cafe and get some more to eat. We are going to have pancakes for breakfast, and if I can get up early enough, I sure will be the first one in line so I can get seconds. Some of the boys say we will have eggs with them, but that is almost too good to be true.

I suppose you are working hard at your first year in high school. Well, that is the only way; study hard and learn it all for you will be glad some day.

I am feeling fine and looking well.

What did you do during your summer vacation? Did you have a good time? If I remember rightly, I guess Lillie was down and spent a few days with you, did she not?

We have a real nice place here where we are and are getting along nicely, and getting rested up.

How are Paul and the baby getting along? I bet the baby is cute, and just at the age when she is the nicest. Who are your teachers in school?

I think I will get paid in a few days, and I am going to try and find some kind old French lady to make me some pie and cake and some other things I like to eat.

How is papa getting along these days? Working hard every day, isn't he? I suppose you help mama during your spare time.

Well, tell all the folks "Hello," and give them all my best wishes. I hope all are well.

You don't know Aunt Lucy's address and Steve's, do you? If so, please send them.

Well, my friend is waiting so will close

with love, kisses and hugs to all.

From your own brother,

George McCoy

Co. I, 168th Inf.

A. E. F.

France,, Sept. 4, 1918.

My dear Miss Coffey:

It is impossible to write how much I appreciated your letter so I am not going to try, but keep up the good work. I have often thought of you but I did not know where to write during the summer months. I certainly would like to see you cooking for farm hands, nevertheless. I have no doubt but what they are fat. Yes, I agree that you did work very hard especially on laboratory days. I can imagine Miss Coskery teaching you to swim. I would like to witness the performance. I think I would make a good swimming instructor, myself.

You know, when I get back to the States (if I do) I will be living in Des Moines and will accept a job as railway mail clerk, for which I passed the examination over a year ago. But if you are still in Ames when I return I will consider matters.

Well, I'm still with the 164th Infantry and probably will be for some time. I suppose you would like to know all about this war; well, and so would I. You remember what Sherman said about war? Well, that's all I know about it.

I am sending this to A. H. S. in hopes you will get it.

Sincerely,

"H."

Harold S. Loughran,

Co. H. 164th Inf.

American Exped. Forces, France.

Extracts of letters from Donald Soper:

We have no writing paper here and have to walk six miles to a Naval Base to get it. This place has all the other places beat where we have been and hope we can stay here. There is a river near us and we go down at night to see the tide come and watch the light houses and the big boats as they pass. As this country is so different from the United States, everything is interesting. People are easy going and dress very plainly, wear wooden shoes, and

when we think there is a wagon coming we look and it is a lot of children running to see us. They are very smart and pick up English very easily. There is a saw mill close here that is run almost entirely by women, and if some of the Americans could see the women work here, there would not be so many strikes. On the farms they use oxen driven by the women, and children and some German prisoners.

I was down in a wine cellar and watched them make wine. The grapes are put in a large vat under heavy pressure, then put in a wire vat and two men with bare feet tramp out the juice. I suppose that is the cause of the French wines being so strong. After the juice is secured it is bottled and put in cellars and kept for years before it is used.

I am sending my Christmas coupon and would like a fountain pen and some candy. You cannot put in over three pounds, but be sure to get the three pounds. Send candy that will last as we can use it if it is hard. We eat hard tack so it sounds like a mason breaking brick with a hammer, but it tasted good after riding for two days and three nights in a box car.

The other day two of us secured a pass and went to town where they had a Y. M. C. A. and we saw a genuine American girl making fudge and we bought and ate so much it almost made us sick.

I hired a bicycle the other day and rode six miles to see the medical corps of the 126th; they are feeling fine. I stayed for dinner and we had a good time.

Extracts from a letter from Ruf. Hoon:

A big bunch of German prisoners were marched into "De Sauge" yesterday and they are working on the roads today. Some of them were mere kids and they have all kinds of uniforms and all are stamped with a big P. W. (prisoner of war) on the back of their coats. Some of the fellows got to talking and one spoke out and said, "I used to live in Des Moines, Iowa. Any of you guys live around there." Sure knocked us cold but he wasn't kidding; seems as though he was in Germany visiting and was pressed into the army. They also declared that they could have whipped the British and French but the Americans and

Canadians were too much for them; said the Americans didn't know when they were beaten in a scrap so what was the use of trying to whip them? We all agree with them after seeing some of these United States soldiers from the front. They are men believe me.

We sure like to get clippings of anything of interest. We all read them first like a big family. It's about time for "beans" so must close.

In a letter from Joe Anderson he states that France is all right but the wine is sour and the girls wear wooden shoes.

Oct. 26, 1918

The Spirit,

Ames High School.

Dear Friends:

Am in receipt of the first number of your paper this year which is the first one and only paper of any kind I have received while in France so far. You can't imagine how it made me feel, when I opened the letter from Sis with the Spirit in it. I sure wish you, as the student body, the best of success in your future numbers and in the Annual also. One thing I regret is that I am not there to help you with your cartoons. It calls the days back to me when I made the cartoon which appeared on the second page.

One thing that pleases me most is that the school is lucky to be able to have Coach Thompson with them again. The army has spared such a noble man and Ames High won him to handle its eleven on the football battle fields this season, as Uncle Sam is using all the trainers possible. I am therefore looking forward to the team's success this season and sure hope they beat North High if no one else.

After spending two months and a half in the hospital, am now in the Convalescent Camp getting ready to go back of the lines somewhere, as Heinie's big shells fixed me up so I can't go back to the lines anymore, but will fight him with a pencil from now on. I don't know what part of the service I will land in yet.

I sure had a narrow escape with the Huns as the shell that hit me tore my pack till it wasn't worth carrying, not touching

the skin. Outside of that I was hit in three places, two by shrapnel or high explosive and one by machine gun bullet.

I have not been able to run across any other Ames boys except Don Kinkade and Paul Hammond whom you have probably seen by this time. A couple of weeks ago the Engineers came in from camp and whom did I see but Floyd Mabie and a kid from the college. It seemed pretty good to talk over old days at A. H. S. and football games also.

I have seen most of France but it does not compare with old Iowa. I believe this is the muddiest country I ever expect to see.

In closing I must say that I wish you the best of success and hope Ames High's team goes "over the top" with their victories at football while we go "over the top" here for Berlin. I will be always glad to get the Spirit and also to hear from anyone who wishes to write to me as a letter is always welcomed here.

I remain as ever,

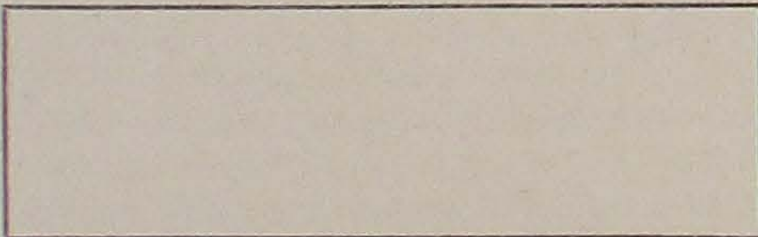
An alumnus of A. H. S.

Leonard C. Deal

Address—Pvt. Leonard C. Deal,

Co. K. 47th Inf. Reg.

Conv. Camp A. P. O. 798.



The above is an A. H. S. assembly. Mr. Steffey is on the platform giving us a few announcements. Mr. Pollard is playing the piano and we are singing noisily. The teachers are all calmly watching those who are misbehaving. We are all here, but the artist has camouflaged his picture so well that none of this can be seen.

Miss Fickel, talking about people wiggling around, "Why, one day Albert T. came to class and after awhile I missed him. Knowing there were no whales around I started to search for him. After a thorough search I located him under the seat."

Why is it that Wayne Cupps and Earl Elliot are so anxious to get to French class that they break their necks and every one else's who happens to be in their way, in order to see which can get there first? This question can be solved only by those who are lucky enough to be in their class.

Helen F., explaining the line, "By Hasselt," Dirk groaned and cried Joris, 'Stay spur,' "—"By Hasselt is a slang phrase, like 'by Jove.' "

Lorraine Caul in English: "The girl hurt her spine and they said she had small chance for recovery, but if she did recover she'd live for-ever."

Latin's a darned hard study,
It's hard as it can be;
It killed off all the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

I wonder who knows whether the Germans are taking it or not?

Margaret Sloss to Miss Coskery: "You are pretty good at figuring out puzzles, aren't you?"

Miss Coskery: "Well, I've taught Freshman English."

Freshman—"I feel worse."

Soph.—"Where do you feel worse "

Fresh.—"In school."

Upon Miss Boyd's asking a question in Shorthand:

Ruth Prall—"Halt, Miss Boyd!"

Miss Boyd—"Yes, Ruth, you live at the college, do you not?"

Violette in shorthand—"Isn't there a 'u' in buggy,"

Miss Boyd—"Yes, there is, and there is fruit in the buggy too."

The ag class had been discussing corn for roughage, silage, etc., as food for live stock.

Mr. Cramer—"Do we ever eat roughage?"

M. Van Epps—"Yes, we eat lettuce."



A M E S

Sure did make you guess
When we made that forward pass,
On your Webster City grass.

A M E S

Sure did make you snort
When we did stop you short.
To our goal you never got,
Ames was after you red hot.
—Hoffman.

THE PAST SEASON

Although our football team cannot be compared in weight and experience with the teams of former years because of so many of the leading players answering their country's call during the past two years, it more than held its own.

With only two men of merely a few minutes experience on the first team in an interscholastic game and the rest of raw material, Coach Thompson slapped into shape a plucky eleven to be proud of.

Their season has been one of a perfect record, since they did not let their adversaries once push the pigskin over their goal line or even endanger it. We must say of course that the season was a short one because of having to cancel five games on account of the quarantine for the "flu." Since they downed Webster City and Jefferson to the tune of 3 to 0 and 14 to 0 respectively, we could not have asked more of our fighting demons.

Since a large share of the team will be retained next year, our prospects now look bright. Nevertheless Cupps, Hess Potter, Howell and Myers will be greatly missed. Cupps was a very valuable and capable lineman because of his spirit of hard and steady fighting throughout each game.

There has been a great deal of speculation on the subject of whether the first string men will receive their "A" sweaters this year for football. It has been told about that the players who took part in both of the winning games will have a right to their "A's", but that the sweaters must be bought and the monogram put on at the player's own expense. This, of course, is not a certainty; that is, it was not at the time this edition went to press. This matter will be taken up and decided upon at the Athletic Board Meeting on Friday, Dec. 6. We all hope that the football boys will receive their "A's" or at least have the right to wear them.

Even if the boys didn't get the chance to pull themselves together to scrap for the big end of the final five games of the schedule, we must admire them for their fight and record at the start and for their further determination.

1918 Football Record

Ames 3	Webster City 0
Ames 14	Jefferson 0
Total points—	
Ames 17	Opponents 0 .
(Five games cancelled.)	

THE BOYS ON THE TEAM**Captain Bennett (Q. B.)**

Roy Bennett played a good game at Webster City where he held down the position of quarterback and used good judgment in the handling of the team. He was acting captain at the first of the year but later was lost to the team on account of ineligibility.

Corneliussen (L. E.)

"Scoop" Corneliussen was an able man, being capable of playing end, half or quarter with equal ability. "Scoop" was full of "pep" and never missed practice, always being on hand to help the team.

Cupps (R. G.)

Wayne Cupps was the only senior to hold down a regular position on the team. Cupps played guard and was a notable assistance to the line. He used good judgment and showed us what it is to really scrap.

Elliot (R. H.)

String Elliot, the speedy right half was one of our best performers. It was "String" that saved the day in the Jefferson game and we all know how his so-called hurdling was the feature at Webster City. He has one more year to spend in A. H. S. and we know he will do as well next year.

Gray (L. H.)

"Bud" Gray is another one of that speedy bunch. Bud played left half and we all know how he would hit the line and carry the pigskin a few yards nearer victory. Just before the Jefferson game, "Bud" came down with the "flu" and many of us wondered if we would win without him.

Gore (R. E.)

Howard Gore showed up well for his first year on the team. He played right end and was one of the new men who showed his mettle from the start. Gore was always out to practice and was one of the peppiest boys on the team.

Hess (R. E.)

Roy Hess also played right end. "Tug" is very light but he fooled all his opponents as there was a great deal done up in the little package. "Tug" was one of the surest tacklers on the team and made many backs bite the dust.

Mayo (L. G.)

Ralph Mayo was another one of that fast Junior Class. He played left guard and was a good mate for Cupps, the two of them ruling out all opposition.

Mattox (L. H.)

"Shorty" Mattox was also a little fellow but he accomplished big things. He played half and tackle and was right on the job all the time. The only thing "Shorty" did not like was to have Coach Thompson say, "We won't have practice tonight."

Potter (L. E.)

"Bob" Potter played left end and was one of the best men on handling the forward pass. It seemed as though he pulled the ball out of the clouds, but he got by with it. Although he could snatch forwards like a veteran it did not bother his foot as he developed into one of our best drop kickers.

Scovel (F. B.)

Of course the team would not be complete without "Eli" Scovel as he was our star punter, fullback, and a whirlwind on defense. Although Scovel did not make any spectacular plays, he was always with the middle of the fray and always got his man. Of course, that's characteristic of Scovel.

Thompson (R. T.)

Of all the men on the Ames High Team Webster City remembered Ralph Thompson most clearly as it was his drop kick that won the game. We all expected the "Orange and Black" to be defeated but the team played an exceptional game and finally put the ball where Thompson could make good use of it, which he did.

Thornburg (C)

Have you missed anyone? Well, that we would have done without "Fat" Thornburg who kept down the number of fumbles the "Orange and Black" warriors made. It was "Fat" that made those beautiful passes and never missed his man. It was "Fat" that put the ball right where Thompson wanted it when he made the winning kick at Webster City. Yes, "Fat" we owe a lot to you.

Burns (L. G.)

Paul Burns played his first football on the first team this year and proved to be

one of our best guards. Paul could break up plays faster than the opponents could think them up. All football men will remember Burns as he is the one who after he had made a rough guard would always say, "Did I hurt you? I did not mean to," and then he would be ready for the next mix-up.

Of course all the fellows could not be on the first team, some on account of injuries received early in the season, others on account of their size and lack of experience, but they were all of valuable assistance in building up a winning team and should be honored just as much as those who got to play for the "Orange and the Black." In this bunch we have Les O'Brien, Manning Howell, Leslie Larson, William Tanner, Clyde Tanner, Robert Watson, Earl Brooks, Earl Noble, Harold Griffith, Harry Stuart, Donald Huckie, Victor Brunner, Joe Makunis, John Myers, Harold Gilbert, and Merrill Hunter.

NOW FOR BASKETBALL

Practice for basketball is in full swing. There has been a large bunch out each night, most of whom are juniors. Still more are needed from each class.

Although Sauvain and Innes are lacking in this year's squad there are several promising players from whom to pick in order to fill their positions. The schedule is now being arranged by Coach Thompson. The first game staged on the local floor will be with Nevada, on Jan. 17. Now, boys, show your pep by coming to practice regularly. If this can't be done, at least show that you are interested. Back your team!

THE "A" CLUB

An "A" club is soon to be organized in the high school to which all players who have won their monograms will be eligible. An A. H. S. student who receives an "A" for taking part in any phase of athletics automatically becomes a member of this organization. The active members of the club include the "A" men who are attending high school at the present time. All "A" men who have graduated or do graduate still are members of this club, altho not active ones.

The purpose of the club will be to unify

the interests of the "A" men in all high school athletics and to foster the highest ideals in athletic work. Active members will be in charge of all athletic assemblies and will act in the planning of the schedules. As a whole, this will be a fine plan for bringing back all spirit and enthusiasm in athletics which we may have lost.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Grace Iden riding to school in the front seat with John Myers?

Marie Mortensen going with a "single" man?

Ramona Knipe and Gwen Edwards with soldiers?

Don Crooks with Pris Dodds?

Manning Howell without the "Howell?"

Jonas Tesdal having a date?

Edson Jewell trading trousers with "Fat" Thornburg?

Russell Barker with his hair combed?

Anything funny happening in the senior shorthand class?

TRIALS

There is a teacher, Miss Rayburn,

A guardian angel, in fact.

She guards over the rest room,

To get in—takes oceans of tact.

When victorious, its "Hurry up, girls,

Nix on the waiting in rows,

Just give a good twist to your curls,

Daub some powder upon your red nose."

Then, "Girls, don't stop to talk, here

The place for that's outside the door."

So we dash out and bump into Miss Coskery

Who ushers us down to first floor.

—Ida Thomas.

Nothing finer has come out of the war than this line from an epitaph in a British graveyard in France: "For your tomorrow they gave their today."

—Buffalo Express.

Miss Franke—"High school is a common noun, because there are lots of High because there are lots of Johns."

Parker M.—"John is a common noun, schools. What kind of a noun is John?"



**The "Powder" Club
HONORARY MEMBERS**

Marian Smith,
Hazel Taylor,
Helen Freed,
Norma Cole.

EMBLEM

Powder Puff

PASS WORD

"Does my nose shine?"

**The "Red Head" Club
CHIEF "RED HEADS"**

Marian Smith,
Hazel Taylor,
Pearl Brooks
Fern McHara
Edna Ochampaugh
Laura Niles

EMBLEM

Carrot

PASS WORD

"No peroxide for us."

Don Crooks:—"Ye Gods! I am the original bonehead!"

We wonder why it is that Carolyn Crosby's face got so red in assembly, Monday, Nov. 25?

Agnes Noble in English 3—"The Senior Deacon was a widow with no children."

Miss Coskery—"Ivadell, will you report on 'Everyman?'"

Ivadell E.—"I don't know them all."

When is a woman not a woman?
Ans.—When she is a freshman.

We wonder why Miss Miller and Edward Rutherford are always talking together in French. Don't you?

A few days ago the English teacher asked the two kinds of nouns, and Morris replied: "Proper and improper."

"My cocoa is cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to a fair waitress. "Then put on your hat," she sweetly suggested.

Stop! Look! Listen.

DATES—With nice, clever, and good looking men. I seem to have an over supply. Ruth Prall. Phone 200. P. S.—Call early and avoid the rush.

Miss Fickel—In English Class, discussing pronouns—"What pronoun would you use in the following sentence?

"—— is in this room?"

Cleo Allan (very emphatically): "She."

A primary class were defining words—the teacher asked a young lad to define anecdote. The pupil said "an anecdote means a short funny tale." The teacher asked him to place it in a sentence so that she might know that he had the correct meaning. The lad replied: "a rabbit has four legs and an anecdote."

After Miss Ball had helped her with her work, Dorothy Gruwell, her mind elsewhere: "Thank you, nut."

Miss Franke—"Vera, why are you scratching your head?"

Vera R.—"Because nobody else knows where it itches."

Chevalier A. (after deep meditation)—"Empty headed girls are like a Ford, nice things to run around with, but nobody wants to own one."

"I have a friend who suffers dreadfully from the heat," said Jones.

"Is that right?" said Smith, "Where does he live?"

'He isn't living.'

Miss Coskery in English 5—"Can anyone give me the example of anything that has lost all its promptness, briskness, and liveliness?"

Edward R.—"Yes, Ontario."

Vera Rodgers (reading from a theme)—"I kept my head up when I fell into the water."

Miss Franke—"How fortunate, it must have helped you to float."

Three girls were sitting on the sun dial down at the Library.

Miss Niles: "What time is it?"

Jeanett Byers: "Twelve bells."

Dorothy Gruwell: "No, three belles."

"The Devil's dead," solemnly said the small boy with an air of importance to his teacher.

"What makes you think that?" asked the startled teacher.

"Dad said so. We were standing on the street watching a funeral, and dad said 'Poor devil, he's dead'."

Miss Coskery—"Is this a concrete or a general example?"

Class seemed lost. "What is concrete material?" was asked.

Student—"The stuff side-walks are made of."

Carolyn (to Burton)—"So you've had military training, have you, Burton?"

Burton—"Yes."

Carolyn—"Well, I'll see how well you know the commands. 'To (two) Arms! Fall in'."

ANOTHER SHOT WASTED

A British sniper shot a German out of a camouflaged tree.

An Irish private, standing in the trench near by saw him fall, and growled,

"Another ca'tridge wasted. Faith an' th' fall would a' kilt him innyway, wi'out useless expendichur of am'nitshun."

A small boy sat watching a bewhiskered man intently, as the gentleman talked to another.

Soon the man became conscious of the boy's stare and asked, "Why are you observing me so closely, my little man? What is the matter?"

"Beg yer pardon, mister, but I was watchin' yer whiskers wiggle while yuh talked. As fer as I kin see, nuthin' is the matter, 'cept that th' whiskers on the right side o' yer face 'r' longer'n them on th' left."

LET GEORGE DO IT

"Please, mum," said the tramp who had knocked at the door, "would ye do a bit of sewing fer me?"

"I guess so," said the lady kindly, "what sewing do you want me to do for you?"

"I have a button here," said the tramp, "and I'll be very much obliged if you will sew a pair of pants on it."—Ex.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION
PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

HYMN OF HATE

(Dedicated to the flu germ by the Spirit Staff, the Times Printing Company, and all Ames Merchants.)

We are sore
At that flu germ.
It had the nerve
To bust up business;
So say we all,
MERCHANTS OF AMES.

Our sentiments
Are too frank
To be expressed
In these columns.
At last
An agreement
Is reached by
THE PRINTERS.

Last,
But in no way
The least
We put forth
Our objections.
The flu
Causeth school
To close—
Whereat we are
Much wroth (?)
It causeth
Material to be
Scarce
And publication
To be delayed.
Hence our reason
For filling this
Page with
Idle and
Careless
Chatter.
We have spoken.
SPIRIT STAFF.

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me. Why?"

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you."—Ex.

WAS THIS HARRY S.?

One fine day in June,
Harry sat on a bee;
It buzzed a merry little tune,
And stung him eventually.

"Pardon me, little bee; I did not see,
and I apologize to thee, right willingly."

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.

"I want every man to lie on his back, puts his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence."

After a short time, one of the men stopped.

"Why have you stopped Murphy?" asked the officer.

"If ye plaze, sor," was the answer, "oi'm coasting."—Ex.

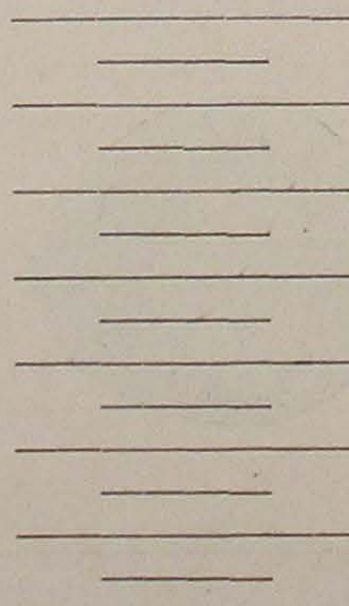
"Is your sister in, Jimmie?"

"I don't know, Mr. Kelly—you had better ask the maid. She gets paid for lying and all I get is a whippin'."

A fellow said his brother was a printer, who worked on the Chicago Herald for twenty years. The printer was an expert typesetter, and could set type as fast as two boys could bring it to him in a basket.

"However," said the man, "he was finally discharged for setting the letter 'o' upside down."

Illustration of flu germs, big and little, waiting in a row, all ready to commence business.



CLASS PINS and RINGS



Pennants, Pillow Covers, Banners, Memory Books, Class and Rooter Caps, Laboratory and Manual Training Aprons, Stationery and Commencement Invitations.

(Write for Catalog)

College City Specialty Co.



Masonic
Temple

Ames, Iowa



ATTENTION!

HERE is where YOU can help
SUPPORT The Spirit in every way

SERVE the school and paper

PATRONIZE our advertisers

INVENT original ideas

REPORT them to the staff

INCREASE your interest

TELL others, if pleased---
 ELL us, otherwise;
 HANK you

Twin Owl Lunch

Tables for Ladies

Phone Red 295 308 1-2 Main

H. H. Nowlin, Prop.

For
 Shoe Repairing

Go to

Roup's Shoe Shop

YOU'LL LIKE OUR SHOES

Yes, people do like our shoes and that's the reason we sell so many of them.

Do you know of the goodness of our shoes?

If not, it will be for your interests to get acquainted.

More Shoe Goodness here for your money, these days, than at any other store we know of.

At your service,

Bauge & Alm

Shoes that Satisfy
204 Main St.

For the Whole Family
Ames

Our Soda Fountain is unexcelled.

Good drinks expertly mixed

LOWRY PHARMACY

THE REXALL STORE

We are not satisfied until YOU are satisfied

TRY US

For High Quality Work
Antiseptic Barber Shop

C. McNABB, Prop.

Under Style Shop

Miss Ball: "What happened to Babylon?"

Class: "It fell."

Miss Ball: "And what happened to Nineveh?"

Class: "Destroyed."

Miss Ball: "And to Tyre?"

Bright one: "Punctured."

Miss McWilliams in Civics class:
"They would be the same if they lived a hundred years."

A group of girls were trying to open a can of mustard, when one exclaimed, "Wait until that lid comes off and see the mustard fly."

Harriet S.—"I never saw that kind of a fly."

Miss Thornburg (in Chem.) "Myron, did you collect any oxygen?"

Myron T. "Not enough so that you could see it."

Burnard Lunstrum in English 1:
"Frances Key wrote the Star Spangled Banner on the board of a ship."

Miss B. in Am. History: "Class what happened to the first Virginia colony?"

Class: "They were killed."

Miss B. (Enthusiastically) "Yes, they were not only killed, but they died."

WOMEN'S WEAR EXCLUSIVELY
THE STYLE SHOP

WINTER COATS ALL REDUCED

Some Exceptional Values Being Offered

THREE BIG SPECIALS

\$19.75 \$22.75 \$27.75

All better Coats reduced in same proportion

Women's Winter Suits now selling at 1-2 price

BLOUSES

We are having new shipments of
Waists coming in right along. Large
assortment. Exceptional values.

Prices \$1.00 to \$18.50

SILK DRESSES

We carry a beautiful line of Silk
Dresses, exclusive designs, and have
placed on special sale a lot of Dresses

\$9.75 to \$17.50

Silk Underwear, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Kimonos, Neckwear, Hosiery and
Knit Underwear

W. C. HUNTER CO.

Op. Sheldon-Munn Hotel

Ames, Iowa

H. M. DUCKWORTH
MORTICIAN

Auto Equipment Including Ambulance

Phone 79

Mobiloids

Goodyear Tires

DUNLAP MOTOR CO.

FORD AGENCY

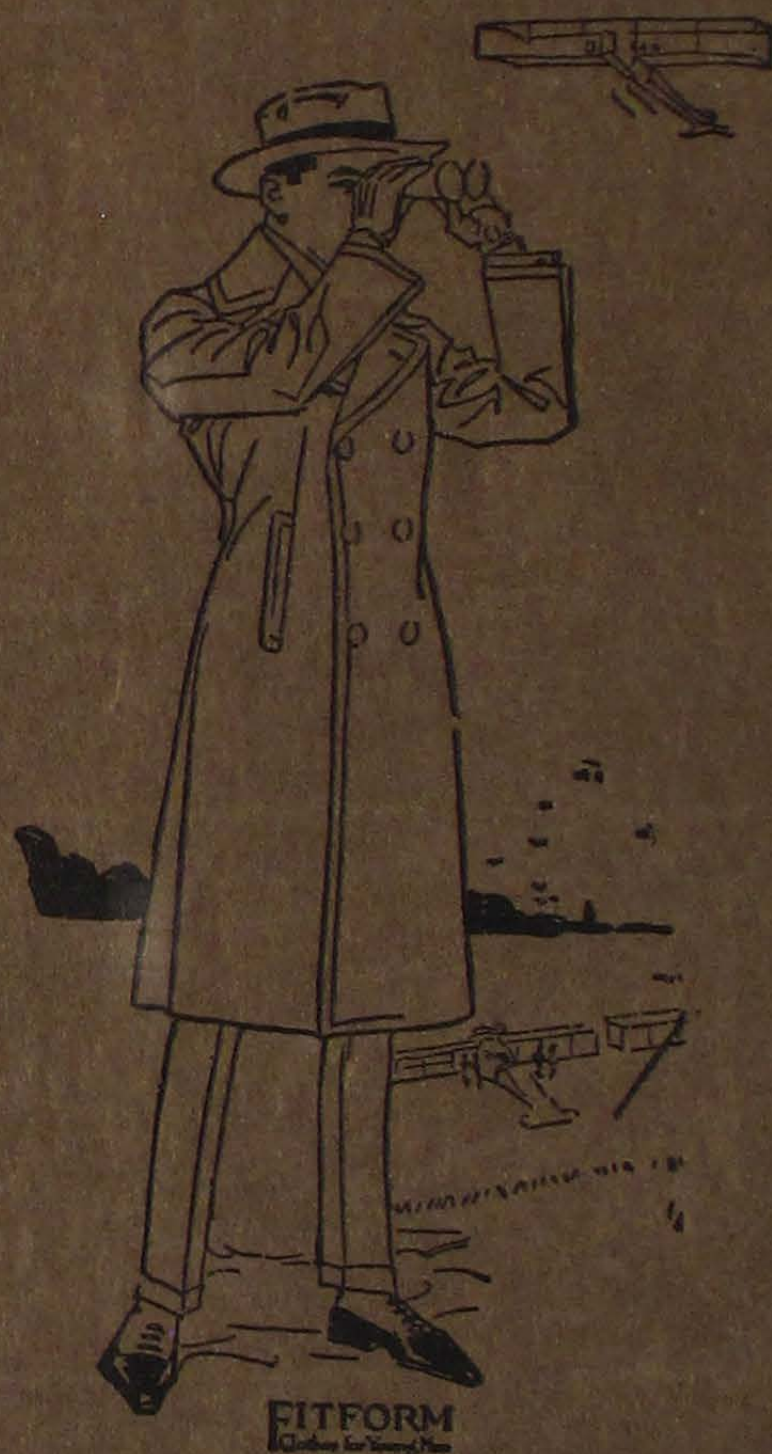
Ford Cars, Trucks, Accessories, Fordson Tractors

H. B. DUNLAP

Ladies' Rest Room

Ames, Iowa

Start the New Year right by purchasing
your Clothing, Furnishings
and Shoes at GUS'



ALL THE LATEST ALL THE TIME

The Young Men's Headquarters

GUS MARTIN

PAY LESS

DRESS BETTER

No Existing Ames High Spirit Vol. 8 No. 5-7

SPIRIT

WINDY ISSUE





HIRSH, WICKWIRE Co.

NIFTY CLOTHES Like These
For Young Men and Young Women
At Very Reasonable Prices

THE TILDEN STORE

SPRING STYLES

IN

STATIONERY

*If you desire modish, refined, distinctive writing paper
see our new line of*

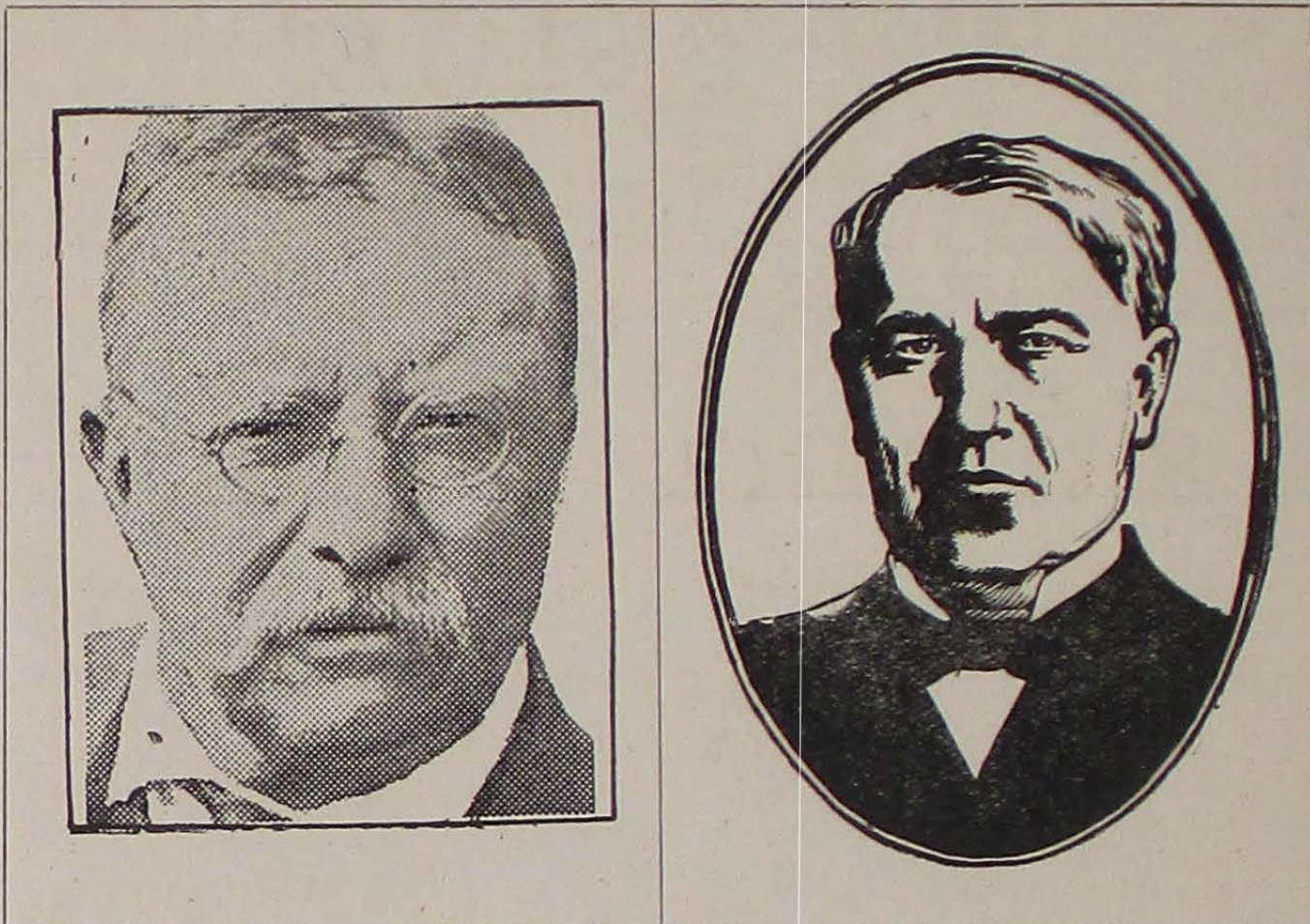
*Crane's Linen Lawn
and*

Eaton's Highland Linen

We are showing the very latest styles and sizes in
plain white and tints.

Reynolds & Iversen
Ames News Stand

Order Your Engraved Cards
NOW



The Voice of the Nation's Hero

What an inspiration it would be to listen to the voices of such men as Washington, Lincoln or McKinley.

Their great speeches may be read today but the voices which uttered them are lost forever.

In the re-creation of the human voice Thomas A. Edison defied death itself in preserving the vital essence of our late ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. There are three records:

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO RULE
THE FARMER AND THE BUSINESS MAN
SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE

To the best of our knowledge there are no other recordings of Mr. Roosevelt's voice.

You owe it to your children to secure these masterpieces. Announcement of the arrival of these records will be made shortly.

QUADE STUDIO

C. R. QUADE, ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER

417 MAIN ST.

THE SPIRIT

VOL. 8

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 8

75c a Year

MARCH 3, 1919

10c a Copy

Literary Issue

Published Quarterly

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Fern Grover '19
Assistant Editor	Ralph Mayo '20
Business Manager	Robert Potter '19
Assistant Business Manager	Leslie Gray '20

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Literary	Eleanor Murray '19
Athletic	Homer Tostlebe '20
Exchange	Manning Howell '19
Jokes	Margaret Sloss '19
Art	Lowell Houser '21
News	Ruth Prall '19
Soldier and Sailor	Carolyn Crosby and Chevalier Adams '19
Club	Harriett Tilden '19
Contest	Lydia Tilden '19
Society	Marie Mortensen '19

ADVISORY BOARD

Mr. Steffy	Miss Coskery
------------	--------------

STENOGRAPHERS

Lucille Nickels, '19	Priscilla Dodds, '19
----------------------	----------------------

Ames High School Stands for Achievement, Happiness, Success

EDITORIALS

A WAR ORPHAN FOR A. H. S.

We, as a nation who have lived so far away from the actual battle fields and who, now that the war is over, have been able so easily to drop back into normal life again, find it hard to realize that conditions in France and Belgium are still

such as must move us to pity. The number of orphans is appalling. Many children, whose fathers have been killed in battle, cannot remain with their mothers who work but earn insufficient money,—unless some outside help is given. For reason, individuals and organizations

in America are adopting war orphans for the period of one year. It costs just \$36 to enable a mother to keep her baby or little child with her instead of putting it into an institution. It costs just \$36 to keep a little French child from being hungry or cold or lonely for one year. What do you say to Ames High School's adopting a French war orphan? Mr. Steffey

that the different organizations of the school can afford to contribute enough to cover the expense. The Spirit is anxious to do its share. If you are in favor of adopting a war orphan, won't you talk about it in the organization to which you belong?

REAL THANKSGIVING

Although this is not Thanksgiving, Ames High has much to be thankful for. Most of you ask why?

Did you ever stop to think that Ames High has had fifty men in the service? Most of them have been over seas, and yet in spite of the number of brave boys we have sent we have not a single golden star in our service flag which floats so proudly in the auditorium. This is a very unusual circumstance—for a school to send so many and lose none. Therefore Ames High is thankful to have most of them back, and many ready to take up their former work in high school.

AN ART CLUB AT A. H. S.

Those of you who have ever been on the Spirit Staff will know how hard it is to get drawings and cartoons for the Spirit.

This year we have an especially talented Art Editor, but he hasn't any artists to cooperate with him. Therefore, the whole burden of all of the drawings falls upon the Art Editor. As most of you know there are quite a few to be made, with the literary editions and the annual.

From this need we have concluded that it would be a great benefit to the school to have an art club, with a separate teacher for that work.

A class in art would also be of advantage to the individual, for art is something practical. It is used everywhere—in offices, in homes, in the designing of clothes and other things too numerous to mention.

How you envy some girl that has such becoming dresses, so original in design, so unique in color combinations—dresses with some simple little touch lifts a garment out of the ordinary to the "sought after" kind. Of course, this paragraph does not interest the boys very much, but, boys, our most famous costume designers are men, you know. Then, besides, there could be a cartoon division which would more than likely interest the boys.

For the good of the school and for the sake of the individual who has talent and wants training, boost for an art class in Ames High next year.

TRIALS

What a fine setting for a detective drama! !

The Scene. Room 206, a certain High School Building, somewhere in the U. S. A.

The Time: 4:30 Friday afternoon of a dark and gloomy day, on which the material for a noted and famous publication was called for 3:40.

The Characters: (or in other words, the editors and editoresses of the afore mentioned publication). Seated around, morose and downhearted. They feel as the day looks. The tempers are none too sweet and the tension is about to snap.

The leading man speaks: "I must have the material right now. The printers won't accept it any later."

The director: "But, Leslie, we don't have it. What are you going to do Fern," and her forefinger shoots out in the direction of the above mentioned young lady (who also happens to be leading lady) "where is that article that ----- was supposed to write?"

Fern, wearily, "I'm sure I don't know. I've spoken to her twice a day ever since I first asked her to write it, and she promised faithfully to have it in this evening."

The Director: "Well, I suppose we can look over what material we have. If we don't have it we can't print it. I suppose as usual, we will have to extend the time until Monday noon and have the "Spirit" out a day late, also as usual."

Leading Man. (Not overly keen about

the matter) "Alright I suppose so this time." (And we might add that each time seems to be "This time.")

Long silence ensues, during which only loud ticking of the clock can be heard (if the clock was in working order.)

Leading Lady: "Miss Coskery, can you make this out?"

Deep perusal by Miss C., then the other members present are asked to lend their detective ability. At the end of five minutes the mystery is still unsolved. Someone, evidently in a hurry and having no thought for others has written his contribution in pencil which has become smeared. It is written on both sides. Here, a word is scratched out, and there, is one inserted in a space so small that it must necessarily be cramped and illegible to anyone but the author, and more than likely to him after an hour has passed.

This is only one of many. Everyone does not have all of the mistakes. Some are in fine condition but many are fierce.

Of course it is not intentional on the part of the students to always get articles in late, and when they are in, to have them written so poorly that they can not be deciphered. But, don't you like to have your "Spirit" out on time? Surely you have as much time as the rest of us. Please help not only the staff, but yourself and the school by getting your material in on schedule time and writing it neatly and legibly. If possible have it typewritten, double spaced. If this is not possible, have it written in ink, on one side of the paper only. If you wish to take out a word here, and put one in there, well and good, but don't, please, hand it in that way. Make a recopy. Surely you have as much time as the next person.

There, we thought you would when you understood the circumstances.

THANK YOU.

STUDENT OPINION

HELP!

By A. Girl

Say, do you know I'm in a pickle! It isn't a dill or sweet one either. It's sour! This is it: I'm head over heels in love with dancing. I'm not such an Irene Castle either—but who knows I might be,

with a little education along that line. But the main point is, how can I dance? Not only the first person singular, but also the first person plural (there are many in the same boat with me). When and where can we dance? Our gym floor is a mighty nice one—and after school until some indefinite parting hour would suit a lot of us girls fine. And you know our talented A. H. S. has innumerable good musicians—and by changing a fee for admission we might be able to have our "baby grand" fixed up or something. The rest would be easy, I am sure. Now please everybody, boost!

JUST GIRLS

By Leeta Starr

We girls can not go any place,
We're kicked out of the gym,
Because the boys just wanted it,
They wouldn't let us in.

They say the auditorium's ours
But at "one," each day,
A teacher comes, and out we go
With scarcely a delay.

The rest room is a private place,
Enjoyment just for few,
We can't stand on the second floor,
So now what shall we do?

CAN'T AFFORD IT

Phil: "I know a fellow who was once hurt in a Ford."

Bill: "Oh well, he ought to know better than to ride in one of those things."

Teacher in Civics class: "What is common property?"

Bright Pupil: "Matches, cigarettes and umbrellas."

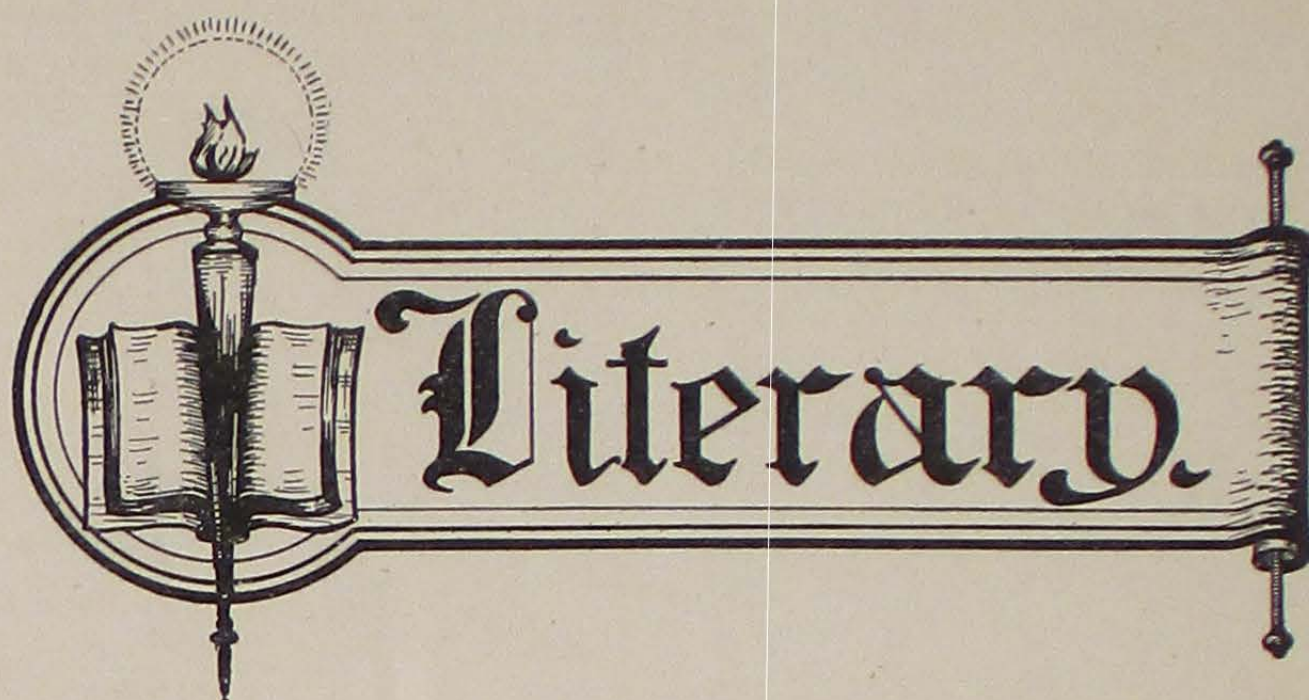
DID HE MEAN IT?

Tom: "I live near you now. Just across the river."

Tim: "That's good, drop in some time."

WE SECOND THE MOTION

Perhaps some jokes are old
And should be on the shelf,
But if you know some better ones
Send in a few yourself.—Ex.



POETRY CONTEST

Those in charge of the poetry contest certainly appreciate the splendid response to their call for poems and thank every one who had any part in making it a success.

It was a very difficult task to judge the poems because there was such a large amount of good material. However, after a great deal of work and debate, the committee has come to the following decision: Serious class—Lorraine Caul, first; Harriet Tilden, second; James Bissell and Garnett Ellett, honorable mention. Humorous class—Raymond Byrnes, first; Faye Caul, second; Harriett Schleiter, Richard Beckman, Ted Kooser, and Zelma Holmes, honorable mention. Parody class—June Bishop, first; Lowell Hauser, second; Eleanor Murray, honorable mention.

Three percent on the English grade will be given to those in the first and second place which are in this number and also to those who received honorable mention but whose poems will be printed later.

FIRST PRIZE—SERIOUS CLASS THE EVENING HOUR

By Lorraine Caul

When the evening shadows gather
And the twilight falls,
Then it is that Mammy Easter
Comes to the door and calls.

"Time to go to sleep-land, honey,
Time t'say you' prayers."

So in comes little Betty
And slowly climbs the stairs.

With the simple duties ended,
And when the prayers are said,
The twilight falls upon two figures
On a black and golden head.

Many a quaint old tale is chanted,
Many a wonder-story told
Of fairies, elves, and goblins,
Of bears and lions bold.

But soon another joins them
Creeping in the open door,
'Tis the Sandman, "sure as certain"
Crossing, stealthily, the floor.

Now the golden head droops lower,
As Mammy hums a song,
And Betty is in Dreamland
Playing with a happy throng.

SECOND PRIZE—SERIOUS CLASS " 'Twas Ever Thus"

By Harriet Tilden

She told us the loveliest things to write,
Of fairies and friends and flowers bright,
Of happy songsters that swayed to and fro'
On the highest branch where the breezes
blow.

We all had sweet visions of poetry rare,
That would charm every heart with its music so fair,
But somehow those fancies we thot were
so fine,

Got twisted and tangled and just wouldn't rhyme.

**FIRST PRIZE—HUMOROUS CLASS
THE HOUR OF REST**

By Raymond Byrnes

It is in the fourth period English class in
a room so dark and drear;
Where all they talk about is Milton, Bacon,
and Bill Shakespeare.
There the learned all assemble, Lydia,
Grace and Robert too,
And endeavor to conjecture how the an-
cient classics grew.

Soon we hear a muffled whisper in the
corner of the room,
Coskery merely lifts her head! Lo! 'tis
silent as the tomb.
From below we hear the voices of the
furnace, gym, and hall,
'Till a noisy freight comes passing, then
we hear them not at all.

If the sun is shining brightly, on these
dreary prison walls,
Soon a beam or two comes creeping, 'till
upon my desk it falls,
There it seems to wish to linger, lighting
up the sombre page
Written by the feeble finger of some old
and learned sage.

Now and then a horse comes trotting up
the pavement to the west,
Bringing back to me the memories of that
sport I loved the best.
Then all thots of studies vanish and my
mind is wont to stray
To that land of dreams and romance, past
the mountains, far away.

Sharply then I drop from dreamland when
she ask in accents stern,
'Who was it that wrote 'his story? Whom
and what does it concern?'
Then I lean upon the desk top and dis-
course in accents bold
How Bill Shakespeare's "Pilgrim's Pro-
gress was the best poem ever sold.

That the mighty learned Milton, when he
wrote "Evangeline,"

Made a work of lasting value, read up to
the present time.
Then the bell rings out so clearly, and I
thank it from my soul
For it pulls me at the right time from
a deep and dangerous hole.

**SECOND PRIZE—HUMOROUS CLASS
FRESHMAN WOES**

By Faye Caul

We've been studying "Treasure Island."
And in the front you'll see
About the life of Stevenson,
Who wrote stories and poetry;
I thing it must have affected her
For what do you thing she's said,
That we shall all turn into Stevensons,
And write poems as he did.

I've thought till my brain is weary,
I've worked 'till my pencil is dull,
But I cannot thing of a subject
About which I can write at all.
There are many things I could write about
Such as "Fame" or "A Day in May;"
But they're so old that I do not think
It proper to use them today.

I expect some could write as Poe did
In "Quoth the Raven 'Never More',"
And some could write like Riley
in his sweet love stories of yore,
And even Longfellow's "Evangeline"
some could imitate if they chose;
But I am only a freshman
And can write nothing, as everyone knows.

**FIRST PRIZE—PARODY CLASS
THE CUP OF POISON**

By June Bishop

"All through the silence of the glens,
The Sun his parting message sends,
As from the eastward comes the moon,
And from the lake is heard the loon;
The dew is falling lightly now,
And homeward comes the peaceful cow,
Though calm and tranquil be the night,
And though the moon sends silver light,
'Tis but the shine on conflict bold,
Worse than a minstrel ever told:
There are two knights—Sir John and
James

That soon will fight for worldly fames;
For James insulted John, the brave,

Ten miles from here in Domber Cave.
 Then John behaved as it is right,
 And challenged James to come and fight.
 He has accepted—coward! thief!
 Though trembling like an aspen leaf.
 "My John could easily o'er throw
 This James, but I fear other foe
 Has helped a wicked scheme to plan
 To kill my John and take his land."
 This Lady Margaret fearfully quoth
 As if to say it she was loath.
 "I fear also," a maid replied,
 "For from the hill I saw James ride,
 And in his hand he held the glass,
 Of poison, that has killed a mass
 Of people, in some nearby towns
 Of knights and ladies and of clowns.
 Your John will drink this, are my fears.
 And make us shed some bitter tears."
 "Oh, I must warn him!" Margaret cried:
 Then she was gone for she had hied
 When Margaret, reached John, Alas!
 He lay quite near the poison glass.
 When Margaret saw that he was dead,
 "I'll drink the rest," was what she said.
 "Farewell, dull life! I leave thee soon
 I leave thee with the setting moon."

The funeral services were done,
 When rising was the eastern sun,
 And in one tomb the couple lay,
 'Twas on the thirtieth of May.
 Then suddenly awoke the knight,
 And looked around for sun or light
 Then did he call—the echoes rang
 And from the depths a weak voice sang—
 "Oh John! My dearest! Is that you?"
 "Oh Lady Margaret! You here, too?"
 "Oh John, my dearest—this dark room
 Is in the graveyard. It's our tomb!"
 "The poison was not strong, I see,
 So only in a trance were we."
 "Then, Margaret dear, we must get out.
 My sword will serve as spade, no doubt."
 After toiling many an hour
 Through dirt, they say the Castle Tower.
 Then through the earth they forced their
 way
 And soon stood in the light of day.
 Hand in hand they walked to the King,
 And then were married with a ring.
 When wicked James saw John and wife,
 From his old blouse he drew a knife,

Deep he plunged it into his breast,
 And John and Margaret were at rest.
 "The night is calm and peaceful, dear,
 And we have shed no bitter tear.
 Now to our castle let us go
 For now we have no lurking foe."

SECOND PRIZE—PARODY CLASS THE BALLAD OF THE SUBMARINE

By Lowell Houser

It was a German submarine,
 That sailed the ocean waves;
 It's captain was a devil sure,
 It's crew were thieving knaves.

These seamen lived upon their theft,
 They robbed the fishermen,
 They sank all ships upon the sea
 No matter where or when.

It sank the ships of grain and food
 Far, far beneath the foam;
 It sank the ships of wounded men
 Who were returning home.

And they were cruel as men could be;
 They were so cruel and low
 They sank the ships; they killed the men,
 No matter friend or foe.

And now there came the good ship "Maine"
 That sailed the ocean wide;
 It carried food for starving men,
 For neutrals o'er the tide

But when the captain of the sub
 Did hear of the ship "Maine,"
 He laughed and so said he, "We'll sink
 This ship in shine or rain."

So they sank the ship that carried food
 For men both weak and strong,
 Whom hunger held in her tight grasp
 Of pain and suffering long.

But now the spirits of the sea,
 From seven seas came they,
 To plan where with to end this sub,
 The fear of sea and bay.

Said they, "We'll sink this submarine
 That sank the ships of grain;
 We'll sink the crew, the captain, too,
 Who caused both sin and pain."

But still the submarine sailed on,
And did not seem to tire;
But soon with fire and molten rock,
With molten rock and fire
The submarine was buried deep,
Entombed in crater's mire.

WHAT IS SUCCESS.

By Joan Parsons

What is success? The dictionary tells us that it is a prosperous course or termination of anything attempted.

When we think of success, what first enters our minds? I believe usually we imagine something great that we shall have sometime in the future. Everyone of us say we hope to be successful and fully plan to be successful. But after all, is that the real thing? Aren't we planning on something that we're going to be dreadfully disappointed in, because it's not coming, all of a sudden some bright day?

Turn back to our definition—A prosperous course or termination of anything attempted. We are attempting something every day. If it turns out prosperous, then it is a success; but what if it doesn't turn out prosperous. Is it a failure? Not until we ourselves have made it so by giving up. Just so long as we keep on trying and not letting any little thing discourage us, we are achieving success. We add one more success to our list by mastering each little task that is ours to do, and not shaking it off, saying, "I can't." The person who lacks ambition, or is so afraid of his job, or who is a shirker, will soon, if he doesn't already, know that is not a success.

Success, then, is something that we either are or are not getting each day, instead of something that is just coming our way by fortune's kind hand some day in the future.

SUCCESS

By Robert Murray

Everyone wants success. There is not much dispute on that point. The point of difference is on the definition of success.

True success does not consist of fame or money alone, but with these things must be combined something greater—the

thought that one has done his best; that he has made the world happier or better by his having lived in it. A man may not have achieved either wealth or fame but still may have acquired success. He may be in poor circumstances and his name may never have been heard outside of his home town but still he may have done his little share by making the world a better place to live in.

Every person's duty is to do the very most he possibly can. Shelley did not exaggerate when he said that the Almighty has given men arms long enough to reach the stars if they would only put them out. Nothing is impossible! As Napoleon said, the word, impossible is to be found only in the dictionary of fools. If a person will exert himself to the utmost there is no limit to the height of greatness which he may reach.

BENNY 'N BUD.

By Marjorie Beam

"Say, Benny, what're we going to do this Hallowe'en?" suddenly inquired Benny's chum, who was formally nick-named "Bud."

"I know where we can get some pumpkins tha——."

"Aw, pumpkins!" Bud cut in disgustedly, "we don't want anything as tame as jack-o-lanterns this year; I wanta have some fun!"

"Then think up your own fun, and have it, for all I apprehensability." This last remark from Benny sounded as though it came from frozen depths; and Benny thought it very cutting, especially with the last word added on. But it was all wasted, for Bud was thinking deeply and had not heard it.

The two boys were in the Borden's garage (Benny's father's) when this conversation took place, so when a shrill voice called, "Benny," from the Borden's back door, that boy could easily hear it and had to report for duty immediately.

This left Bud to do the planning for that all-important night, and he started home so deeply in thought that he bumped into old Professor Higgins, and made him spill all of his books. But Bud was not a bad little nine-year-old, so he picked

up all of the old gentleman's books for which he received thanks; consequently all the rest of the way home he walked with his head in the clouds—it never occurred to him that he was the cause of the accident.

On reaching home, however, he found he wasn't such a little hero as he had thought. He was cordially greeted by his sister with "Bud Wilson! you better beat that rug or mother will do some beating on her own account." Wasn't she a pest?

So while he was pounding away on that rug, he constructed a plan and O, it was a dandy!

That afternoon he related it to Benny, very whisperishly and excitedly. Benny was delighted with it, but also allowed a cold shiver to chase itself from his ears to his toes.

From then until Hallowe'en the boys thought of nothing but the fun they were going to have; and the amount of work that they completed was astonishingly small and unsatisfactory. One day Benny was supposed to buy some cotton thread No. 40, for his mother. Instead, he bought four loaves of bread which made his mother very angry and Benny very tired, for he had to carry it all back to town again.

But at last October 30th arrived! At dark that evening, Benny went to Wilson's for Bud, and a few minutes later they emerged from the house with a dusty, oblong box, carried between them. They cut across lots until they came to a lane at the edge of town. This lane was very dark, as it had high bushes and trees on each side; and Bud and Benny felt very weak and small and a little bit s-scairt! when they came to it.

But they knew that plenty of fun was ahead, so they forgot their troubles. In a few minutes they set the box down.

"We better hurry," said Bud, "cause he might come before we're ready." Benny nervously whispered, "you open it. I don't know how." But Bud wasn't afraid, he had done it before, and has seen his father do it many times. He pulled back the cover. Benny yelled. "You girl, quit your yelling," scolded Bud. "Do you want to get found out?" Benny agreed

that he didn't, and subsided, feeling sheepish but still scared, for all that.

The next move Bud made was to remove the contents of the box. It was a really, truly skeleton, and it belonged to Bud's father, who used it in his practice as a doctor.

With a few shivers they hung it to a low limb of a tree, and with a great many more, they looked at it after their work was completed.

Then they hid the box and themselves. Bud got behind a bush directly behind the shimmery white thing, and Benny got behind a tree at a little distance away.

"Ma says he's got superstitions," whispered Benny, after a whole period of ten seconds had elapsed.

"Aw, that's nuthin'," Bud returned, in a low voice. "I've heard he's got fl—coo ties; and that's a lot worse," he triumphantly ended. Benny was trying to think of something Sid had that was worse yet, when Bud suddenly exclaimed, "Here he comes!" And sure enough, they could hear the dead leaves and twigs crunching under the progress of Sid's heavy boots.

On he came. It seemed to the boys that they would burst with excitement. When he was only a few feet away Sid was still swinging his milk pails with a nonchalance that grieved the boys. What if he should go past? But they didn't have time to worry, for all of a sudden bang! went six empty pails in all directions and Sid stood still as a statue. When the pails stopped making a racket, and Bud subdued his snickers, he whispered a cold, shivery "Halt!"

Now Sid couldn't have been any more still, but Bud had learned his speech, and that was what he was supposed to say first.

At that command Sid became rather nervous. His knees shook so that Benny thought he would sit down, and tears glistened on his unshaved cheeks. Just then a little breeze moved the branch on which the skeleton was fastened, and O, it wiggled deliciously!

"Granny!" shrieked the terrified man—"I'll—buy—it—tomorrer!" And then he ran. He flew. His feet did not touch the ground he went so fast.

Benny, watching the fast disappearing

man, started to yell, "You forgot your milk pails," and then he thought he hadn't better, while Bud was lamenting the fact that he didn't get to say his well practiced speech.

They didn't have long to wait before he was entirely gone, and then they came out and hastily prepared to leave. Neither said much, and both were pretty well frightened. It was surprising how their little episode had turned out, when they had expected so much fun.

It wasn't until they got to their own neighborhood again that they say the funny side. Bud laughed. "He thought it was his granny," and Benny said, "I wonder what he's going to buy?" They were still mystified when they parted.

The next day when Mr. Borden came home from the bank to dinner, he asked his wife, "What do you think happened at the bank this this morning?"

"O, what was it?" eagerly asked Mrs. Borden. Benny, too, was interested.

"Miserly old Sid, out on the Ryan farm, came in and emptied his sack for a thousand dollar Liberty Bond."

"Well! I wonder what got into him," remarked his wife.

"O, his ancestors, I suppose," answered Benny, and strolled off to Bud's house.

A VALENTINE JOKE

By Lura Woods

In a pleasant living room were seated two young girls merrily sorting out Valentines which they were getting ready to send. In another part of the room was seated a middle-aged lady knitting, watching the girls and listening to their gay chatter with a remniscent smile in her eyes.

"Girls," said she, "those Valentines remind me of a funny incident of my boarding school days. Do you want to hear it?"

"Do we?"

"Well, I should say."

"It was near Valentine's day about forty-five years ago—it doesn't seem it—that a bunch of my girl friends and myself decided that life at the Seminary was getting to be too monotonous and that something had to be done immediately to relieve the awful deadness. Spreads and parties after lights held no appeal, due to the many

times we had been caught and punished by our matron, a cranky, long faced individual who always looked as if she had a secret sorrow. Her name was Miss Sadie Loungrace privately called Saddle Long-face by us.

"None of us liked her very well. She had eyes that saw thru anything and seemed to have a mania for searching out our spreads.

"The only thing we could think of to relieve the monotony was to play some valentine jokes. So we bought two valentines. One was to be sent to Professor Harding, the Algebra teacher whom we knew to be Miss Loungrace's worst enemy, they not being on speaking terms even, and the other to Miss Loungrace. The latter was to be addressed in as good a man's hand writing as we could imitate and was to be signed—Professor Harding. The valentine we picked for this was one showing a pair of middle aged lovers holding hands beneath a bower of roses, and a verse below saying:

"Lovers two we've been for years,
Your hand always in mine,
Let the end be not in tears,
Art thou still my Valentine?"

The one to Professor Harding showed a picture of a girl making eyes at a handsome young man, and underneath was written:

"Love me in the morning,
Love me at the noon,
Love me any time at all,
But kindly love me soon."

This was signed—Miss Loungrace.

After they were sent we kept a perpetual eye on Miss Loungrace and Professor Harding to see the result of our prank. The next morning at breakfast the table was presided over by a more stern than ever Miss Loungrace, and we were careful to observe that a thin envelope addressed to Professor Harding lay on the table awaiting the postman. That afternoon a rather dazed looking professor taught our algebra class, and we laughed behind our hands when he became absent minded and said the cube of $2x$ was $6x^3$. Also that evening we were very much surprised and amused to see Professor Harding seated in the reception room when we

came up from dinner. All evening we kept as close an eye as possible on the reception room door which was closed. About three hours later they came out looking like a pair of lovesick kids.

"And after all, girls, do you know the joke was on us, for we found out afterwards from Miss Loungrace herself that they had been lovers years before and had quarrelled and since then had not spoken. When she got the valentine she immediately sent for him to explain himself, and the result was to be seen when they were married in June and went away forever. But you know they never found out who sent those valentines. We wouldn't own up when we found out whom the joke was on."

"I wish something romantic would come out of some of these valentines. Wouldn't it be great?" said one of the girls.

THE QUEEN VALENTINE

By H. E. S. '20

The days had slipped past until it had come again, St. Valentine's Day.

In a window on Main street, stood a wonderful valentine. It was surrounded by many others of its kind, but none were so gorgeous as this queen of all valentines. Surely never before was there one with such an abundance of chubby cupids and ribbons and lace paper and hearts and flowers and flowers and flowers, to say nothing of the verses and innumerable little inscriptions. But the price,—the price was two and a half dollars! Who could hope to buy it?

It was "after school" and as usual the Queen Valentine was viewed by many eager childish eyes. There were many guesses as to who would be its proud owner. Few really hoped to get it but there was not a little girl in the group who did not have rosy dreams of seeing it marked with her name in "the valentine box" at school.

"I don't suppose I'll get it," said pretty little Marjory Smith, "but I know if I did, I'd like the boy who gave it to me best."

She looked shyly at Bobby as she spoke. At that moment he was fired with a high resolve. He would buy it for Marjory. Two and a half dollars—it was a small

sum to pay for the affections of a young lady of such popularity. He returned her look with a promising grin.

On reaching home he went immediately to his bank and emptied its contents on the floor. Seventy-eight cents. Not very much—but with a week to work in he would surely be able to earn the rest.

All the week he toiled at odd jobs for his maiden aunt with whom he lived, and for the neighbors. He watched the little pile of nickels and dimes and occasional quarters grow with a great joy.

Over and over he pictured the day when Marjory would open the big box and find The Valentine. She would know what a great sum it had cost. She would look at him and smile. But he would appear unconcerned, as though he always bought two and a half dollar valentines.

The day came at last. With a high heart Bobby climbed up on a chair and took his bank from the top of the dresser. It felt strangely light as he lifted it down but in his excitement he thought little of it. It was not until he opened it that he realized it was empty.

"Aunt," he cried, "someone has stolen my money. My money, someone has taken my money. Aunt!"

His aunt came hurriedly into the room.

"Robert, listen my dear. I have a little surprise for you. Don't look so horrified. Come, sit here near me."

"You expect to go to college, of course. I was sure you would like to help so I put your money in the bank to start a fund for your education."

He sat stunned. Education! Education! What was an education compared with The Valentine? He ran out of the door and down the street.

It was too late now. He could never buy it. Gone were his rosy dreams of Marjory's pleasing smiles and—of, everything was wrong now.

Unconsciously he wandered towards the window where the Queen of Valentines stood in all its glory. As he gazed at it with hopeless longing a boy came down the street and walked into the store. It was "Sissy" Van Dyke arrayed in his stiff collar, flowing tie, and dark rimmed glasses.

Bob watched him as he walked importantly to the counter and spoke to the clerk who smilingly stepped toward the window and—took The Valentine away. "Sissy" paid the man and came out of the store.

"Who is that for?" demanded Bobby in an awful voice.

"Marjory Smith," answered "Sissy," with a superior smile and passed on.

"Sissy" Van Dyke going to give The Valentine to Marjory—to Marjory. It was almost more than he could bear. He plodded to school with murder in his heart, and took his place among his school mates without a glance at the expectant faces turned toward the valentine box.

The valentines were distributed and as he saw the big box containing The Valentine, handed to Marjory a lump came into his throat. He glared savagely out of the window trying to keep back the hot tears.

Marjory was probably smiling at "Sissy" as he had imagined she would smile at him. When the valentines were all distributed the teacher announced that there would be no school for the remainder of the afternoon. Still Bobby sat—a rigid little figure.

The children left the school house with noisy laughter, but Bobby did not move.

Then Marjory's soft little hand was placed on his shoulder; her soft little voice said in his ear, "I like you best, anyhow, Bobby."

Then she was gone. Bobby looked after her and shook his head and said, as men have said since the beginning of time, "I can't understand that girl."

REPENTING AT LEISURE

"Oh, girls, he proposed to me!" and Marian's voice resounded in one of those hoarse whispers a person uses when she is among several of her "dearest friends" and wants them all to hear (enough at least to make them ask questions) and yet wishes to make them think that only a certain one or two, more lucky (or unlucky, as some one who must always hear about those little things "that just make the thrills run up and down my spinal column") than the rest are to hear about this wonderful event, which in reality she is "just dying" to publish broadcast.

Never fear, she has gained the undivided attention of the group and all are thrilled and excited and more than one jealous and envious, tho the jealous one pretends to hide this fact by saying something hateful or acting indifferent and uninterested. Why shouldn't they be thrilled? What is a more interesting or thrilling subject to the feminine mind than that species of the human race, man, and what man more interesting than the one who is apt to "propose to me?" Why shouldn't they be excited? Isn't Marian their very own friend and the first one of "the bunch" to have such a wonderful experience? Why shouldn't some one be jealous? He may be the very he that several would like to have propose to them, and then of course there is always that one of many who is jealous of everything that happens to someone else and not to herself.

"Oh, Marian!" gasped Margaret, "I just knew Phil was going to do something desperate, his eyes looked so funny all day yesterday."

"Oh, quick, tell us all about it. How does it feel? What did he say?" demanded several girls at once.

"However could you wait until morning to tell us?" asked Jane who always liked to impart gossip almost before she heard it.

"Marian, what did you say?" asked Louise, "I just know I would have been so surprised I'd have simply collapsed right on the spot."

"Girls, do keep still so that Marian can tell us all about it," pleaded Alice, who was always so anxious for each little detail.

As is customary among a group of excited school girls, all chattering ceased at once, and absolute silence took its place.

Marian began with a pompous manner in a most patronizing and aggravatingly slow voice. "Well, you see, Phil came last night, and——"

"Oh, we all know that," interrupted Ruth. "You don't suppose you'd know he was coming and everyone in school wouldn't before the time came, do you? Tell us something we don't already know."

"Very well," replied Marian, haughtily, "if you don't care to listen—of course I'll not bother you anymore."

"Oh girls, don't stop to quarrel when such weighty subjects are hanging by such thin threads, (didn't Milton or someone say that?) Do go on, Marian. Don't mind Ruth. She didn't mean anything."

"Well," resumed Marian, only too anxious to tell it, "it was this way. You see—really girls, I hardly know how it was. Only he was so adorably sweet about it and I was so—well you know, confused, and I guess he was too. Why, do you know what I said I said, 'Oh, yes—that is—I don't know. I'll let you know later. Won't you please go now? I must be alone' (and I felt so grown up and worldly wise when I said it.) It was only 8:30 too, and Dad allows me to have company until 11:00. He was terribly surprised and that we'd had a fight. I didn't tell him any differently, either because—oh, you know Dad. I thought perhaps it might not agree with him. Girls, I just really tell you how it was, it was so wonderful," and Marian's voice trailed off into blissful memory.

Just as everyone was ohing and ahing, Dorothy joined the group. "Whatever is the matter with all of you girls?" she laughingly demanded. "You all look like you were in love; for goodness sake, Lou, where is he?"

"Oh, it isn't me, and Louise awoke from her romancing, 'it's Marian.'"

"Marian?"

"Yes, Dorothy, we have a blossoming romance in our midst. Phil proposed to Marian last night, mind you, and oh, it's so terribly thrilling—"

"Oh, ho, ho!" laughed Dorothy. "Was that what he was talking about?" and she nearly crumpled up laughing. "Oh, girls, it's so funny," she squealed. "Ha, ha, ha—"

"Dorothy Madison, what on earth are you laughing so about. I really believe you are going to have hysterics. For goodness sake, tell us what it's all about, so we can laugh, too."

When Dorothy had caught her breath she proceeded: "Well, you see last night I walked down to the drug store after a notebook. Just as I was leaving I met Phil. He looked like he had been through the war and managed to gasp, 'O, Dorothy,

I've done a dreadful deed. May I walk with you and try to walk off some of the effects?' Oh, oh, oh! isn't that too killing?"

Pandemonium reigns.

Curtain

TROUBLES OF TOM CATT

By Neva Spence

It was the night of the Declamatory Contest! This thought brought pleasure to some and dark despair to others. Mostly dark despair tho, to the particular young man I am to write about. Thomas Obidiah Ethelbert Catt, commonly known as "Tom-Cat" in his neighborhood. Personally, Thomas Obidiah Ethelbert Catt, but with a mother who had "blue-blooded" ancestors the latter name was apt to fall on her "angel." Let me inform you right here that "Tom-Cat" was a very fitting name for this particular boy, for he knew all the places one of the most spry and experienced tom-cats would ever expect to know.

This does not explain how Thomas came to speak in the Declamatory Contest. It was this way: His mother, the distinguished Mrs. Diana Belle Catt, knew that her son was a very unusual boy (his teacher knew this too) so the problem of his career as a public speaker was discussed with her better half, Mr. Lionel Godfrey Smithers Catt. After an hour of heated discussion, it was finally decided that Thomas should become the aforesaid public speaker.

Bright and early Monday morning, Mrs. Catt and her son, Tom, were seen on their way to the school. Being escorted thusly to the hall of knowledge, of course created some excitement among the previous victims of paper-wads and pencil shavings thrown by the left hand of the ferocious "Tom-Cat" and whispers were heard among the masculine gender inquiring of each other whether lately Tom had put Jennie Pye's yellow pig-tail in the bottle of red ink on his desk or just what the reason was that his mother came with the young hopeful.

Mrs. Catt introduced herself as Thomas' mother and began her oration on "my husband and I" and "Thomas' talent as a

speaker" and ended upon "now what do you think about it "

Personally the teacher thought Tom a talented subject for the juvenile school but she was wise as all teachers are and encouraged Thomas as much as she had heart to do. Mrs. Catt was greatly pleased and went home with a brighter eye and lighter step. She could picture her son standing above all the other speakers and hear his sweet voice say, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is my greatest pleasure to be with you on this night—" and so forth through a great, long, epoch-making speech. Woe unto Mrs. Catt! How soon must she have broken spirits and blurred visions of her son's career.

Tom was not pleased with the idea of becoming a speaker but he was so humiliated about it that he kept his mouth closed on the subject. Besides, it was too late to object, for his mother had made arrangements with a high and noble elocutionist by the name of Miss Bates in that impossible hall of "know it alls" and "can't show us" people known as the Great and Glorious High School of the city of Blaine.

"Woe is mine," he murmured pitifully as he was handed an excuse slip to present himself before the noble personage afore mentioned. But the "meek will inherit the earth" must have been his thought instead of "treat 'em rough" when he lacked back-bone to object to the miserable proceedings.

To make this horrible episode shorter we will skip a period of time reckoned as two months. During this time Tom had been given a piece to speak the first thing on the night of the contest. We cannot tell what Miss Bates' thoughts were during these rehearsals but it was noticed that she was more particular than usual in her English classes after each visit made by the rising hero of this story.

The night came! Can it be that this freckle-faced boy of twelve in a new gray suit and patent leather shoes is the same piece of humanity we saw pounding the life out of George Washington Lincoln the day before? Yes it is, altho it is hard to believe.

In one of the wings of the platform the

curtain rises on a very excited mother patting her little boy's head and telling him to do his best and he will "bring home the bacon." Of course she didn't say it that way but in this day and age of misunderstood phrases we'll express our thought in this manner.

We begin to wonder where Miss Bates is. Woe and more of it. She has had a serious attack of verbal nouns, complicated with periodic sentences, followed by wild gasps of prepositional phrases. She was under the care of a doctor, of course; it could not be otherwise, in such a condition. It certainly was bad.

But the evening program opened with the audience singing, "America." Be prepared for the next great move of the infantry!

Master Thomas Obidiah Ethelbert Catt walked sublimely out from the left wing of the auditorium platform, hat in hand and overcoat buttoned as if he were prepared for a long journey. He was very conscious because of the titters of the audience.

He made a beautiful bow (learned from his mother) and started out. I mean he tried to speak. First he licked his rosebud lips and opened his mouth to say "Hear my commanding voice, ye mortals," but, "ye mortals" heard nothing but a few gurgles about "mear by vormanding voice, me mortals."

Really, I haven't the heart to tell how Tom got thru that ten minutes of misery. His mother was as white as a sick ghost, and his father was in nearly the same condition. It can't be explained how Tom felt when he walked off the platform and discovered himself attired in his overcoat and beheld his nifty green cap still in his hand. I tell you it was horrible!

It's no use to go further with the proceedings of the rest of the evening. The Catt family marched out the door and home without saying a word. An occasional snuffle from Mrs. Catt was the only noise that could be heard. But there was noise and plenty of it when the French door was closed.

"Thomas Catt, you have ruined your career and my reputation!" wailed Mrs. Diana Belle in tears. Mr. Catt took it

more easily and was more self-controlled. He merely murmured in a low voice, "Too bad, too bad." Master Tom, though, didn't know what to do. He sat down on the sofa and then walked in to the kitchen and back, then sat down again. He finally found his long lost voice enough to say, "Well, I guess I spilled the beans ma, and the game of a public wind jammer is called off on account of the rain."

GLEANINGS FROM THE ENGLISH CLASSES HELL

By Loraine Caul

Hell, as pictured by Milton is a place prepared by God for those rebelling against his will and power. It is as far from heaven as three times the distance from the earth, the center of the world, to the utmost pole, a point on the world's circumference. Hell is a dungeon like a great furnace, but the flames do not seem to give out light; but rather darkness with just enough light to make visible the surrounding pictures of torture and woe. In hell there is a lake of liquid fire, but there is also solid ground made of fire, according to Milton. Pain, sorrow, woe, and torture are to be seen on all sides, while peace, rest, and hope are not possible to those unfortunate ones dwelling in this unhappy place.

SATAN AND MAC BETH By Florence Snook

Satan and Macbeth are alike in so many ways and yet so different that it is hard to compare the two. I am afraid that there may be some prejudice against Macbeth because Milton has given us such an admirable Satan that we can hardly help but admire and prefer him to Macbeth.

Both Satan and Macbeth were too highly ambitious for their own good, therefore, they were both punished;—Satan deprived of his beautiful figure which he had in heaven and hurled into hell, and Macbeth deprived of all self and outside respect and killed in battle.

It is plainly seen that Macbeth and Satan were courageous but I think Satan's bravery the more to be admired of the two for

Macbeth required urging and at the end his courage failed. As yet we have no record of Satan's courage ever failing.

Both were very selfish and unrepentant. Although I think at the very end, deep down in his heart, Macbeth felt a tiny twinge of remorse yet that feeling was perhaps regret from having failed rather than remorse for having done wrong.

These two were both confident of themselves although it required quite a bit of praise and outside influence to keep up Macbeth's spirits and confidence.

Satan at least shows us that he has a degree of fairness about him because he gave God warning, while Macbeth shows the most detestable underhandedness by going so far as to invite Duncan to his house under the pretense of the best of friendship and then murdering him. This makes Macbeth's crime much more repulsive to us in the light of the fact that he was treacherous to his friends, while Satan carried on open warfare against God and as for his relation to man—certainly man was no friend of his.

Satan had foresight and it really was not necessary either because he had nothing to fear for the worst that was possible had happened to him, while Macbeth had no foresight whatsoever, and he needed it very badly for he had a life to come which he had to confront and should have looked forward to.

Macbeth was always asking advice of the witches and his wife, while Satan was very independent of everyone. This quality made Satan a good leader.

Satan had the ability to rise superior to circumstances. Macbeth crumbled hopelessly when it came to that. Also Satan was ready to make the best of what he had while Macbeth was always craving something more and was never satisfied.

Although perhaps it is not quite proper to say so I think that Milton has presented us with a Satan with such a character that we cannot help but admire him.

A RETURNED YANK By Merle Van Epps

He returned to us from the war, on crutches and with almost snow white hair. The jolly smile, that used to be so char-

acteristic of him, and that poke in the ribs, that he always contributed generously to me,—was not there. Perhaps he got tired of smiling (after he first met the Huns) but, anyhow it was not there—that was what you noticed. His eyes did not sparkle as they used to; they could not look at you steadily but seemed to turn away with such a tired pleading look in them that it made a lump come into your throat, and you cursed the Huns and all the Kaisers there ever have been or ever will be. The empty sleeve hanging by his left side, the one that used to carry that quick, wiry, left hook, and the way his right shoulder dropped below the other in such a helpless manner—all these things together have made such a different man out of the boy we used to know.

DESCRIPTION

By Marjorie Beam

A little figure enveloped in a large worn shawl of gray was standing motionless near a pile of desolate ruins. Her large, hungry eyes seemed to be searching out the mangled pieces of rubbish which had once made up her home; and her thin waxen face looked as though she were at the age of fifty instead of five. Her hand, shadowlike and trembling, was holding the thin shawl about her slight shoulders; and altogether she presented such a starved appearance, one would think the slightest breeze would blow her off of her stockingless feet.

COMPARISON OF OLIVIA AND SOPHIA

By Russell Barker

Both Olivia and Sophia were quite beautiful young ladies but Olivia was much more striking than Sophia. She was more open and forward, more inclined to take command of a situation while her sister was shy and the sort of person who has to be sought for.

Olivia was somewhat of a coquette. She desired to have many lovers while Sophia's desires would be satisfied in one lover. Olivia's greatest fault was that she sometimes went too far, so great was her desire to please, while Sophia was so afraid that she might offend that she seldom displayed enough of her excellence. The

one was vivacious and gay while the other was serious and more sensible. Like all good looking girls both loved frills and finery and both possessed their share of feminine vanity.

CRITICAL REVIEWS

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

By Russell Barker

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade.
When spring comes back with rustling
shade
And apple blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When spring brings back blue days and
fair.

It may be shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When spring comes 'round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true.
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—Alan Seeger.

This prophetic poem by Alan Seeger, one of the best of our recent poets, has a depth of thought, and beauty of touch which contrive to give it an appeal most sensitive and delicate and yet in spite of this there is great moral strength and strong courage displayed throughout in the very attitude which the poet takes toward death. This is essentially a war poem and its mood is sad, yet there is nothing morbid or ugly about it.

Most appealing and tender is the comparison in which the poet allows himself to dream a little of a death more pleasant than the one which has been meted out to

him wherein he might die "deep pillow-ed in silk and scented down," where love throbs out in blissful sleep," but he knows that his fate is different and even though he must meet death at midnight in a flaming town, nevertheless he has pledged his word and he will not fail to keep his rendezvous.

The poet's pictures of spring are all most subtle and airy. He tells of the spring which comes tripping north, which brings with it apple blossoms, meadow flowers, rustling shade and blue days and fair. Each descriptive phrase fairly bubbles with the gladness of spring. But does it not seem infinitely sadder; is there not a very poignant touch in the fact that the poet must meet death in the springtime, that he must give up his life on some scarred slope of battered hill when elsewhere there may be meadow flowers and apple blossoms? This idea is brought out strongly in the quick contrasts between spring and death and spring and the battle field.

Aside from its literary appeal there is an added interest in this poem because so clearly is the death of its author foretold, for when spring came round again Alan Seeger kept his rendezvous with death.

REMEMBERING NOW

By Margaret Sloss

Her face was like a brimming well
For a weary soul to drink of—
Not beautiful to look upon
But beautiful to think of.

—Maurice Samuel.

In the above four lines Maurice Samuel expresses again the thought, "Do not judge a book by its cover or a man by his face."

When one is in deep sorrow and needs comfort if he goes to just such a person as Samuel describes it will revive him just as a drink from a brimming well revives a man weary from fatigue.

This woman, you can tell instantly, has character and thought deep as "a brimming well" and when one looks at her one forgets she is not beautiful and thinks only of the beautiful thoughts that come from so clear and clean a soul.

She can always be depended upon when one is in sorrow or in need of help. Her beautiful character never changes as a person's beauty fades. She not only makes you feel better when you are near her but she leaves thoughts stamped on your mind which at spare moments you like to let your mind wander back to that you may pick out their hidden meaning.

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING NOW

An Irishman was captured by the Germans shortly after the battle of the Marne. In the prison camp it was noticed that he said the same thing to all the guards. Their curiosity was aroused and so they sent a person who could understand English as a guard.

This is what he said, "We Irish sure gave you Germans hell at the battle of the Marne." The guards then told him he would have to stop it, but instead he became worse. Finally he was given the choice of being shot or taking the oath of allegiance to Germany.

Pat thought a live Irishman would be better than a dead one so he decided to take it. After he had finished, he said, "Now am I a German?" "Yes," they replied. "And am I protected as a German citizen?" "Yes," was the answer.

"Say, those Irish sure gave us Germans hell at the battle of the Marne, didn't they?"

TEACHERS

By Fern Grover

(Sung to "Smiles.")

There are teachers that make us happy,

There are teachers that make us blue;
There are teachers that fill our eyes with
tear drops

As the heavens fill the grass with dew.
There are teachers that have a tender
meaning,

That the minds of none of us can guess;
But the teachers that fill our souls with
misery

Are the teachers of A. H. S.

1919 Annual! Jokes, Cartoons, Snapshots, Literary, Patriotic, School Activities and Pictures! Pictures!! Pictures!!!



Y. M. C. A. MEETINGS

January 29, the "Y" held their regular weekly meeting. A speaker could not be secured but Bible Study was arranged with Harry Brown as leader. After Bible Study the boys gathered around the piano and sang popular songs to Mr. Pollard's accompaniment. The attendance at this meeting was not large, only fifteen being present.

The next meeting of the Hi "Y" club was held Feb. 12. Prof. L. B. Schmidt, head of the History Department at the College spoke on "Lincoln and His Ideals." He brought out very clearly the idea that Lincoln during the Civil War was bent on preserving the Union above all else. This leads us to believe that if Lincoln were living today he would be heartily in favor of the "League of Nations."

In addition to this a short Bible Study class was held. Up to this time the class had been without a regular leader, but through the co-operation of the College Y. M. C. A., Horace Harper, a college alumnus, was secured. About twenty boys were present, the majority of them being upper classmen.

March 14, 15, 16, the Y. M. C. A. is planning to have a good delegation at the annual Older Boys' Conference at Ft. Dodge. This conference was to have been held in December but was postponed until the later date because of influenza.

Y. W. PLANS

This year there are about 149 girls enrolled as members of the Y. W. and be-

cause of their support, the Y. W. has been growing more worth while and promises to continue to improve.

As spring is approaching the social committee has planned for some long hikes with plenty of wienies and buns to give us strength for the return journey.

The Y. W. has had many interesting meetings so far and now it is planning a party. Many of the girls want a "kid party" because the one we had last year was such a success. However, this has not been fully decided as yet, although we do know that a party is to be held soon.

If you're not a member of the Y. W. you're missing lots of fine activities. Think about it—and join.

FORENSIC CLUB

At the regular meeting of the Forensic Club Monday, Feb. 17, a discussion was held regarding the helpfulness of debating. Loraine Caul, Carvel Caine, and Alford Carleton who have gone through hard training for debating led the discussion.

After this discussion Mr. Steffey talked to the members, telling them something of the plans for the coming year in regard to public speaking classes.

THE FORENSIC CLUB PARTY

"Will you go with me to the Forensic Club party at Mr. Steffy's residence at 8 o'clock?" said a boy to a girl or a girl to a boy.

"Oh, sure I will," and that's the way it started.

The games were more fun. Each one

received a heart with a number and a letter on it. Then all the ones with the same number got in a group and figured out the word that the different letters on the hearts spelled. Then when the word was decided the group acted it out. Next we all wrote slang for five minutes and can you believe it, but that quiet little Gertrude Reis got the prize—48 in five minutes. And what happened next. All the ones that drew a slip of paper with X on it had to give a vaudeville and I can assure you it was good. Now comes the funniest of all. The name of it was, "Ways to win a heart and ways to lose a heart," and listen boys, if any of the girls that portrayed "Ways to win a heart" get to acting as they did then, at school—oh! my, I'm sure you'll lose your hearts, and teachers, let me put you wise—if Mr. Steffy ever comes to school and winks at you—don't be alarmed because he is only thinking of how he acted when he portrayed the flirt in "Ways to lose a heart." But really I don't see how he could take the part so well without experience. Then we had another vaudeville and that concluded our program. Dainty refreshments were served and then, of course, we were all supposed to go home, that being the custom you know—but to tell the truth none of us wanted to.

THE HOME DECLAMATORY CONTEST

On the afternoon of February 21, the Home Declamatory Contest was held in the auditorium of the high school. The oratorical class was composed of Lura Woods, Helene Deane, and Joan Parsons, who won first place. Fern Grover, Faye Caul, Agnes Noble and Blanche Noble composed the dramatic class in which Fern Grover was given the prize. In the humorous class, composed of Mary Reed, Berniece Woodward, and Vera Grover, Vera was the winner. To her also was given the honor of being first over all, with the privilege of representing A. H. S. at the Sub-district Contest.

Miss Helen Marr Smith, of North Des Moines High School, was the judge.

Ames High School recognizes the interest shown in her by the business men

of the city and thanks especially the firms, Gus Martin Clothing Store, The Fair Store, and The College City Specialty Company, for the three five dollars prizes awarded to the winners in the various classes.

Not only the contestants but the school as a whole appreciate Miss Fickel's interest in and enthusiasm for the declamatory work in our high school.

CHANGE IN REST ROOM

A special assembly of the girls was held in the study hall Thursday evening, February 13th, to talk upon the question of the supervision of the rest room.

In the past there has been a teacher to do the supervising but the girls objected to this, for it has deprived them of all their freedom.

A plan was decided upon, in which the senior girls are to do the supervising. There will be two girls a week and if this is successful the plan will be carried thru-out the rest of the year.

It is necessary to have the co-operation of all the girls to carry out this plan. The senior girls are willing to try to do their best and they ask that the other girls do not take advantage of their liberties.

Girls! We want to make this plan a success and keep a teacher out of the rest room. Won't you do your part?

SOCIETY

The teachers held their dance at the K. C. Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 11.

Grace Kimble entertained a few girls at her home, Thursday evening, Feb. 13, in spite of the rain. An evening of dancing and singing, interrupted by the fire, was followed by dainty refreshments which were served by the hostess.

Georgina Kirkham was hostess to about twenty-five girls at her home, Friday evening, following the Ames-Boone game. The house was beautifully decorated with red and yellow crepe paper and hearts. An evening of dancing was followed with delicious refreshments. The out-of-town guests were the Misses Frances Linebaugh, Yolanda Prosperi, Margaret Higby and Louise Abel of Boone, Jane Ball of Stuart, and Eleanor Faskitt, of Shenandoah.

Lydia Tilden gave a luncheon Saturday noon in honor of her house guests, Frances Linebaugh, Margaret Higby, Louise Abel and Yolanda Prosperi of Boone. We should suggest some lessons in etiquette for some of the Ames girls, not mentioning whom.

The Kodi Camp-fire met at Alumni Hall Tuesday evening. A great deal of sewing was done and some work was done on the local honor beads.

Manning Howell was in Des Moines, viewing the sights of the city on Saturday February 15.

Frances Linebaugh, Yolanda Prosperi, Louise Abel and Margaret Higby of Boone spent the week-end with Lydia Tilden.

Eleanor Foskett of Shenandoah spent the week-end with Miss Thornburg. They attended the Boone game and Georgina Kirkham's party.

Jane Ball of Stuart spent the week-end with her sister, Miss Mary Ball. Some of the girls helped entertain her and she said she had a very enjoyable time.

The school-board has asked for more time to decide upon the question of high school dances. We hope they make the affirmative decision soon.

Miss Coskery spent the week-end in Des Moines visiting her parents.

It is rumored that Chevalier Adams expects to drive to Stuart some time in the near future. We wish him a good time.

Ruth Prall was in Nevada Saturday.

Bill Ricketts of Nevada attended the Ames-Boone game, and acted as time keeper.

Eleanor Murray spent the week-end with Georgina Kirkham.

Robert Potter attended church Sunday. They say this is an unusual event.

A large delegation from Boone attended the Ames-Boone game,—so large in fact, that there was hardly room for them all in the gym. Boone certainly has pep and we congratulate her.

Buzz Lang visited Lillian Sylvester in Nevada last week.

Marie Mortensen entertained a few couples at her home last Saturday evening. The evening was spent in viewing the campus and hunting Jane.

Carolyn Crosby and Fern Grover have been working in the Forestry Department at the college on Saturday mornings.

A number of boys spent Sunday in Nevada. We hear the Nevada girls enjoyed themselves immensely but we think the Ames boys had better begin at home so we can have some news for the Spirit.

Amy Wheeler and Opal Hanson of Boone spent the week-end with Goldie Jacobson.

Minnie Lindauer spent the week-end with Ava Kulow in the country.

The Sixth period division of English I held a contest in the writing of formal notes on Friday. Helen Kingsbury took first place; Doris McCawley, second.

Mildred Gernes, Mildred Jack, Norma Haverly, Marian Smith and Lucille Nichols, after dancing and eating fudge at the Nichols home, went to the Princess, Wednesday evening, Feb. 12. We hear that Marian was very well chaperoned home.

Be prepared! Annual 1919.

SOME SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a barber shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back."

Sign in a news stand: "Empty boxes—suitable for Christmas gifts."

In a tailor's shop: "We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?"

In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."

"Bigger and better than ever."

"What is?"

"1919 Spirit Annual."

YOU MIGHT MAKE IT BREAK, A. V.

Aspiring vocalist: "Professor Pollard, do you think that I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Perspiring Pollard: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

1919 Annual! Jokes, Cartoons, Snapshots, Literary, Patriotic, School Activities and Pictures! Pictures!! Pictures!!!

NORTH EAST WEST SOUTH

OF EXCHANGES

We have received several new exchanges during the last two weeks among which are some of the old standbys that make exchanging worth while. We have sent exchanges to the following:

"Observer," Decatur, Ill.
 "Bayonet," Plattsmouth, Nebr.
 "Pebbles," Marshalltown.
 "Bumble B," Boone.
 "Ah La Ha Sa," Albert Lea, Minn.
 "Oskaloosa O," Oskaloosa.
 "Dart," Ashtabula, Ohio.
 "Boomer," El Reno, Oklahoma.
 "Old Gold and Blue," Ida Grove.
 "Philo Phonograph," Sac City.
 "Spectator," Waterloo.
 "Comment," Keokuk.
 "Elgin Mirror," Elgin, Ill.
 "Pulse," Cedar Rapids.
 "Otaknam," Mankato, Minn.
 "Railsplitter," Lincoln, Ill.
 "Tatler," Colo, Iowa.
 "Torch," Doylestown, Pa.
 "Little Dodger," Ft. Dodge.

We have received the following College papers:

"The Simpsonian," Indianola, Iowa.
 "The Coe College Cosmos," Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
 "The Creighton Courier," Omaha, Nebr.
 "Penn Chronicle," Oskaloosa, Iowa.
 "The College Age," Cedar Falls, Iowa.
 The "Otaknam," Mankato, Minn., is an excellent paper. From the number of ads it has, its business manager must be a hustler.

The "Spectator," West High, Waterloo, Iowa, is one of the best papers on the list. It contains a great many stories and has some very clever ideas.

The "Boomer," El Reno, Oklahoma,

surely has a large number of stars in its service flag. If they do everything else as they enlist, things must move.

What is the matter with the "Tatler," Colo, Iowa? We had a few issues at the first of the year but have not had any for a long time. The paper was a good one and should have been continued.

Talk about classy papers, the "Railsplitter," Lincoln, Ill., is as good as any. An outsider can read the paper and enjoy it immensely.

STOP!

Physician: "Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient: "Yes, doctor, it hurts me to breathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician: "All right. All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

TRUE ENOUGH

Teacher: "Don't say, 'How it is rainin'! Pronounce your 'g'."

Pupil: "I know, teacher. Let me say it."

Teacher: "Very well, say it."

Pupil: "Gee! How it is rainin'!"

REASONS FOR SOME FAILURES

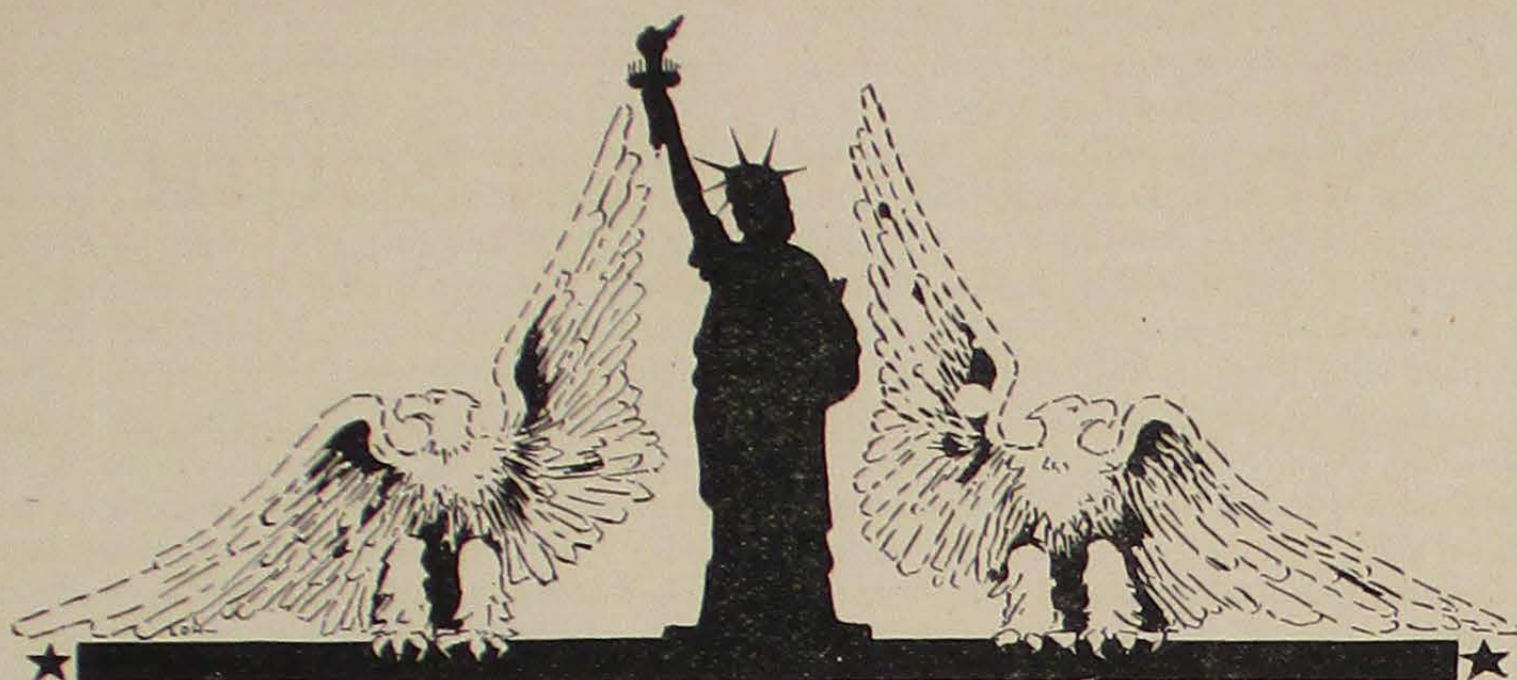
Laundryman—"Clothes competition."

Musician—"Unable to discount his notes."

Jeweler—"Too much time on his hands."

Builder—"Making up stories without foundations."

Be prepared! Annual 1919.



AN INTERVIEW WITH CHAS. NOWLIN

By Chevalier Adams

The other day when I was talking to Charles Nowlin, his experiences in the army seemed so interesting that I thought that I would bring directly to the high school from him some of his adventures. I have so far as possible to use his words.

"I sailed on the transport 'Logan,' July 4, 1918 from San Francisco. There were 2180 men of the Coast Artillery and Infantry on board. We sailed within 150 miles of Alaska by taking a great circle track to Japan. We landed at that island of the Japanese empire which is farthest north. It is called Yazo. The name of the city was Hakadeo. We were the first white troops that had landed there for thirty years. After four days of coaling we sailed for Vladivostock, Siberia, the trip taking 54 days. After reaching Vladivostock, Siberia, the troops were unloaded and put on the Trans-Siberia Railroad.

Vladivostock is quite an old city much shell-torn by the Bolsheviki and other armies going thru there to the front. The population is made up mostly of Japs and Chinese. It is a very dirty place, and the streets are narrow. There is only one street car. The buildings are of ancient design and made of stones. The highest building is only four stories tall.

After staying four months we sailed from Vladivostock and came to Nagaski, which is the fastest coaling station in the

world, loading 2000 tons of coal in 24 hours by hand in small baskets weighing 20 lbs. Nagaski is the most modern city in Japan.

Leaving Nagaski we sailed to Longpole, Philippine Islands, one of the largest floating dry docks in the world. We were delayed there for six days while our vessel was being repaired. From Longpole we sailed to the city of Manilla carrying a cargo of sugar. We then loaded some troops coming to the U. S.

After eight days we sailed to Hong Kong China, which is a large city compared to those in America but they have not as many conveniences as we have. After loading 1000 tons of rice we sailed for Sydney, Australia, one of the finest cities in the world. The population is mostly made up of Spaniards and Australians. We remained in this city four days.

After loading beef we sailed for Honolulu which is quite a large city and is similar to those in the United States. It is not anywhere near the paradise of the world, but it is noted for its wonderful climate and its scenery. The Hawaiian people are a much larger race of people than the Americans and look more like Indians. There are a great number of Americans engaged in business there. The only kind of money in Hawaii is gold and silver. The people never have seen paper money. One thing that Honolulu is noted for is her beautiful moonlight nights and her Hula-Hula girls. Waukiki Beach is

one of the finest beaches in the world and is surrounded by Kilauea one of the oldest volcanos. The reason that Waukiki is so great is because of its safety for swimmers, for a person can wade two miles without getting into water over his head. The greatest sport is riding the surf boards on breakers and coming in about sundown. On the island of Hawaii the volcano at this time is the highest that was ever known. The lava is now flowing over all the land around it so that no one is allowed to go very close to it because of the poisonous gases and fumes that it is throwing out at present. The crater is about one mile wide containing nothing but red hot lava. At night all that one can see is the red flames flashing from it.

After staying at Honolulu for four days we sailed for San Francisco. Our trip back from Russia took 74 days. The whole trip was 24,874 miles."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM TED NOWLIN

Surprised, are you, to hear from me again? I am really very much surprised myself to see how long it has been since I have written to you, but it is my hope that you are so well accustomed to my eccentricities that you will forgive me this time at least and from now on I will strive to do better.

And now for a review of my life since you last heard from me. To begin at the wrong end of the story of course, I am on an island, a real honest to goodness, sure enough island, which is stretched out along the coast of Florida about ten miles out in the gulf. "Stretched" truly describes this island for, although it is some fifty odd miles in length, its width is but scant two hundred yards at the widest point and at other spots so narrow one could toss a stone across with ease. "Santa Rosa" is its name, christened possibly by some romantic Spaniard in a flight of fancy. From its appearance one would scarcely consider it as deserving a name of any kind for it is sand, and nothing but sand, no trees, no grass or aught else; the only thing which breaks the

monotony of the sky line is a sand dune or two, overgrown with some stubby growth of weed. This island is really quite valuable however in spite of its appearance for it protects Pensacola harbor from the storm and the sound. Between the island and the shore is calm and provides an excellent flying place for the sea planes where the gulf is too rough. And at the western end of this island is Fort Pickens guarding the main channel to Pensacola. About fifteen miles east and directly opposite Pensacola is the gunnery school of the air station and it is here that I am at present stationed.

The gulf is the main object of interest for us and its sameness and monotony is appalling except for a white sail here and there, standing out with startling clearness against the blue sky. But when a "south-easter" blows up we have some very exciting times with this same gulf, for the great waves come sweeping up and over our poor little island as tho it wasn't there, at least this is how it appears to us at the time, and plays havoc with our tents and personal comfort, but now a strong embankment is in the process of erection which will probably protect us nicely so that we may enjoy our nights rest during the storms instead of running helter skelter about the island in pursuit of our personal effects which may be joyfully rolling away on the crest of some over ambitious wave. Of a necessity, during these nocturnal exercises our costume is apt to be noted for its brevity more than anything else and one is usually rather cool by the time he has recovered his lost articles and quite ready to return to the warmth and comfort of his bed. But all this is interesting and it is with sorrow that I note the raising of the embankment which will rob us of one of our few opportunities for pleasure. I generally take a plunge in the gulf each day and tho it is cold, it is quite a bit of fun and very invigorating too. They say that there are sharks in the gulf about the island but as we have never seen any we are not much bothered, I should like to see a shark, out of mere curiosity but I must admit that I should greatly prefer to be high and

dry at the time. There are numerous porpoises in the inner bay and on a bright day one may watch them rolling and tumbling about like overgrown puppies at play. Though porpoises are quite harmless they are the deadly enemy of the sharks and you will never find the two living together, so we know that the inner bay at least is free of sharks. I saw an alligator yesterday paddling down the coast in the sound, a big fellow he was, some twelve or fifteen feet in length and ugly beyond all imagination. He moved down the coast for about a quarter of a mile at a speed somewhat greater than a man can run and then crossed over to the mainland. As luck would have it no one had a gun near by and before we could bring one up he was gone, unscathed. This is the first one I have seen since I came south as for the most part they lie buried in the mud at this time of the year.

My work on the island is instructing as usual in the gunnery school here. I teach ground gunnery to student aviators and a few officers now and then and on the whole do not work myself to death. I have always been considerably disgusted to have the war end before I got into it and it didn't seem quite fair to me but I suppose there were many other people to be considered. But you know it is not a whole lot of fun to teach some one else to do something you want to do yourself. All is over now, so let it pass and hope for more luck next time. I suppose I shall get out of the Navy some time next summer and return to school although I am signed up for four years and should serve until 1921. I would be 21 then, it is horrible to contemplate such old age, isn't it, I'm sure I never care to grow old.

How are you, and the old school and all? It seems a very long time since I was there, nearly two years it is. And I shall certainly be glad to come back.

This is all I may write tonight as taps have sounded and soon the "jimmy legs" will be making his rounds and enforcing the lights out order so I must close.

Ted.

Be prepared! Annual 1919

WE FELT GROGGY WHEN

WE READ THIS ONE

He was probably the smallest "middy" in the navy, and one evening he was invited to attend a party in the saloon. He was such a little chap that the ladies had no idea that he was a midshipman at all, but took him for somebody's "dear little boy" in a royal all-wool serge. At last one of them, on whose lap he had been sitting, and who has just kissed him, asked:

"And how old are you, little dear?"

"Twenty-two," he said in a voice like a foghorn. Then the lady swooned.

GOOD POLICY

Pat and Mike, two journeymen who were on their way to a job, were obliged to halt their cart and make way for a funeral procession. While looking at it, Pat suddenly remarked: "I'd give \$500 to know the place where I am going to die."

"Well, and what good would it do if you did know?"

"Lots," said Pat, "sure, I'd never go near the place."

SUCH THINGS SOMETIME HAPPEN

When Lucile N. met Carolyn C. at a dance the other night, they began talking of one of the young men.

"I don't care for him at all," remarked Lucile N. "He's a regular bore."

"Indeed!" replied Carolyn C. "Why, I thought he was perfectly lovely."

"Well," said Lucile, "he yawned three times while I was talking to him."

"Perhaps he wasn't yawning," suggested Carolyn. "He may have been trying to say something, dear. You can't tell."

"Bigger and better than ever."

"What is?"

"1919 Spirit Annual."

HEAD LIKE A TACK

Senior: "Hey, kid, have you got a minute to spare?"

Freshie: "Yes, sir."

Senior: "Tell me all you know."



BOONE 23; AMES 13

Of all the games played thus far this season by the Ames quintet, this one was the hardest fought and most evenly matched. It was a tussle which tested both strength and skill. The game started fast with both teams in the fray with their utmost speed. Ames scored first on a free throw which was thrown by McCarty, followed by a neat goal by Potter. Then the Boone team pushed forward and the teams raced neck to neck for victory through the first half. Successful formation plays, open floor tactics and strong defensive work were displayed by both visitors and locals.

Thompson's squad left the floor at the end of the first half with a lead of 9 to 7, after having battled their opponents to a standstill.

The Ames bunch continued their speedy fight at the opening of the second half but began slowly to weaken and become worn out under the constant, hot tormenting they were subject to.

Elliot and Scovel both played stellar games at guarding by time after time smearing up the offensive of the Boone aggregation. Likewise Potter, McCarty and Cornelliussen exhibited excellent heady floor work. All five of them starred by their consistent playing, Elliot, McCarty and Potter utilizing some scientific basket shooting. McCarty and Moran were the individual point gainers and mainstays for the visitors.

The gymnasium was completely packed with spectators, most of whom supported the Ames players to the final whistle, hoping that Ames might take revenge on the victorious Boone bunch and trim them.

Line up and summary:

Ames		Boone
McCarty	L. F.	Patterson
Potter	R. F.	Moran
Cornelliussen	C.	McCartney
Scovel	L. G.	Grant
Elliot	R. G.	Thompson

Substitutions: Boone—Cox for Moran.

Field goals: Boone—Patterson 1, Moran 6, McCarty 2, Cox 2; Ames—Elliot 3, Potter 2, McCarty 1.

Goals from fouls: Boone—Patterson 1; Ames—McCarty 1.

Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Referee: Harper of I. S. C.

AMES 33—NEVADA 16

A regular football game was staged on the home floor when the locals walloped Nevada 33-16. Throughout the snappy contest, Ames out-classed their adversaries through continuous struggling. The game appeared to be a confusion of smashing, dodging and diving players playing their hardest. During most of the combat, the combatants were too intent on and eager for victory to let up any on their speedy pace.

Nevada started off fast, scoring the first basket, but Thompson's five readily got their bearings and Elliot succeeded in reg-

istering three goals in quick succession; Potter and McCarty together following suit. The game continued while both teams showed increasing pep, aggressiveness and interest in the game. The half ended with Ames in the lead 19-9.

The second half began with a "Zip" and rush that insured a merry chase but soon our five gained the upper hand and offset all Nevada's hopes for victory. Nevada's greatest difficulty lay in the fact that she tried too long throws, she was slow in handling the ball and her passes were often wild. Never-the-less she showed her spunk to such an extent that Ames could not so easily triumph or to such an extent as many had expected. The defensive work of Boller, the midget, standing guard, and the offensive game of Armstrong achieved most for Nevada.

Elliot's unexcelled offensive and defensive playing was a feature of the game, securing more than half of the score for A. H. S.; several from difficult angles. Scovel showed his mettle by his plucky guarding and his exceptional ability for tearing in and grasping the ball from the visitors. The remaining Ames players showed a keen eye for caging baskets and excellent floor work.

Two second string players were run in near the close of the game, who showed what remarkable material we have besides our first team.

Line-up and Summary:

Ames		Nevada
McCarty	L. F.	Armstrong
Potter	R. F.	Shaw
Cornelluisen	C.	Peterson
Scovel	L. G.	Boller
Elliot	R. G.	Finnie

Substitutions—Nevada: McCard for Peterson. Ames: Thompson for McCarty, Gore for Potter.

Field goals—Nevada: Armstrong 3, Finnie 2, Shaw 1, McCard 1. Ames: McCarty 3, Elliot 9, Potter 3, Cornelluisen 1.

Goals from fouls—Nevada: Armstrong 1, Boller 1. Ames: McCarty 1.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Referee—Mackay of I. S. C.

AMES' TEAM EASILY

WRESTS VICTORY FROM

HEAVIER PERRY QUINTET

In a fast and steadily fought contest, the Ames five had little difficulty in winning from the Perry representatives by a score 59-16. Owing to the fact that Thompson's players were in their best trim and to the fact that two valuable men, McCarty and Hammond, who have recently returned to A. H. S. from service abroad, have been added, they played the husky Perry bunch ragged and ran them off their feet. Each Ames scrapper got his man and got him well, not allowing the ball to remain to any extent in Perry's hands. Thompson's men gained the lead in fight and score at the start of the game and the visitors failed to bring the scores to a somewhat respectable level through the remainder of the scrimmage, the score at the end of the first half being 26-5. Long throws tried by Perry were a detriment to them since Scovel continually intercepted the ball. The game was clean considering the amount of action there was with the exception of a little lack of sportsmanship on the part of Perry's substitute guard. The visitors put up a strong fight at the opening of both halves, but lost confidence in themselves, being assured that the game was lost and let up on their fighting streak. Reel and Smith, forwards, displayed an exceptionally good fight, besides tallying the total score for Perry.

Elliott and Scovel played the strongest defensive work, repeatedly chopping up the teamwork of their opponents. Potter with twelve baskets was the individual point winner for the locals, while Hammond, Elliott and McCarty gained nearly all the remaining points. Frequently the Ames players were unlucky in caging baskets, but beating Perry by a greater margin might completely discourage them, which would be shameful. Our team exhibited excellent teamwork, together with remarkable ability in throwing baskets.

With the proficient team that played this game, with the student backing shown at all the home games thus far, Coach Thompson says that the players will be "state beaters," who ought to make a good show-

ing at the coming high school tournament.

Lineup and summary:

Ames		Perry
McCarty	L. F.	Reel
Potter	R. F.	Smith
Hammond	C.	Moody
Scovel	L. G.	K. McLuen
Elliot	R. G.	Veath

Substitutions:

Perry: R. McLuen for Veath.

Ames: Cornelluissen for Hammond;
Hammond for McCarty.

Field goals:

Perry: Smith 2, Reel 5.

Ames: Potter 12, Hammond 5, Elliot 7,
McCarty 4, Scovel 1.

Goals from fouls:

Perry: Smith 2.

Ames: Elliot 1.

Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Referee: Harper of I. S. C.

AMES 26—INDIANOLA 25

Again we went, again we saw, and again we conquered. Encouraged by their victory over Perry on the night before, the team went to Indianola and repeated their performance but not to such a great extent. It was a battle royal for victory from the echo of the first whistle till the sound of the last. The score was fairly even and often tied during the game, the score being 12-11 in favor of the Orange and Black at the end of the first half. A few long ones dropped in by Elliot, McCarty and Hammond just before the close of the tussle saved and cinched the game for Ames. The Indianola five put forth strong opposition to Thompson's players and but for fast, heady and steady playing we would not have been victors. The teams as a whole played on comparatively even terms neither outshining the other to a great extent. Their players were about the same weight as those of our team. They were much better players than the teams that we have overrun on the home floor. The spectators went simply wild throughout the game. Ames gained a five point lead but lost it again and then gained back the one-point lead which was final. Baldwin and Harned were the main spokes in the Indianola wheel.

Teamwork and offensive work were displayed to an advantage by both teams. All the Ames players stayed with the Indianola players from beginning to end, each starring at his own game. Elliot and McCarty led the team on the offensive, netting ten points apiece, while Scovel did his best in smashing into their opponent's teamwork. Hammond and Potter rounded out the team, making use of excellent teamwork and fighting with all that was in them.

Line-up and Summary:

Ames		Indianola
McCarty	L. F.	Steel
Potter	R. F.	Boss
Hammond	C.	Sterling
Scovel	L. G.	Baldwin
Elliot	R. G.	Sarggs

Substitutions—Harned for Boss; Carr for Sarggs.

Field goals—Indianola: Steel 5, Harned 5, Sterling 1, Sarggs 1. Ames: McCarty 4, Hammond 2, Elliot 5, Potter 1.

Goals from fouls—Indianola: Steel 1. Ames: McCarty 2.

Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Referee: Cline of Simpson.

Watch for the Annual subscription campaign next month.

YOU SAID IT!

We are not mentioning any names but we hear that three girls and three boys in our H. S. went out riding on a recent Sunday evening. They ran out of gas and the girls went to a farm house until their heroes could go to the nearby city, Ontario, and secure the needed juice.

The little boys could not find any gas and feeling that the late hours of the night had a bad effect on them, they put out for Ames.

And where were the girls?? At the farm house; until, thru their own efforts, they secured a taxi to bring them home. Oh! Yes, A. H. S. is full of perfect gentlemen.

Are you ready for the Annual subscription campaign in April?



"HE DID"—"HE DIDN'T"

Eddie Did:

Eddie did take 4 girls to the show 2 nights last week.

Eddie did buy some candy.

Eddie did bring Dorothy a hunk of candy.

Eddie did buy a ring.

Eddie did go down town.

Eddie does like Miss Miller.

Eddie does like to be popular.

Eddie Didn't:

Eddie didn't go to Grinnell.

Eddie didn't take the girls to the Sheldon-Munn Sunday.

Eddie didn't walk up the street with Norma H. because he met Marie M.

Eddie didn't get rid of it.

But he didn't stay there—Mama interfered.

Doesn't like French.

Who foots the bills?

PUT SOME WATER ON IT

Two Irish plumbers from one of the southern states decided that they would enjoy a bit of sport on the occasion of the "opening of the reed bird season." They were provided with tremendous game bags and as it was their first experience they were happy.

Suddenly Callahan spotted a bird, and taking very careful aim, prepared to fire the fatal shot. But Casey seized him by the arm, crying frantically, "Don't fire, Callahan, don't fire! You've forgotten to load yer gun!"

WHY NOT CALL IT SMITH?

Stranger: "Have you seen anyone around here with one leg named Jones?"

Soph: "What's the other leg's name?"

WHY NOT GET A CABBAGE?

Ambitious Freshie: "I'm going to get ahead."

Wise Soph: "You surely need one."

SOME OF 'EM NEED

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"Why have you spelled every word in this joke with capital letters?" asked the editor.

"Because it's a capital joke," replied the joke editor.

Mr. Pollard in chorus: "Keep your voices light as every girl can. (Begins to sing.) "Here I am showing you how. Therefore I must be a girl."

Be prepared! Annual 1919.

1919

ANNUAL

1919

What We Need

400 Subscriptions

100 Pages of Material

What are YOU going to do for this
Bigger and Better ANNUAL?

THINK ABOUT IT,
TALK ABOUT IT,
DREAM ABOUT IT—

DO SOMETHING FOR IT

Be A Backer...

Not A Slacker...

1919

ANNUAL

1919

New Spring Goods

arriving daily by Express right from the eastern Manufacturers

SPRING SUITS and COATS

the very latest things in style and materials. All sizes. All prices

LARGE LINE OF SILK DRESSES

NOW ON SALE. EXCEPTIONAL VALUES.

HOSIERY . . . and . . . UNDERWEAR

W.C. HUNTER CO.

Everything in Womens Wear

OPP. SHELDON "THE STYLE SHOP" AMES
MUNN HOTEL //// IOWA



FITFORM HIGH M

Clothes for young fellows are up to the minute in style. They have a far-above-average quality, too.



Look them over and satisfy
yourself

No Existing Ames High Spirit Vol. 8 No. 9-11

1919



FRIENDSHIP ISSUE

Volume 8 ... May 8, 1919 ... Number 12

R
E
L
I
A
B
I
L
I
T
Y

You find
it first,
last and
always
at

The
Tilden
Store

Start a Picture Story of Your Home Your Friends Your School Days



It will be worth a million dollars in years to come.

Mount Your Pictures



In an
IDEAL LOOSE
LEAF ALBUM

Nothing will tell the
story like your
MEMORY
BOOK

Ames News Stand

REYNOLDS & IVERSEN

For the.....
Graduating Girl

We are fully prepared with a complete line of Dresses, Gloves, Silk and Muslin Underwear, Dainty Pumps in all colors with silk hose to match. Priced reasonable.

And we have not forgotten the Boys

Campus Togs, Stratford and Kuppenheimer Clothes; Hats, Gloves and Ties to fit every form and purse. Come and see us, you know we'll treat you right.

J. Jacobs Co. AMES,
IOWA

Substantial Backing
Creates Confidence and Gives Inspiration

The Union National Bank is strong in the strength of its ample resources, splendid modern equipment and progressive, alert organization.

Back of our recognized stability looms the gigantic responsibility of the Federal Reserve System--- of which we are a member.

We invite your account.

The Union National Bank

Phone 77

Ames, Iowa



THE SPIRIT



VOL. 8

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 12

75c a Year

MAY 8, 1919

10c a Copy

Literary Issue

Published Quarterly

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Fern Grover '19
Assistant Editor	Ralph Mayo '20
Business Manager	Robert Potter '19
Assistant Business Manager	Leslie Gray '20

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Literary	Eleanor Murray '19
Athletic	Homer Tostlebe '20
Exchange	Manning Howell '19
Jokes	Margaret Sloss '19
Art	Lowell Houser '21
News	Ruth Prall '19
Soldier and Sailor	Carolyn Crosby and Chevalier Adams '19
Club	Harriett Tilden '19
Contest	Lydia Tilden '19
Society	Marie Mortensen '19

ADVISORY BOARD

Mr. Steffy

Miss Coskery

STENOGRAPHERS

Lucille Nickels, '19

Priscilla Dodds, '19

Grace Iden, '19

Proof Reader

Ames High School Stands for Achievement, Happiness, Success

EDITORIALS

WHY FAIL IN HIGH SCHOOL?

The teachers report that there are a great many failing in the high school; that is, some are low in one subject while others are low in two or three.

What are the reasons for so many failures?

If you were to study the lives of the students who fail, you would find that only a few are unable to do the work required. Almost all high school students are capable of doing the work if they will only apply themselves.

Lack of ambition and interest have a

IN MEMORIAM
RAYMOND DUCKWORTH '21
DIED, MAY 3, 1919

great deal to do with failure. Students who say they can't do a thing and won't try are usually the people who fail. People who neglect their work in order that they may stand in the corridors, are the ones who get the red marks. Although ten minutes doesn't seem very long at the time it would help a great deal when it comes time for the test.

Some think that a grade of seventy-five is good enough. If seventy-five is the best a person can get, it will do; but if one is capable of doing ninety per cent work and is doing seventy-five per cent work, he is weakening his own moral fibre and establishing a precedent for himself which he will find it difficult to overcome in later life.

Ambition is needed to make a success in anything and if it is lacking in high school, it probably will be lacking in after life. Students in high school are forming the habits which will govern them in later life and are making reputations which they cannot change in a moment. Is there anyone who wants to be lazy and careless in the business world or to have the reputation for being so?

A great many who are failing in high school, try to lay the blame on the teacher; but it has been proved that failures are the fault of the student. The teachers are not fond of using red ink, that is, if they are the teachers which they should be, and will not use it if it is not necessary. It is a poor plan to blame somebody else for your failures.

Students must be up in three subjects to

enter into the school activities. Why not put forth a little effort and be eligible, so we can do the best possible for our school as well as benefit ourselves?

Success in high school means success after leaving the school. Failures in high school have a good chance to fail later in life. Let's all do our best in high school and we will be benefitted for our extra trouble after we leave the school.

SPIRIT DESK

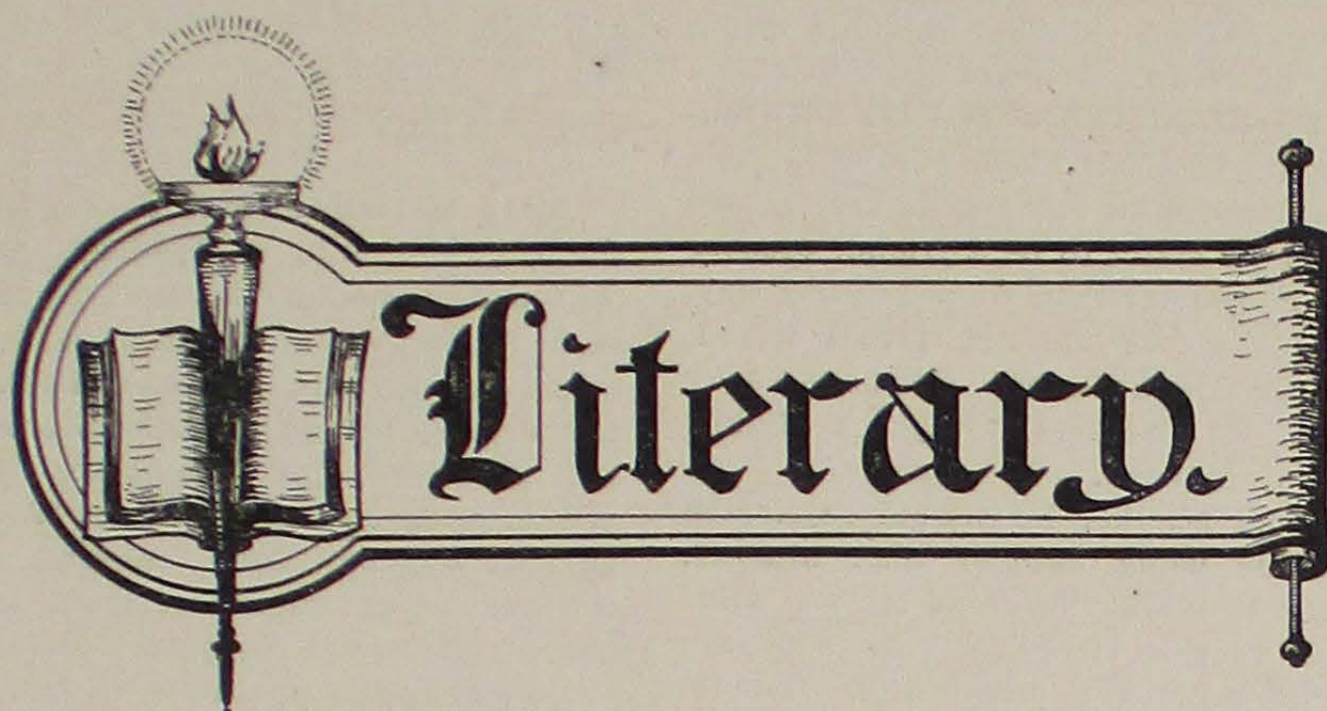
At last the long-needed desk is to really be! The Spirit has never had a place in which to keep its material and sometimes the work has been lost and often time has been lost because of lack of filing facilities and adequate room.

The school board has consented to donate the money and the Manual Training boys are going to make it. The desk is to be a large one, fully equipped in every way. It is to have several files in which the material will be kept and used for reference whenever it is needed.

Now the big question is. Where is the fine big desk to be kept? Out in the hall is certainly not an appropriate place. How would the little south room on the third floor do? We need some suggestions and will be glad to receive some at any time.

The wise man seeks a friend in whom are those qualities which he, himself, may lack; for thus being united in their friendship, the more defended against adversity.

—Jeremy Taylor.



ESSAY CONTEST

Judging from the ideas in the essays which entered the contest, there surely should be a large spirit of friendliness in Ames High. If all the suggestions were carried into practice it would seem as if the school life here should be perfect.

Since the broad subject of "Friendship" was taken from a different view point in every essay it was difficult to tell just which ones should be given first and second places. However, it was thought that Myrna Gray should be awarded the first prize of two dollars and Lowell Hauser second place and one dollar.

The essays of the two winners and others that deserve honorable mention are printed here.

FRIENDSHIP

There is a deep meaning to friendship. It is too familiar a word to be understood by all and means too much to have its full sense easily understood. Thus it means much or means little in its varied use among men.

Our English word "friend" means one who loves. Etymologically, the words "friend" and "lover" are synonymous, as are the words "love" and "friendship." Friendship is love with selfishness eliminated. Friendship consists in being a friend, not in having a friend; in giving one's affection unselfishly to another, not in being the object of some one's affection.

There may be mutual friendships, but in every case true friend is a friend in his loving rather than in his being loved and he would be just as truly a friend and his friendship would be just as lasting if he were not loved in return or his love recognized.

"Who can be real friends?" is a question very often asked. Since true friendship is the purest and most unselfish love, anyone who is capable of such love is capable of being a true friend. Wherever there is an unselfish love for another, for the other's own sake, there is a true friendship.

The business of being a friend is one of the greatest human responsibilities. Friendship is born in an atmosphere of unselfishness and trust. Every friendship that lasts is built of certain durable materials. The first of these is truthfulness. Friends who have to be "handled" or "managed" do not know the real meaning of true friendship. "Trust is the first requisite for making a friend," says Hugh Black, "and faithfulness is the first requisite of keeping him."

Close upon truthfulness comes loyalty, but not the kind that the small boy had for his mother when he shouted to his doubting playmates, "I tell you it's so, because my mother says so; and if my mother says so, it is so, even if it ain't so." Loyalty, faithfulness and truthfulness must be inseparable in true friendship.

We can never be envious of one to whom we are a friend. We are glad when he shows himself at his best and are not troubled if his best outshines our best. The least reluctance on our part to see the one to whom we claim to be a friend, prosper or become greater than we are in any way, is proof that we are not a real friend. "Friendship immediately banishes envy under all its disguises," says a fellow worker of Addison. "A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friends being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue." This is always true with every real friendship. "I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues," says Emerson. "I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden."

"Friendship suffereth long and is kind; friendship envieth not; friendship vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. . . . But now abideth faith, hope, friendship, these three; and the greatest of these is friendship."

—Myrna Gray.

FRIENDSHIP WITH NATURE

We all have our own opinion as to the qualities that should be possessed by the ideal friend. We will differ perhaps on minor points but I believe we will all agree on the following major points.

The ideal friend, that is, the true friend, is sympathetic and soothing. We go to our true friends when we are hurt and angered by the world and come away quieted and softened. We may trust our true friends and freely tell our secrets to them with absolute confidence, knowing that we will not be betrayed. And in return our friend will tell us his secrets if we show sufficient interest. If there is anyone who should understand us it is our ideal friend, who must respect our moods

and still have moods himself. And lastly our friend is interesting, so that we enjoy his company, and yet he is interested in us and all that is for our welfare.

There is a friend who does possess all these qualities to a decidedly generous degree, I am now speaking of nature. Nature, whom we often despise, is, if we would be fair with her, one of our truest friends. By being fair with nature I mean that we should apply the golden rule with her as with human friends. We should go half way and bear the same attitude toward her as we expect from her as a friend. If we are really interested, understanding, and sympathetic with her, she will return interest and sympathy to us increased a hundred fold.

You surely cannot but agree that nature is sympathetic and soothing. Who can remain long in the fresh cool air of spring, by the side of a little clear brooklet with the trinkle of its little waterfall as it drops over its tree-root precipice, mingling with the song of happy birds, who I say, can remain in such surrounding and be sullen, rebellious, or hurt at the outside world? Yes nature is soothing and sympathetic.

And may we not trust nature? Did nature ever betray a heart that loved her? Of course not. And who will doubt that if we are interested and patient enough that nature will not show us her profoundest secrets? All we must do is to sit quietly on an overhanging bank of a forest stream, when presently nature's shyest fish will sport for us just below the surface, and her brightest birds will dart among the branches, and her gayest butterflies will flutter over sweet scented flowers, or perhaps some of her larger creatures will scurry through the underbrush.

Nature is understanding, for no matter what your mood or temperament, nature has something that will interest you. If you are of a studious nature you will find the study of biology a never ending source of pleasure and profit. If you are artistic, what can appeal to you more than a quiet pool in a forest glade lighted by the golden rays of the setting sun? Or if you are adventurous, you will find a keen joy in hunting, fishing, or tramping on trips of

adventure and discovery into new regions of nature's wonderland.

And yet nature has moods herself—moods of gentleness, when everything is wrapped in evening quiet or thrown into mysterious shade by the silver moon beams, and moods of strength, when mighty mountains raise their heads into the clouds, when great storms sway sturdy oaks, and swift rivers fall hundreds of feet over giant rocks.

In all her moods you will find nature interesting, interested, and understanding, a true friend, an ideal friend—if only you will do your part and make a friend of nature. He who does this, as Shakespeare says—

"Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

—Lowell Houser.

FRIENDSHIP

There are no words in the English language, or any other language, that can adequately express "friendship." True friendship can only be expressed in deeds and actions.

There are many different phases of the subject of friendship, but have you ever stopped to think of this one? "How many lack friendship rather than friends!"

So many persons count themselves friends, and really are friendly, as long as everything runs smoothly, but just wait until trouble comes and everything seems to go wrong. Where then are the friends? Surely not gone; a friend would not desert. No, a true friend would not, but this is a friend without friendship.

A friend without friendship is the kind of friend who says, "Oh, Mary I love you so much," but who, when Mary should do one thing, does everything possible to make her do another.

True friends with true friendship are never jealous and envious of another. This is one of the strongest tests of friendship. At times it is very hard and takes a great deal of will power and love not to be envious when something nice happens to a friend that we, ourselves, would like very much, or that friend gets some lovely

new clothes or some little vanity that we would enjoy and appreciate.

Especially among younger people is the tendency to that most unfriendly of all unfriendly acts—talking about people. It seems to be human nature and is so hard to overcome. We all do it, but think what a friendly world this would be—a world with both friends and friendship—if this could only be overcome. Even if just one person tries to overcome this habit it helps, and think if everyone in this world would try! In every undertaking there is "strength in numbers."

True friendship—the combination of friends with friendship—is one of the most wonderful and sacred things on earth. The man who goes thru life without a friend loses one of the greatest joys earth has to offer.

—Eleanor Murray.

FRIENDSHIP

"He that brings sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from himself." One of the reasons why friendship is so valuable is this—that it takes you out of yourself and makes you appreciate others more fully. "To have a friend you must be one," said Emerson, for friendship is not a matter of merely taking but of both giving and taking of sympathy, love and help.

Of course there are all sorts and kinds of friends but the friend that really counts is always that one who "advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeable." If we could carry out all these things we might surely be truly called a friend. And even if we couldn't be such a perfect friend it should broaden us to have such an ideal. "It is better to go down on the great seas which human hearts were made to sail, than to rot at the wharves in ignoble anchorage."

—Harriett Tilden.

FRIENDS

There are fifty-seven varieties of friends. Friend No. 1 is a friend by spurts and jerks. "So glad to see you, oh my dear,"

one day and the next,—a fleeting smile, a cold "hello" or a blank look without the slightest sign of recognition.

Friend No. II. is oh so sweet when you are near—but it is rather dangerous to leave a group where she is. The moment you are gone, she will begin to hand out sandwiches. I don't suppose you know what I mean. "She is real cute, but not a thing to her. Nice hair tho." "She has such awful freckles, real sweet looking, but did you ever notice her shoes?" "Her clothes are cute, but don't look nice on her;" and "she might be cute, her eyes are wonderful." Those are sandwiches.

Friend No. III loves you so much until some one else comes within her range of vision and then—well, somehow you find yourself suddenly alone and she is seen with her arm about the newcomer—and perhaps favoring her with a few sandwiches.

Friend No. IV is that rare and radiant maiden who is a real friend. Always the same; never making remarks concerning you that she wouldn't be glad to tell you—cutting remarks that stick and hurt. She is the one whom you love always and know is your friend in her heart, because she shows it by every word and look and action.

Are you one of these four or one of the fifty-three other varieties, I wonder?

—H. E. S.

FRIENDSHIP

How to make and keep friends, friends we are proud to have, is a very important question in every individual's life.

For some it is easy to make friends, they naturally have a personality which is attractive. Undoubtedly, they strive to please and be a desirable companion for that is what every one likes in a friend, but it is not a hard business. In other words friendliness is their second nature. On the other hand there are many, in fact the greater majority of us, who find it difficult to make friends.

Perhaps your chum or one of your school mates seems to be so happy; she knows so many of the high school folks and when you walk down the street with her, each

one that you meet has a smile and a jolly "Hello" for her, while you pass unnoticed. You mark the difference and as the number increases you think about it a great deal. Later you determine to investigate and find what the real secret of her popularity is.

Some of the ones whom you passed, unnoticed, are even in your classes. Why do you not know them? Whose fault is it? You wonder whether you are not dressed as well as she, whether you are poorer than she, or what the real reason is.

After due consideration of each point you decide that it is none of these things. Then it must be just a difference in the individual's disposition, so you determine to take careful note of her ways after that.

Your observing begins the very next morning. You meet her on the corner, as usual, and walk to school with her. Her greeting, as you come up, arrests your attention first. "Hello, isn't this a wonderful day?" Is that the way she always is? You never noticed it before. You really hadn't thought much about what kind of a day it was, but you realize now that it really is grand.

Each one of her friends is met with some such greeting. Seems to you as if her very soul is bubbling over with the fullness of life. You notice also that not one passes unnoticed. She sees them all and is never too busy to smile and say a cheery word. You get the inspiration yourself, you just can't help it. You never felt better in your life. Each friend you meet from now on receives the best you have to give. You continue this for several days and you know you never really lived before. You've shut yourself apart from the hungry world, feeling that you were being slighted and not realizing that "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

—Joan Parsons.

A REVIEW OF EMERSON'S ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP

This review which I am about to give, will be, for the most part, in Emerson's own words.

Every man passes thru life in the

search after friendship, and if we could record his thots, they would run something like this:

"Dear Friend,

"If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable, and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomable; yet dare not I presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment."

Thine ever, or never.

"Yet our uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life. Our friendships hurry to poor and short conclusions because we have made them of a texture of wines and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. Friendships when they are real, are not glass thread or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know.

"There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom you may be sincere, before whom you may think aloud, and even drop courtesy, second thot, and deal with him in the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical action meets another. However to most of us society shows not the face and the eye, but it's side and back, and almost every man we meet needs to be humored. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not your ingenuity—but you. He gives you entertainment without any stipulation on your part. Therefore, a friend is a sort of paradox in nature; he may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

"The other element is tenderness. I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose affection I am, and tender myself least to whom I am most devoted. Friendship is for aid and comfort thru life and death. It is fit for serene days, graceful gifts, country rambles; and also for rough roads, hard fare, poverty and persecution. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or look, his real sympathy. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. Better be a nettle in the side of your

friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one. The higher styles we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. But let us hope, for elsewhere are souls daring, acting, enduring, which can love us and which we can love; and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. So by persisting in your path you forfeit the little and gain the great.

"Therefore the essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust."

—Dorothy Miller.

WORLD FAMOUS FRIENDSHIPS

The friendship of David and Jonathan and the friendship of Damon and Pythias, sometimes known as Phintias, are perhaps the two best known friendships of the world. They are almost equally known as one is hardly ever mentioned without the other.

The friendship of David and Jonathan is the older friendship of the two. The friendship of David and Jonathan must have been very great as Jonathan was the son of Saul, the king, and David was only a servant of Saul. Saul, who was wrathful with David, invited him to a feast at which he intended to kill him. David, however did not go because he was afraid of that very thing. When Saul saw that David was not there it provoked great anger within him. Jonathan then showed his true love and faithfulness to David by asking Saul what wrong David had done to provoke such wrath against him. He then went to David's hiding place and warned David of Saul's wrath against him. They knew that they must part for David's good so they parted with many a fond embrace and kind word and David went away with Jonathan's blessing upon him. Their friendship however, did not die as David said: "Very pleasant has thou ben unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

Damon and Pythias were two Pythagoreans of Syracuse. Pythias was once condemned to die by Dionysius, the tyrant of

Syracuse. He begged Dionysius to let him go home to attend to some of his affairs there and Damon pledged his own life for the reappearance of Pythias. Pythias returned just in time to save Damon's life. So great was the effect of this act of fellowship on Dionysius that he pardoned Pythias and begged to be allowed to join the true and faithful friendship of the two whom he had once condemned to die.

—Harriet Allen.

TRIBUTES OF POETS TO THEIR FRIENDS

Poets have expressed their feelings for their friends in the beautiful way in which poets only, have the power to describe the emotions.

John Milton, an English poet, wrote his "Lycidas," in memory of his college friend, Edward King who was drowned while on his way to Ireland. It is a pastoral poem and contains many beautiful passages as:

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep
no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow is not dead
Sunk though he be beneath the watery
floor;
So sinks the day star in the ocean bed.
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new
spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk-
ed the waves."

The expression of hope in the second line of the quotation is characteristic of all great poets.

Tennyson, also an English poet, wrote "In Memoriam," as a tribute in memory of Arthur Hallam, a very dear friend of his with whom he had worked.

The verse form is very simple but each short stanza expresses some beautiful thought. These stanzas taken from different parts of the poem show his deep regard for his friend:

"I hope it true, what e'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

"O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for the voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

"Not all regret: thy face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone,
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speaks to me of me and mine."

"And compassed by the fires of hell;
While thou dear spirit, happy star,
O'er lookst the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well."

Tennyson also expresses hope that the spirit lives after death.

Shelley, however, another English poet, does not express this hope as much in his, "Adonais."

"From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb,
What Adonais is, why fear me to become?"

Yet,
"Whilst burning through the inmost veil
of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eter-
nal are."

Fitz-Greene Halleck, an American poet, wrote a poem in memory of his friend, Joseph Rodman Drake, with whom he was associated in contributing the humorous series of "The Crooked Papers" to the Evening Post. It is placed as the most beautiful of his poems:

"Green be the Turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

—Lorena Cure.

MY FRIEND

The friend I 'love is like the sea to me,
With spacious days of large tranquility,
When on my heart his wordless comforts
lie,
As on the utter-sea-rim rests the sky;
And like the sea of wrath he is, and strong
To launch his surges on the cliffs of
Wrong;
But most I love him for his deep-sea spell
Of unguessed secrets that he may not tell.
So I have seen him stand and look afar

Beyond the twilight to the evening star,
And like the ocean's haunting lure to me,
Deep in his eyes I read a mystery.
For he whose soul we fathom to the end
Becomes our servant then, and not our
friend.

—Walter Prichard Eaton.

Could an author have chosen a more universal subject than "Friendship," or have used a more beautiful simile in expressing a beautiful idea? The very music and power of the sea is heard in the reading of the lines, "The friend I love is like the sea to me" because of his depth and breadth; he may not speak but I can feel his comfort and sympathy so full and deep that I can scarcely measure them. He is a friend in whom I may confide, knowing that I can trust him always to defend the right, since he is "strong to launch his surges on the cliffs of Wrong." But it is the spell and mystery about him that is the "haunting lure to me." He has a depth of character and soul which I can not fathom, and I am glad that I can not, for then he would "become my servant, not my friend." What beauty, what truth, what universality what suggestiveness and significance that "Thy friend I love is like the sea to me."

—Lorraine Caul.

FRIENDS

Our homes were not far apart,
On the hillside grazed our sheep;
He thatched the roof that sheltered me,
I helped him sow and reap.

Our children wandered hand in hand,
A merry, sturdy brood;
As we had wandered long ago,
In our happy boyhood.

The simple faith of simple men,
We shared by night and day
Until the mighty sovereigns,
They forced us far away;
The mighty, mighty sovereigns,
Forced us to wound and slay.

The mighty, mighty emperors,
Bade us to hate and kill.
It was not for us to reason why,
Urged on by an indomitable will,

He—he was of the prisoners,
Wounded—too weak to move.
We were parted by a wrathful hand.
O Lord in Heaven above!
When there are kings no more,
Shall we then be free to love?

—Gladys M.

A SOLDIER

There was a boy in our town
Who started off for France,
He had a khaki overcoat
And a brand new pair of pants.

He has a gas-mask on his nose,
He had a helmet on his head,
And, with hobnailed boots upon his toes,
He looked and felt well fed.

He got there on a chilly day
And saw a Hun first thing,
He said, "I'll shoot him dead as hay
And get him on the wing."

The bullet sure did hit its mark
And sent the Hun to hell
And then our little laddie thot
That he had done quite well.

And hard he fought, with courage high
Till victory was declared,
Then General Pershing vowed the boy
Had in the triumph shared.

And now this boy is coming home
With medals on his breast,
And stars and stripes upon his sleeve
Prepared for a good long rest.

—Ruth McCoy.

"So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."

—Stevenson.

A friend is the first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

"There is nothing quite as hygienic as friendship; to love and be loved means—even pulse, clear eyes, good digestion, sound sleep—success."

—Hubbard.

SENIOR'S WOE

On the Study Hall board, the other day,
There was a notice, which was to say,
That the seniors who expected to graduate,
Should hand their names to the potentate.

We obeyed and handed but nevertheless
It seemed a farce, we must confess,
For who, of the dignified senior class,
Can entertain such hopes? For alas—

There's English with theme and poetry
writing
Where hopes and thoughts go both a
flighting,
Where Milton, and Paradise Lost and Re-
gained,
And Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakes-
peare reigned.

There's Physics and Chemistry, which sad
to relate,
Many ill-fated seniors are learning to
hate.
For to hear them talk, and utter deep
groans
Is very depressing, to judge by the tones.

There's Latin, where Trojans and Grec-
ians bold,
Did wonderful things in those days of
old,
But if Aneas has stayed in his home far
away,
We'd be more contented and happy to-
day.

Then there's French, over which many sen-
iors are sighing
And over whose grades many seem to
be dying;
Oh! Look and behold such a pitiful scene
And be, in the future, Miss Miller, less
keen.

There's shorthand and typewriting, the
less said the better,
Where a scratch and a sigh stands for
each letter,
Where pages must all just perfect be
From A B C to X Y Z.

And History! Oh me! Oh my!

To think of it just makes me cry.
I wonder if these men once thought
What misery would be our lot?

These, then, are some of a senior's woes,
Do you wonder that he so little knows
What graduation has in store?
But this is enough—let us say no more.
—Lorraine Caul.

TROUBLES

I am sitting alone at the noon-hour
With a mind that is sorely perplexed
Miss Coskery has asked for a poem
I wonder what I'll have to do next.

For Troubles they never come singly,
Is a saying I know to be true;
My troubles, they come by the dozens;
It's no wonder that I am so blue.

Last week with no word of warning,
A debate I was told to prepare;
The subject has no sense or meaning;
And I nearly gave up in despair.

But I went to work in dead earnest,
To the library twice every day;
I went hoping there to find something
To combat what opponents might say.

I worked Saturday, Sunday, and evenings
'Till my brain in a whirl seemed to be,
So I made up my mind to quit thinking
Of debates, which were worrying me.

I studied the matter all over,
You surely can't blame me I know;
When school closed today at three-thirty
I'd decided to go to the show.

But alas! all my dreams of the movies
Have vanished in air from my sight;
Miss Coskery has said, "Write a poem."
So a poem 'spose I must write.

I am sure that she will be sorry
When she hears of the work I have done
To try to add to my English grade
For it hasn't been any fun.

"A friend should bear his friend's in-
firmities."

—Shakespeare.

A NOTABLE VOYAGE

The breaking waves dashed high
Against the vessel's side
"I fear we're near a submarine,"
The swaying lady cried.

"Be calm, my wife," the man did say,
"It's nothing but the gale."
"Oh no," she cried aloud once more,
"I'm sure it is a whale."

The President drew her to his side,
"We'd better go below,
The wind is very, very cold;
I fear 'tis going to snow."

The beating snow dashed hard and fast
Against Gibraltar's rock
When the gallant liner—Washington
Steamed into Italy's dock.

The lady's hat was trimmed with pearls,
Her shoes were laced with gold,
While the emerald buttons on her dress
Stood out like mermaids bold.

The Pope was very pleased with her
Which he dared not to show
For the President was a dangerous man
Notice how his chin did grow.

THE YELLER DOG AND MRS. GARBAGE
CAN

I

It was a little yeller dog
That walked with pain and sorrow,
He had been hunting for some food
To keep him 'till the morrow.

II

To every garbage can he went,
But it proved of no avail
For every alley, porch, and yard
Had only an empty pail.

III

Now this poor dog at last did come
To a garbage can that talked,
They had a lively tete-a-tete
And very nearly fought.

IV

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Garbage can,
" 'Tis not my fault you're hungry,
I've dreamed, myself, of chicken bones
Till my sides are soft and spongy.

V

"But you know why that we must save
And not waste even a scrap,
It's all because our allies brave
Were caught in this awful trap.

VI

"So we are going to send our food
To those across the sea
That means that we must save and save
Both all of you and me."

—Vera Grover.

WITH THE GIRL SCOUTS

"Hello, Frances."

"Hello, Eleanor, say did they ask you
to join the Girl Scouts? They did me, and
I'm awfully anxious to join. They're go-
ing camping soon, and I'm crazy to go
along."

"Yes, they asked me and I'm going to
join. By the way, this is Wednesday, the
day they have their meetings. They said
to come if we wanted to join. Shall we
go?"

"You bet. Come on, let's hurry. I'm so
anxious to get there and find out what we
must do to join."

A month later these girls passed their
Tenderfoot tests, received their uniforms,
and were taken into the Girl Scout Patrol
No. 3.

Soon after, the whole bunch of Girl
Scouts, which consisted of three troops,
started for their camping grounds. On
the way they sang, cheered, and talked as
girls will. As soon as they reached their
destination they all set to work with a
will and changed the grounds to a small
city of tents. After a hearty supper they
retired early.

"Frances! Listen! Hear the bugle call?
Doesn't that sound clear and beautiful?
Oh, hurry and let's get up and see the sun
rise; come on, I'll race with you, and let's
see if we can't beat the other girls."

In a few minutes the two girls darted
out of their tents and sprinted to the top
of the cliff to say good morning to the sun.
It wasn't long before many other Girl
Scouts were there. The girls were thrilled
thru and thru with the wonder and beauty
of the sunrise. Many of the girls had

never seen such beautiful colorings in the sky before.

Just as the sun had come up in all its glory, the girls joined their ranks, and lined up around the flag staff saluting the flag as it was being raised after which they pledged themselves to the "flag and the country for which it stands."

When this morning ceremony was over, there was a grand rush for the breakfast tables which were set out under the trees.

"My, I'm as hungry as a bear. I hope they don't eat up everything before it gets to me."

"Oh! Isn't this delicious, though? I wouldn't eat this bacon for anything if I was home."

"My! I didn't know I was so hungry till I smelled some of this good stuff."

Such remarks as these were heard all along the tables, and the way things disappeared showed that either the food was cooked exceptionally well or else the girls were very hungry. I am inclined to think both.

"Sh-sh-sh! Here comes the captain and she's going to read the program for the day," was heard on all sides of the tables.

"I hope we're going on a hike, don't you?"

"Yes siree. I can hardly wait to explore more of these woods. Aren't they just grand? Oh how I like them."

"Listen, now," said one of the girls.

"Girls," said the captain, "How many want to go on a hike thru the woods? Will the Patrol Leaders see how many want to go from their patrol and give the report in five minutes?"

When each patrol leader had reported it was found that all the patrols except one were anxious to go.

"Now girls," said the captain, "Troop 1 will meet on the East side of camp; Troop 2, on the West side, and Troop 3, on the North side. At these different places the patrol leaders of the first patrol of each troop will give the orders. Now to your tents and prepare for the hike. Be ready in fifteen minutes."

Each patrol starting from different directions were to go towards the center, and meet there about twelve o'clock. The pa-

trol could keep track of each other by the aid of their whistles.

We will not follow the girls because it would take nearly a book to fully express the fun and experiences these girls had while on their hike. They returned to camp about five o'clock, a tired, happy bunch of Girl Scouts. From five to six the girls rested.

At six o'clock the mess call was sounded on the bugle, and such a rush as was made for the tables, and my how good the food did taste after the long hike in the woods.

After supper the captain said, "Will each patrol meet near the spring about 7:30 and gather wood for its patrol fire? We will have a meeting there and tell of our good times during the day. At the same time we will toast marshmallows." A great shout of joy went up at this. "Don't forget, girls, the flag lowering at sun down."

During the lowering of the flag the bugler played the "Star Spangled Banner," and a look of earnestness and patriotism was on each girl's face as she stood "at attention." When this was over the girls met at the spring with wood for their fires.

Just after the girls had told most of their experiences for the day, and had eaten as many marshmallows as was possible, the bugle sounded the time for retiring. So the girls all went to their tents.

"Oh Frances! don't these pine needles smell good though? Hasn't this been a glorious day?"

Just as Frances nodded a sleepy assent the bugler played taps, and quiet reigned throughout the entire camp.

TEARS

I can well remember the days when my brothers called me "rain in the face," and when they did this it made me still worse for if anything displeased me it was to be called me everything just to see me weep. Today when I look back many are the times I wish I hadn't taken those "ill names" to heart for now I always take everything to heart which is in the least connected with me.

But again I wish I were a child having people call me names for when you are old people become so formal and self composed that sometimes I feel as though I shall scream if someone doesn't call me a name. Instead of their making it better by calling me everything under the sun, they make it worse by petting me.

Tears, as you all know, were given to woman whereby she might show her self control. Some women are fortunate enough to know how to use them correctly as one does who needs a new dress, purse or the like, which "hubby dear" thinks will be out of order. Others abuse this gift by crying for joy or laughing until the cry.

People are moved to tears by joy; they are moved to tears by sorrow; and I'll not attempt to tell you anything they are not moved to tears by.

When I was a child, I used to get up on the wrong side of the bed my mother used to tell me, and I knew I just had to cry that day so when the opportune time arrived I would spoil my beautiful face by making little rivulets of tears all over it.

Take my advice, all who read this, that tears are the most consoling of all manifestations of emotion. If anything goes wrong, resort to tears, for I find they are very soothing not only to yourself but to others as well.

—Margaret Sloss.

THE REFORM OF "BLACKIE"

(By Fred Jones)

Blackburn Brown, better known to the police as "Blackie" Brown, was one of the most cunning and most daring thieves in New York City. At the present the police were hot on his trail, for he had only two days before boldly entered a rich broker's office, held him up, and taken ten thousand dollars. Blackie, though, was as calm as ever today. While he mixed nitro glycerine in his rooms he thought a great deal about something he had seen in the morning paper. A woman had advertised for an experienced safe blower. It might be a trap. Blackie had never before been known to do so rash a thing but he had answered the advertisement. Arrangements were soon made whereby they would

meet in a restaurant at dinner that evening to talk business.

Blackie arrived promptly and had little difficulty in picking out the person for whom he was in search. She was a beautiful girl of nineteen who appeared very ill at ease and very nervous. Blackie told her who he was and then asked her what she wanted him for.

"Can you open a safe?" she asked.

"I've had considerable experience but can't show you any references," replied Blackie.

"You'll do."

"What is in the safe," asked Blackie, "money or jewels?"

"I am not a thief," replied the girl. "I just want some papers that I have a right to."

"Are they yours?"

"No; the house where we are going belongs to Count Von Kulturstuff who is suspected of being a German spy. He has, I think, valuable information concerning the sailing of our ships for France. If we can get some papers from his safe we can aid our country. The U. S. Secret Service will do nothing, as they will not act until they have absolute proof."

"All right, when shall we go?"

"We will meet at the main entrance of Battery Park at twelve o'clock tonight."

"I will be there then," said Blackie.

Promptly at twelve that night, Blackie drove up to the park in a taxicab. In a few minutes the girl drove up in her little electric.

Blackie got in with the girl and they started toward Count Von Kulturstuff's.

"The Count is away tonight," said the girl, "so we will not have any trouble getting in."

She was right, for when the house was reached they easily climbed through a window. The safe was then found behind a wooden panel in the wall. Blackie soon poured his nitro-glycerine into the door edges, fixed the fuse, and lighted it. They went into another room then to wait for the explosion. While they waited a door opened and footsteps were heard in the adjoining room.

Bang! ! the charge had gone off.

Blackie looked into the room. Count Von Kulturstuff had been injured and was lying on the floor. The safe was open.

Blackie and the girl found the papers and started to make their escape. On leaving the house they were seized by U. S. Secret Service agents who had come to raid the house.

Their presence then had to be explained and the papers were handed over.

The Chief then said to Blackie, "You're a good man. You are too valuable to us for us to take you to jail. Do you want a job?"

"What is it?" asked Blackie.

"Working for the United States Secret Service."

"You bet I do," said Blackie. "I'll be helping my country then."

THE HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN WINDOWS

Long ago, before the day of the steam engine or the automobile, a pioneer family choose a sheltered valley in the hills of Ohio for their home. All day long the father worked hard as he cleared away the forest so that he might grow corn and wheat to send down the river to market. The mother spent her time cooking the simple meals which consisted for the most part of coarse corn bread, wild game, wild berries, and milk from the one cow this family owned. Sometimes she had time to walk with little George who, since he had no brothers or sisters, often wished for a playmate.

George always teased his mother to find time to walk with him in the late afternoon for that was the part of the day he loved best. One July afternoon he had accidentally discovered that by climbing to the top of the hill near their cabin, he could see far over into the adjoining country. The other cabins belonging to pioneers looked like mere specks in the distance except just at sunset when George would eagerly watch for a house which always seemed to have golden windows. George often asked his mother about this house, and what sort of people she thought lived there.

"When you are older, George," she said,

"someday you may go over the hills to see the house with the golden windows."

When George's ninth birthday, a fine September day, came, his mother told him, he might make a wish and if she could she would grant it. George's brown eyes shone with delight, "May I go to the house with the golden windows?" he cried. "Yes," said his mother, "but you must be careful not to lose the way, but follow closely the road which we see winds around the hills to the west."

As George started, his mother gave him a box containing a lunch for him to eat when the sun should get straight above his head. It was still early in the morning sunlight.

The sun had begun his downward course before George reached the house with the golden windows. He found there a pioneer family who welcomed him with simple hospitality. Helen, a fair haired child, was nearest his age, but when he told her that her house had golden windows she only laughed and said, "Why see, there are no golden windows here!"

Altho' somewhat disappointed, George almost forgot the object of his quest while playing with his new found friends; but as evening approached, he bethot himself of home and looked over the hills to his own home in the east, he saw that the windows glowed like pools of fire.

George looked at Helen in amazement, "Look," he cried, "my own home has golden windows."

—Ida Harper.

SPRING

Which season do you like the best?
Some prefer summer to all the rest.
Others like winter the most of all
And some are sure it is the fall.

I know it is very hard to tell,
Each season has something we all love
well,
But I love the time when the first birds
sing,
When the flowers bloom and we know 'tis
spring.

When earth awakes from her winter sleep,

And the grass pokes its head thru the
snow's white sheet,
When each thing on earth seems new
again,

And smells so sweet from the April rain.

When the birds start to build in the high
tree-tops,

And each blade of grass glistens with dia-
mond dew drops,

When the sun gets up earlier every morn,
And the days grow long and bright and
warm.

When the winter sky changes to blue from
grey,

And sunsets make evening more lovely
than day.

Then is the time when life's cup brims
with joy

And the world seems pure gold without
any alloy.

—Eleanor Murray.

THE DESERTER

One foggy morning in February, the re-
port ran thru Ft. Union that Private Al-
bert Martin of Troop A, U. S. Cavalry, had
struck Sergeant Johns from his saddle and
escaped to the hills. The offense was ser-
ious and pursuers were sent in all direc-
tions. The troop was very sorry for this
as Private Martin had been the company's
most popular man and he would now have
at least three years at Ft. Leavenworth
before him.

Ft. Union lay in the center of a great
valley, on the western side of which was
a large black cliff and on the eastern side
a range of low mountains. The only exit
on this eastern side was a narrow rocky
pass known as Jackson's Canyon.

The pursuing party had no luck but
guards were placed at all possible exits,
for it was certain that Martin would show
up.

In the meantime, Martin was lying in
a pile of rocks on a ridge watching the
surrounding country. As he gazed down
into the valley he saw a band of Apaches
swoop down upon a small Mexican village,
kill the people, drive off the stock, and
then go out thru Jackson's Canyon.

This offered Martin his chance so he
sneaked down into the vilage, where he
found food and also a dead Mexican, with
whom he changed clothes. He also had
the good luck to find an old gray horse.
In this disguise, he hoped to get out of
the country, so he started up Jackson's
Canyon. When, upon reaching the upper
end, he stopped to look down and back,
he was surprised to see his own troop
starting to come up the path he had just
covered and also to see moving swiftly
down the side of the canyon, the Apaches
who had been present the previous day.
Private Martin at once realized the danger
of his troops. Once they were between
those walls with fifty Apaches on each
side they were lost.

His decision was swift. He wheeled his
horse and started down thru the canyon
again, knowing that the Apaches would
not risk shooting an old Mexican when a
whole U. S. cavalry troop was at hand.

In this manner Martin reached his
lieutenant and made his report.

Lieutenant Frank assured him that his
court martial would be made as light as
possible on account of his having thought
first of his troop and second of himself.

—Norman Corneillusen.

Friendship is a word the very sight of
which in print makes the heart warm.

—Augustine Birrell.

I shun a friend who pronounces my ac-
tions to be good though they are bad. I
like a simple friend who holds my faults
like a looking-glass before my face.

—Ghozali.

Be a friend, the rest will follow.

—Dickerson.

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good
friends."

—Shakespeare.

"The friends thou hast, and their adop-
tion tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel."

—Shakespeare.

A GARDEN OF FANCY

I was out in the garden
 'Midst the sunshine and flowers
 So fresh and so sweet
 From the short April showers.

There were roses demure
 And bright fox-glove so quaint
 Then the bold dandelion
 Free from care and restraint.

From the deep red carnation
 So gaudy with color
 We turned to the iris
 Which then seemed much duller.

Then there in a corner
 Were the violets shy
 But they were quite useless
 With the bright pinks near by.

The people, as flowers
 When kept in their places
 Have much wondrous beauty
 Each one, his graces.

A THEME WITHOUT A NAME

One can scarcely start out to diagnose the cause for affections of the leading characters of a book without trying to place himself within the characters and then endeavoring to see whether his affections would incline in the same direction. For this reason it may be hard to analyze the reason for Dinah's affections when one does not happen to be especially sympathetic toward her character as a type of individual. However, after studying those traits which predominate in this young lady, and after comparing Adam and Seth, it seems quite probable that Adam would prove more attractive to any woman. It is not merely that Adam might be peculiarly suited to Dinah but that he would be more likely to appeal to any strong, independent, clear-minded young woman.

Seth was a very good man having a very gentle disposition, but after one has said that much about him there is very little more to say, whereas Adam was more to be compared with a Greek god for manly strength and beauty. He was a masterful young man, a characteristic in men which

women very much admire. In intellect he surpassed his fellow villagers yet he was very simple in manners. He possessed high moral standards and he commanded the love and respect of everyone.

One might feel that Dinah and Seth would be more suited because of their close religious feelings, but does variance in religion enter very strongly into love? Creeds have been set up by men but love is an institution placed on earth by God. When love enters slight religious differences are forgotten and I think that no one has any fears that Dinah and Adam ever alienated from that cause.

—Russell Barker.

TEN LITTLE EGERMANS

Ten little Germans came o'er the Rhine;
 One hit a shrapnel, then there were nine.
 Nine little Germans sang the hymn of hate;
 A Britisher heard one, then there were eight.

Eight little Germans, dropping bombs
 from heaven;
 One dropped himself, then there were seven.

Seven little Germans war bread now did mix;

One of them ate a piece, then there were six.

Six little Germans, glad they were alive;
 One met a Yankee, then there were five.
 Five little Germans cussed at the war;
 An officer heard one, then there were four.
 Four little Germans, in U-boats out at sea;
 One met a cruiser, then there were three.
 Three little Germans, feeling very blue;
 One hit his Captain, then there were two.
 Two little Germans ate their morning bun;
 One met a bullet; then there was one.
 One little German, feeble, lonely Hun;
 Turned on his side and croaked, then there was none.

Eng. 4 Class: Miss Fickle: "Define the word 'mongrel'."

Soph.: "It's a yellow dog."

Dorothy Miller (giving talk on camping) "It feels so good to be up in the mountains, wrapped up in your sleeping bag full of hot chocolate."



ASSEMBLIES

Assemblies lately have been very interesting indeed.

On April 9th, Mr. Yow, a Chinese student at Iowa State College, spoke to us. His talk was very educational and interesting. He told us that all these rumors we hear about the ridiculous customs in China are not true. He said that in China there is not such a place as a laundry or a "Chop Suey Joint" and that the women no longer bind their feet. The student body and the teachers listened with intense interest. Mr. Yow will be welcomed again with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Calvin Ringenberg gave us a musical program on Wednesday April 16, and proved himself to be a musician. He explained his pieces before playing them and thus made them more interesting.

We certainly have been fortunate this year in having so much fine home talent to pick from and also for having a committee who has been able to find the talent. All of our assemblies have been beneficial and interesting.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

SENSATIONAL DIVORCE TRIAL IN A. H. S.

On Friday afternoon occurred one of the most sensational trials which has ever taken place in the Civics District Court of A. H. S., Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, nee Miss Faye Caul, brought suit against her husband, better known to us as Ronald Barnard for a divorce on the grounds of

cruel and inhuman treatment, desertion, and non-support, any one of which would have been a very serious charge. Expense was not considered when it came to securing lawyers to plead the case, Mrs. Vanderbilt having Mr. Bernard Lunstrum as her attorney. The well known jurist, Mr. Sidney Davis, acted in behalf of the husband. The case was handled in a very brilliant manner by these distinguished lawyers. Mr. Davis proved very successful in mixing up one of the witnesses as to whether Mr. Vanderbilt in a fit of drunkenness had struck his wife with a poker or a chair, causing her to be in a state of unconsciousness for two weeks, and quite permanently undermining her health.

The chief cause of controversy seemed to be over who should have custody of the child, a little lad named Walter Sogard Vanderbilt. At one time during the trial, the tension became very great when the child who was on the stand became mixed as to his correct age. In fact the most eminent lawyers were quite confused over this point.

We regret very much to think that the jury were unable to come to a decision on such a momentous case, which may mean that Mrs. Vanderbilt will have to go on through the long years leading her unhappy life.

Three other important cases were taken up in the Civics Court Friday. These were all of a criminal nature, Miss McWilliams having been robbed on three

different occasions. It would no doubt be to the interest of our school if a private detective should be hired to guard the valuable property of this much-robbed Civics instructor.

FORENSIC CLUB

The subject chosen for the meeting of the Forensic Club on April 14th, was Edna Ferber, the prominent short story writer. A sketch of her life and career was given by Russell Barker. This was followed by reviews of two of her short stories by Vera Grover and Ethelyn Colburn. They chose two of the most interesting stories from Miss Ferber's latest book, "Cheerful by Request."

The program for the meeting on April 21 was quite varied, consisting of a short talk on Edith Cavell by Harriet Schleiter, and two very well given debating talks by Lyla French who discussed the choosing of proper points for proof, and by Lowell Houser who gave a discussion on "Debate." This was followed by a general discussion on the topic, "Should we have a spring vacation this year?"

Y. W. HOUSE PARTY

Did you hear about the progressive house party that the Y. W. cabinet had? To hear them talk one would think there never had been a house party before.

They started Friday night after school and from then on until Sunday noon it was just one round of fun and eating—mostly eating, it seemed. For every place they went someone wanted to give them something more to eat. Of course they had little intermissions of rest if the sleep they had between the cock's crowing and the sunrise could be called such.

But they didn't mind the lack of rest for they had too much fun while awake. For all they found out about the teachers! You know Miss Miller and Miss Rayburn went with them. Now if you won't tell anyone I'll tell you something about Miss Rayburn! She is the youngest teacher on the high school faculty.

But more than that! The girls all had their palms read one evening by a real palmist. And more about Miss Rayburn!

She has had a serious love affair! ! ! I really cannot tell you the details. Then about Miss Miller!—She has known Bill all her life and she has two pictures of him in that little blue locket she wears. In the cabinet there is to be a most brilliant actress, a musician and an authoress! I guess the rest are to be just common folks that will get married!

After many unique and different experiences such as sleeping with marshmallows and taking cold showers in bed the house party ended Sunday noon. All the girls went to Sunday school and church, Sunday, but in spite of causing a great sensation, behaved very well during the service, they say.

Now I hear, too, that they are to have another house party soon since they liked this one so well. I wish I belonged to the cabinet! !

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Preps enjoyed themselves again Friday night, April 18. (They're always doing that but this was "extra special"). They began by playing games—to get rid of some of that surplus energy that preps always have. When they were considered in just the right mood they were sent to the assembly, where a "grand" program was given. The main feature was "The Last Day in a Country School." Paper wads, rubber, gum, mis-be-havior, and the scenery, all made the pupils seem like "country kids," but the program seemed rather too good for a country school.

I am afraid no one got much moral benefit from Rev. Olson's scripture lesson, although it was a Bible story—I guess. Everyone hopes the numerous suggestions given to individuals in "Rest No Rest" will be taken to heart. The freshman class intends to send those wonderful (?) singers who composed the Human Caliope to some Grand Opera soon.

It might be well to mention that even Mr. Steffey was "smiles all over" during the numerous humorous numbers—and afterwards. So was everyone else.

After the program more games were played. In one of the "blind-fold" games several extemporaneous love scenes were

enacted. Whether they were intentional or otherwise, we could not say. However, these were nothing to those later, when everyone received a whole bunch of kisses—and big popcorn balls too.

Y. W. C. A.

On Thursday, April 10, Miss Buchanan, one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries who was attending the Conference at the college, gave a very interesting talk. Most of the girls remembered her as one of the speakers at the Y. W. convention here last year. She was also instrumental in starting an organization in our high school.

The Y. W. last week was a discussional meeting on the subject, "Books," under the direction of Miss Coskery. We discussed first, what constitutes a good book, and second some of the modern writers whose works might live and why they might.

Both the High School Band and the Orchestra have contributed a large number of pieces to the Community Orchestra. The orchestra meets every Thursday evening at the City Hall under the leadership of Mr. Chenette.

Y. W. C. A. ELECTION

An interesting election was held Thursday, April 24, when the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet for the coming year was chosen. Only one candidate was put up for each office and the members of the Y. W. were requested to vote either for or against the candidates. The following officers were elected:

Lorena Cure	President
Marjorie Beam	Vice President
Lyla French	Secretary
Ethelynd Colburn	Treasurer

SOCIETY

Mrs. Hummel and Miss Himes gave a party two weeks ago Sunday evening for the returned soldiers and sailors who were in their classes when in the grades. Those present were Lester Hoon, Ida Harper, George McCoy, Lillie Christensen, Leonard Stenerson, Margaret Macey, Dick Deal, Donald Soper and Mr. Pollard. The even-

ing was spent with games, and music furnished by Mr. Pollard. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Hummel at the close of the evening.

Georgena Kirkham entertained a crowd of girls at dinner, Saturday, April 26, after which the evening was spent in dancing and various other hilarious entertainments. We hear that Fern felt quite gay Sunday morning but no one knows the cause.

Elizabeth Scovel and several others attended the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra Friday evening and we hear that they had a fine time.

PERSONALS

Gladys Groth and Letha Seymour spent the week-end with Letha's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dore in the country.

Edith Sunderlin spent the week-end in Nevada visiting friends.

Florence Rutter of Jefferson spent last week-end with Mildred Jack.

Miss McWilliams and Miss Ball went to Des Moines Friday evening, Miss Ball going on to Stewart to visit her parents and Miss McWilliams remaining in Des Moines to visit friends.

Why do the teachers pick on Thursday? It seems to be the "doom day" for the seniors. Oh! teachers, we are human, and Miss Ball, please have pity.

Russell Barker who spent the week-end in Des Moines, saw Ethel Barrymore, Saturday, April 26.

Julia Arrasmith attended the Military Ball at Boone last Tuesday evening.

Ramona Knipe, who is sick at the College Hospital, is reported to be much worse. She has inflammatory rheumatism.

At the last Assembly the football and basketball teams got their "A" sweaters. Ellis Scovel, Earl Elliott and Norman Cornelussen got two apiece. What can they do with so many?

Miss Miller spent the Easter week-end with Miss Rayburn at her home in Grinnell.

Neva Snook spent the week-end in Des Moines visiting friends and attending an Omega dance at the Hyperion Country Club, Saturday evening.

Marie Mortensen, Margaret Sloss, Raymond Byrnes and Manning Howell visited at the home of Priscilla Dodds in the country Sunday.

Every noon when lunch is o'er
We hear the Jazz float through the door
We hear the sound of dancing feet
And wonder why it sounds so sweet.

Minnie Lindauer spent Friday with her sister, Anna, who is sick.

Miss Thornburg spent Easter with her sister in Belle Plaine.

A private dance was held at Olsan's Hall Wednesday evening, April 16. Quite a number of the high school students attended.

We're beginning to feel that if the cafeteria would start up again a greater number than before would patronize it. I guess some of us didn't fully appreciate it until now. We're getting so sick of "cold storage" lunches.

We think if we sold as many "Spirits" to the college students as they sold "Green Ganders" to us our financial condition would be even better than it is.

Oh! Boy! Only five more weeks of school.

How would it strike the girls to move all the seats from the auditorium so as to provide more floor space for dancing?

Wanted: A new supply of brains for the fourth period Civics class.—Miss McWilliams.

Several high school girls attended the college dance last Saturday night.

Even girls who go home to dinner are coming back early noons to attend "the daily dances" in the auditorium.

Mary Wasser entertained several girls at an enjoyable dinner, Sunday, April 13.

Several freshman girls gave vent to their "Spring Fever" by having a picnic last Sunday evening. They said Esther Stenerson looked very nice walking with that "strange young man"

Miss McWilliams took her weekly trip to Des Moines Saturday.

Ivadeil Elwood who has recently undergone an operation, has been seriously ill with a gathering in her head and pneumonia, but she is reported to be resting well now.

Friday, April 11, Pauline Thompson and Cleo Meredith attended a "swell" dance. They refuse to tell who gave it. Many out-of-town friends were present.

One evening after school, Ferl Grover, Priscilla Dodds, and Carolyn Crosby hiked to the boy scout cabin north of town. They examined the cabin and planned a camping trip for the near future, after which they enjoyed a picnic supper and returned home.

The Sheldon-Munn orchestra gave an invitation dance at the hotel ball-room the evening of April 11. Thirteen couples were present, most of them being high school students. Miss Mary Thornburg and her young brother, Alvin, chaperoned.

Ida Harper entertained a bunch of high school people at her home on the evening of April 15. The evening was spent in dancing and various other hilarious sports. At the close of the evening refreshments were served by the hostess.

Dorothy McCarroll of Ottumwa who has been visiting her sister, Creta McCarroll at the Pi Phi house has returned to her home, after a two-weeks visit. All will remember Dorothy as a winner in the Popularity Contest last year.

Anna Ruth Grogan gave a dance, Thursday, April 17. Her guests had a very enjoyable evening.

Lillian Sylvester spent the week-end in Nevada at the home of her parents.

Odella Jensen visited Ruth Prall Friday, April 2.

Manning Howell and Harriett Sloss drove to Gilbert last Sunday.

A number of students attended the Box Social at the North Grant School.

EXCHANGES

Don't kick: but everyone says it pays to advertise: Students of Ames High are hereby authorized by almost anyone, to spend more time reading exchanges. That is what they are for—for exchange of thoughts, stories, ideas and to help our own paper, and incidentally maybe we will be helping someone else. I want to say that it is unofficially reported that we have one of the largest exchange lists in the state, the number last month being a

little above seventy and I am sure this list includes the best high school papers in the state. Therefore, we suggest that you read more of our exchanges and extend your knowledge beyond the limits of our own school building.

Once again we have been visited by the Railsplitter, Lincoln, Ill. This is just a new paper on our list but I am sure it has split its way into the heart of the student body and is there to stay. We like its headings especially. Its jokes are new and it has a great many of them.

THE NAMING OF SQUAW CREEK

Once, long ago, so we are told,
A mighty chieftain stood,
Upon the banks of a prairie stream
Which flowed through a fringe of wood.

The water murmured at his feet,
And lashed the mossy stones,
Brightly gleamed in the moon's pale light,
Whispered in gentle tones.

At last he spoke and said aloud,
"Thou art a fickle thing,
All thou dost is chatter on,
Thou talkest from spring to spring.

"Thou art like a woman's tongue
Thy voice is never still.
A squaw thou art, too soft to fight,
Too weak to maim or kill."

So still today to one and all,
As Squaw the creek is known,
It murmurs as in times long past,
And patters from stone to stone.

—Mildred Porter.

A SPEED EXPERT IN TYPEWRITING

You have heard of Margaret B. Owens, haven't you? Well, if you take typewriting you have heard of her. She is the champion typist of the world, writing 142 words per minute without looking at her hands, or stopping to push back her hair. And she does this for sixty minutes at a time, in public, with hundreds of people looking on in astonishment. It takes more "poise" to do that, than to hold an audience spell-bound while you recite one of Isabelle

Fisk's monologues, and the latter is no mean accomplishment

What I am trying to tell you is this: The Margaret B. Owens of the Ames High School is Estella Sill. If you don't know her, the loss is yours. Miss Sill writes seventy words per minute daily and has written as high as seventy-five words per minute, on new and difficult matter. She has won the Remington Gold Medal for high speed, the sixty-word award on the Underwood, and has made seventy-three words per minute on a test on a Royal machine.

Now, most high schools require for graduation, a net speed of only forty-five words per minute, and only a few Business Colleges require as high a rate as fifty-five words per minute so a person who can write seventy-five words per minute is away above the average.

So here's to our expert, and may there be many who follow in her finger movements.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mary Reed talking to a boy?

Miss Boyd saying: "Pass the books, please?"

Myrna coming to school without her "Caine "

Miss Coskery making a clever remark?

Miss Ball assigning a lesson before three minutes after the last bell has rung?

Ida Thomas remaining sober ten minutes?

Walter Sogard six feet, three?

Thelma Houghan and Neva Spence taking their daily strolls at noon?

Miss Rayburn calling you down?

They were studying the heavenly music that Israfel made in Poe's poem of that name.

Miss Coskery: "What kind of music did he make?"

Joe Anderson: "Jazz!"

When the "Spirit" Staff were having their picture taken, Chev. Adams looked at Mr. Steffey and said: "Gee, Mr. Steffey, people will think you have a large family, won't they?"



TRACK

Track tryouts were recently staged at the college to pick out the four men to run the shuttle race at the Drake Relays. Two preliminary 100-yard dashes were run and the first four winners of each competed for the four first places in the final dash. In the first heat Pohlman took first, Paul Burns second, L. Griffith third, and Cornelliussen fourth. In the second heat Elliott easily won first, Bennett took second, Larson third, and Scovel fourth. In the finals Elliott broke the string, Pohlman grasped second Bennett third, and P. Burns fourth. Time 11:1.

Previous to the above tryouts those for the quarter and half-mile runs were also made. In the quarter mile Pohlman took first M. Hunter second, and F. Watson third. In the half-mile L. Griffith won first, Beckman second, and P. Burns third.

Elliott, Pohlman, Bennett and Burns were the winners of the 100 in the tryouts made the trip to Des Moines and ran the shuttle high school race but having run the dash in no less than standard time, they were among the several high schools who failed to place. North Des Moines, Mason City, Marshalltown and West Des Moines took first, second, third and fourth respectively in that race. Time 37 2-5. That entrance into the Relay Meet is but the start of the season's track work. A meet has been arranged with Marshalltown at Marshalltown for May 3; we will compete at the invitational meet at Iowa State

College on May 10; our home meet will be staged May 17th; and we will take some part in the state meet at Des Moines which is arranged for the 24th of May.

Emphasis will now be put on field events as well as track and the boys will try various events until each finds the one which he is most capable of performing. Then all time of practice will be centered on this event or events so that each may do his about or above the standard set by others.

FOOTBALL MEETING

At 1:05, April 10, all the high school boys met in the auditorium to discuss the plans for the next football season. Both Coach Thompson and Principal Steffey gave valuable and interesting talks. They urged the boys to take a greater interest in their studies and to bring their grades to a higher standard so that when the next school year began each one might have a chance to make the team because of eligibility. They emphasized the importance of working now and working hard because now is the time to make the champion football team for if all the boys studied earnestly the last eight weeks and earned their credits successfully, they would go into the football game with enthusiasm.

Coach Thompson brought out the degrading habit of loafing on the streets or in the stores in the evening on school nights, which introduces the habit of idleness and carelessness into the life of each

boy, who practices it. The time could be much more profitably used by each one at home either sleeping or working. From a bunch of boys with idle and careless habits a football team could not be successfully put in shape and thus the best football for next year would be lost. He suggested the most profitable and necessary practice of regular sleeping so that one might be in the best physical condition at all times.

"The boy's attitude toward his school work and toward his work at home is sure to show up in the same light in every form of athletics in which he participates," stated Thompson.

After hearing both of those inspiring and valuable talks, the boys certainly realized that Thompson and Steffey were both deeply interested and enthusiastic for each boy's success in his school work and in his athletics, and that it was for his own good as well as that of his school that he should take care of himself and take interest in gaining his credits for each study he is carrying. After the boys have all done this, Coach Thompson will have prospects for framing a winning team next season.

Wanted: By Miss Rayburn—a sophomore who will use the brains he was born with. Also all Sophs bring gray matter to class with them.

Miss Ball: "Your answer is as clear as mud!"

Manning Howell: "Well that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Every sophomore learn this saying of Miss Rayburn's:

"He who knows, and knows that he knows,
He is wise, learn of him,
He who knows and knows not that he knows,
He is asleep, wake him.
He who knows not, and knows that he knows not,
He is ignorant, teach him,
He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,
He is a fool, spurn him."

Wanted—More people to bawl out Miss Rayburn.

Bob. Potter (in Physics)—"Why is the heaviest end of match, the lighter?"

Miss Coskery, in an American Literature class, when speaking of "Thought" said: "It is not of age yet."

Miss Fickle: "What is hypocrite?"

Edson Jewell: "A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."

To Pauline Thompson with eyes of a vampire,

To Ivadell Ellwood with eyes of love,
Do I send my love and my diamond

To the girls of no man's land but mine.
—L. Gray.

Everyone at the party had dropped hands after forming the circle, but a certain junior and his partner. He suddenly realized the fact and turned to her and said: "We shouldn't hold hands now, should we?"

It's too bad Wilton Ball didn't save Mr. Bishop the trip to and from the Carnival which was held at the Ames High School, Friday, March 28, 1919. We all wondered why June looked disappointed when she found her father was to take her home instead of Wilton.

My dear Editor.

Will you kindly tell me what the phrase "making love" means? I have always wondered because I see Miss Ball and Russell Barker acting as tho they were,—Oh, well, you know.

And, will you kindly tell Sherwood Stokka to lend some of his height to Earl Brooks; and Helen Rodgers to lend her age and looks to Miss Rayburn! And tell Camilla Sorenson to lend her grace to Buzz Lang. Please have Cleo Merideth and Zelma Holmes define their beauty and let them give a few hints to myself and others who aren't as good looking as they?

This period is about up so I will close.

With love

"A Prep."



INTERLUDE

(By Amy Lowell)

When I have baked white cakes
 And grated green almonds to spread upon
 them;
 When I have picked the green crowns from
 the strawberries
 And piled them, cone-pointed, in a blue
 and yellow platter;
 When I have smoothed the seam of the
 linen I have been working;
 What then?
 Tomorrow it will be the same,
 Cakes and strawberries,
 And needles in and out of cloth.
 If the sun is beautiful on bricks and pew-
 ter,
 How much more beautiful is the moon,
 Slanting down the gaufered branches of
 a plum-tree;
 The moon,
 Wavering across a bed of tulips;
 The moon,
 Still,
 Upon your face.
 You shine, Beloved,
 You and the Moon.
 But which is the reflection?
 The clock is striking eleven,
 I think; when we have shut and barred the
 door,
 The night will be dark
 Outside.

DAYLIGHT

When I have washed the dishes
 And made the bed
 And spread the white counterpane upon it.
 When I have swept the floor
 And dusted the furniture
 What then?
 Why, I must needs pick up all the papers
 and old shoes
 Place the furniture in its former position
 Or else change it.
 Then I can calmly sit down and wait for my
 husband
 Who thinks of nothing but something to
 eat
 And never knows whether the house is
 clean.
 But always
 If it is dirty
 I think of days gone by
 When the moon often smiled
 Thru the crack in the window-shade
 During my youth which was poverty-strick-
 en;
 And then—
 Here comes my husband
 All dreams vanish
 And I must prepare
 Lunch
 Inside.

—Ronaele Yarrum.

THE DISSECTION OF AN

A. H. S. TEACHER

One morning last November the clocks for some unknown reason was turned an hour fast. We started from home intending to catch the 7:30 car. (The Ft. Dodge, Des Moines and Southern is often late and as we wanted to arrive by a few minutes after eight, the above precautions were necessary.)

We wondered at the sun's laziness, but did not realize our awful blunder until we stepped inside the south door of that imposing palace of knowledge, the Ames High School, and discovered that it was only seven o'clock.

A death-like calm seemed to be all around. We crept up the stairs like criminals and saw that the door of Mr. Bodwell's office was open. We peeked in and such a sight! Spell bound we stood and gazed!

Mr. Bodwell had grown curious to see what composed his teachers. Selecting one who resides on third floor, as a fair sample of the rest, he had decided to do the dastardly deed in the early morning hours, thinking no one would be the wiser.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

But hush, the operation is about to begin. With the help of some competent nurses, a doctor, Mr. Bodwell himself, and one or two of the trustworthy students (if there are such animals) who had been let into the secret, perhaps all will go beautifully without any casualties.

They are starting with the head instead of the heart. Perhaps it is better tho, for most teachers have no heart anyway and all at least pretend to have "velly much head."

Behold, the first thing removed is a long tube filled with a thin watery fluid, which viewed through the lens of the eye of one of the students appears to be a very ineffective substance. The doctor pronounces it "camouflazation," and explains that it is a slight variation of the word camouflage and is responsible for that art all teachers have of appearing to know more than they really do. A common symptom of this ailment is:

Teacher: "What does mean?"
No one knows.

Teacher: "Well, we'll look that up for tomorrow."

Time flies. We cannot loiter with the tube of camouflazation. The doctor is already removing something else.

It is a small, sharp, pointed object which he describes as the "intuition." When the teacher is young, and in school herself, this is round and blunt, but as her desire to become a teacher increases it changes in shape. In it are reflected all of her little tricks and arts of bluff used when she, herself, needed them. By the time she has developed into a teacher this has so grown and is of such great use that she knows from experience what to look for in the students inclined to be mischievous. "Experientia docet," you know and the best and strictest teachers were usually the ornriest and most mischievous students in their youthful days.

Next is removed a long spike which seems to run from the brainy portions of the head to the heart (or what is left of it.) Teachers always mingle the intellectual with the emotional. Some would even go so far as to try and work out by Geometry why certain emotions were caused by certain objects, usually of the opposite sex. Along this spike are crossbars and each of these represents some past or present affection. One is especially prominent and by close scrutiny reveals the image of a certain favorite janitor.

Old Father Time always goes too swiftly if we don't care to have him do so. It is nearly eight. People begin to arrive. Mr. Bodwell hastily restores order and we feel the necessity of a careful and hurried retreat.

Not nearly all of the head even was dissected, but as we overheard Mr. Bodwell mention a certain date and time when the operation might be resumed, we'll just slyly turn the clock ahead again and find out what composes the remaining anatomy of our dear teachers.

P. S. We might add that the brains were removed first but looked so unimportant and uninteresting that they were laid aside until there should be more time.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

What is your opinion of Virginia's statement: "If he is something of a man, he will not lose his temper with a woman?"

I think it depends upon the woman as to whether a man loses his temper or not.

—Walter Sogard.

This statement is true and then a little absurd. Her idea is probably that no gentleman would do such a thing. But I think if a woman is overbearing, a man would lose his temper the same as a woman can lose her temper with a man.

—Pauline Thompson.

I think Virginia's statement is right. If a man's a man, he is able to control his temper.

—Russel Ives.

I think that altho, "something of a man" a man might lose his temper with a woman. Why? Because I have relatives that are just as much men as anyone, and they all do. I have never found a man yet that would not or did not.

—Christine Arnold.

I think this statement is true. Women sometimes say things they do not mean and it is no use to get angry over it.

—Howard Schulz.

A man might get provoked or discouraged; but I think if he would leave her and have nothing to do with her, it would be better than if he would lose his temper.

—Earl Brooks.

My opinion is that any gentleman will not lose his temper with a woman because some women are not responsible for what they say.

—Francis Huntley.

A man is supposed to show his qualities as a gentleman by keeping calm and cool-tempered in a lady's presence, even tho' he has some cause to become angry.

—Leslie Larson.

If a man loses his temper with a lady, he is only lowering himself in her opinion. A man's temper is a dangerous thing to meddle with; but if a man is a gentleman, he will not frighten a lady by the use of it.

—Doris Posegate.

If a man is anything of a man, he will not lose his temper with a woman. Women should always be treated gently and pro-

tected by men. The stronger should take care of the weaker.

—Blanche Bellknap.

I think a gentleman will not lose his temper with a gentlewoman. I would not give much for a man who did not lose his temper with some women. It depends on the case and the people involved as to whether he should lose his temper.

—Faye Caul.

I don't think any man should lose his temper with a woman. Sometime or other, it is liable to be serious. When a man loses his temper, he is liable to grow desperate and do almost anything.

—Margaret Van Patten.

THE MASSACRE OF 1919

"We got out easy," was a common expression of the preps until—until that doleful day when the heartless seniors, juniors and sophomores descended upon the innocent freshmen, who were either making their hard life easier in the corridors or trying to appease the wrath of their teachers by glancing at their books.

The brave and gallant heroes fought hard, but the odds were great. However, some had to be carried bodily over the fence into the field of action. They were very, very much opposed to killing the poor, dear dandelions, whose golden blossoms were just beginning to grace our school ground, and, in some cases, these tender-hearted freshmen could be seen kneeling before the plants they were about to murder, begging their forgiveness. However, not much time was given for meditation as the cruel persecutors used paddles rather freely.

During this period of misery the classmates of the oppressed were viewing the scene from afar off, weeping and moaning for their favorites. Even when Mr. Steffey came upon the scene of action, he only laughed, and allowed this heart-rending murder to continue.

All over the field, at intervals during the fight, dead bodies of the members of the dandelion family could be seen, laid there, tenderly by their murderers. How extremely heartless and cruel everyone appeared to the forlorn, forsaken preps!

Best Electric Company

Up-to-date Electric Supply
House

Phone 123

130 Main St.

What is a Good Shoe?

IF A SHOE:

Feels as good when you first put it on as it does two months after you wear it—

And looks as good two months after you wear it as when you first put it on—

It's a pretty good shoe.

If you choose an A. B. Shoe you needn't wait to know that it will do this.

AMES BOOTERY

They had been forced to become murderers! It was surely very unjust, and they all wondered if the tyrants had ever been freshmen.

—June Bishop.

Fern Grover in American History: "Grant was in the cavalry in the Mexican War."

Russell Barker (in French) Which does he say—Tout de suite (toot sweet) or suite tout? (We wonder.)

"Neve" Snook in Sunday School was asked to read about Solomon. But "Neve" her mind elsewhere read "Salome was the wisest man in the country; therefore the queen of Sheba went to visit him."

Those who take Latin seventh period all wonder why June Bishop's eye trails to the south-east part of the room. Can it be because Robert Murray sits there? Too bad, June, but he is already taken.

Miss Boyd to Bob Watson: (Dictating) "Die! Now be quick about it, Robert."

(A proportion from second period Geom.) "Gazinta" is to the little boy as "isto" is to Ted.

Miss Rayburn: "Well, who was a yoe-man?"

Johnny: "Isn't he someone who looks after your eyes?"

Miss Coskery: "How do you pronounce 'influence'?"

Someone pronounces it.

Miss Coskery: "No, no! You accent the wrong syllable. Of course I know lots of stress is being placed on 'flu' these days but it isn't in influence."

Miss Coskery: "Myron, what is refutation?"

Myron Textrum: "Refutation is the second time you get up to talk on the same subject."

BOSWORTH & CO

Druggists

High Grade Photographic
Goods

Cameras : and : Kodaks

YOU CAN SAVE

money and time by letting us save your soles. We use the Good-year Welt System.

Ames Shining Parlor

AND

Shoe Repair Shop

118 Main St.

We Have a Thoroughly Modern Soda Fountain, but it
must be seen and the quality of its products
tried for you to appreciate it

Give it a trial We'll guarantee your satisfaction

LOWRY PHARMACY

The Rexall Store

SPRING FEVER

I'm feelin' sort of funny just a yawnin'
all the time,
The day it is so sunny, and the birds are
singing fine,
I don't know what's the matter, perhaps
my pa was right,
It is the dog-goned fever in the spring you
have to fight.

And here I see before me that English les-
son too,
I wonder what's coming o'er me, it ne'er
was so hard to do,
The teacher thinks I'm lazy, I'm sure she
doesn't know
When a fellow feels so crazy, how the
fever makes him so.

WORRIED!

Viola Rahe wonders if when you lose
your soul you go to the devil.

Hazel Taylor giving sentences in French:
"That man is much younger than his son."

MUSTA MADE A BLR

She frowned on him and called him Mr.
Because, in fun, he merely Kr.
So out of spite
The following night
The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

—Ex.

BEFORE

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

AFTER

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone;
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.

—Mission.

Kindergarten teacher. "What's the
name of our country?"

Little girl: "'Tis of thee."

For Shoe
REPAIRING
Go to
Roup's Shoe
Store

After the movies come to

LYNCH'S

for a refreshing drink from our com-
pletely equipped Soda Fountain.

All kinds of high grade candies are
also kept in stock.

ARE YOU A TWIN

OWL PATRON? If not you are missing the prompt, satisfactory service guaranteed by the management.

The Twin Owl specializes in clean, wholesome food, well served. High School pupils can be assured of a satisfactory noon lunch here.

CHRISTIANSON BROS.

TWIN ❖❖ OWL

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

"If we please you, tell others; if not, tell us."

Miss Coskery. "What is coherence in a debate?"

Student: "When the last argument follows the first."

Miss Ball: "Well, doesn't anybody know anything about him?"

Louis has a sudden inspiration: "Oh! he got sunk in a ship."

Manning: "Naw, he didn't, he had a store in New York with signs up, 'Brotherly Love,' and all that sort of stuff."

Russel Barker wishes to know the requirements for joining a Campfire.

Miss Coskery: "Which of these faults of Cooper, which we have mentioned, do you consider the most serious?"

Donald Huckle: "The one I gave."

Velma Clark has been very much worried since the night of the Carnival. Do you suppose it could be because Parker M.—er—a—didn't ask for a date?

Howard

Is the place to go to treat your friends.

Adams'

He will treat you right.

Soda Fountain, Candy, Everything in Confectionery

COMMENCEMENT FOOTWEAR

Here's an Invitation Some day very soon now, while the picking is at its best we would like to have you drop in for a look at the new Spring Footwear suitable for commencement. We'll take the greatest pleasure in showing you—that's just what we're here for. New models in Oxfords and Pumps in beautiful black and colored leathers. Handsome models in White Footwear, all reasonably priced. We're at your service.

BAUGE & ALM

SHOES THAT
SATISFY

The eighth period civics class were talking about direct and indirect taxes.

Louis Gray: "Which is the marriage license?"

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, suppose you wanted to build a \$1,000 house and you had only \$700, what would you do?"

Johnny: "Marry a girl with \$300."

Wanted: All the Sophs' "gray matter." Will pay any sum for it.—Miss Rayburn.

A negro doughboy was clad in white pajamas one night when the camp was surprised by German bombers. Everybody headed for his own dugout and Sam had some distance to travel.

"What did you do?" he was asked the next morning.

"Easy," he replied, "De good Lawd has gimme de bes cammyfladge in de world. I dropt dem pajamies right war I stood and made de res o' de trip in my birfday clo'es."

Eng. 4 class: Miss Fickle: "What are 'scorpion whips'?"

Soph. "Whips which were used to whip school teachers with."

Bill: "Did you say I look like Napoleon?"

Scout: "I said your head looks like Napoleon's; it's your Boney part."

When the donkey saw the zebra

He began to switch his tail;

"Well, I never!" was his comment,

"There's a mule that's been in jail."

—Ex.

"A friend is one who multiplies joys, divides griefs, and whose honesty is inviolable."

"Friend is a word of royal tone; friend is a poem all alone."

—A Persian Poet.

Pathe Phonographs and Records

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE

PATHE HAS THE NEW HITS, FIRST AND BEST

THE PATHE PLAYS ALL MAKES OF RECORDS

ADAMS FURNITURE CO.

SPECIAL SELLING OF
Women's Suits at Half Price
Big Reductions in Spring Coats
Special Values in Ladies Waists,
Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves
Voile Dresses and Wash Skirts

W.C.HUNTER CO.

Everything in Womens Wear
OPP. SHELDON "THE STYLE SHOP" AMES
MUNN HOTEL IOWA

Carr Hardware Co.

"A Pleasure to Show Goods"

We have a line of Eastman Kodaks and Films
always in stock.

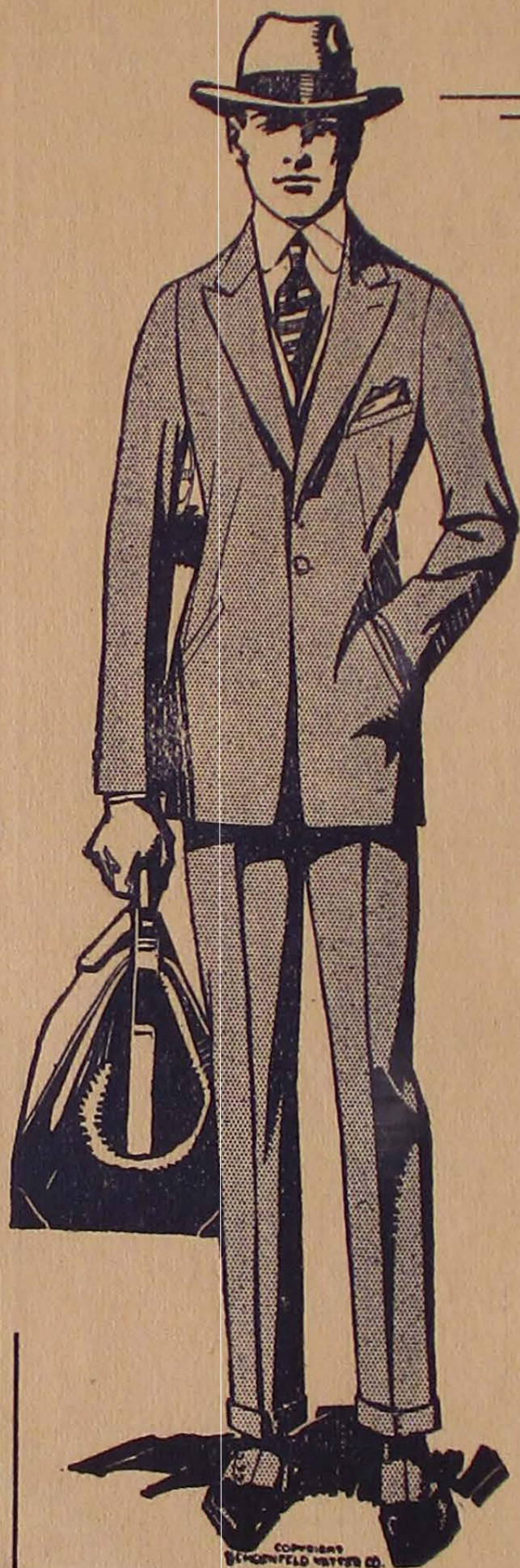
All the latest and best stationery.

JUDISCH BROS.

Phone 70

Ames, Iowa

209 Main Street



COPYRIGHT
BINGENFELD BROTHERS CO.

First, Last and all
The Time---

**Gus
Martin's**

for

Clothing,
Furnishings,
Shoes

and

Phoenix Hosiery
for
Ladies and
Men

GUS MARTIN

Down Town
215 Main St.

Pay Less
Dress Better

College
2816 West St.

No Existing Ames High Spirit Vol. 8 No. 13

18
160
1940



2290
1980
330

1919



FOREWORD

¶ The Annual Staff does not wish to present this volume as a product of literary genius, but as a means of conveying to the readers the happier, brighter side of high school life, of expressing the things most characteristic of Ames High. With the hope that this book will give enjoyment to the students of Ames High now, and delightful memories of old days in years to come, we offer this 1919 SPIRIT Annual.





THE SPIRIT ANNUAL

Published by the Students of
AMES HIGH SCHOOL
AMES, IOWA

BOOK OF THE
CLASS OF
1919

Vol. 8 - June 16, 1919 - No. 14

ORDER OF BOOKS

BOOK ONE
THE SCHOOL

BOOK TWO
STUDENT ACTIVITIES

BOOK THREE
HUMOR





In Memoriam

Raymond Duckworth - '21

Born July 11, 1904

Died May 3, 1919



DEDICATION



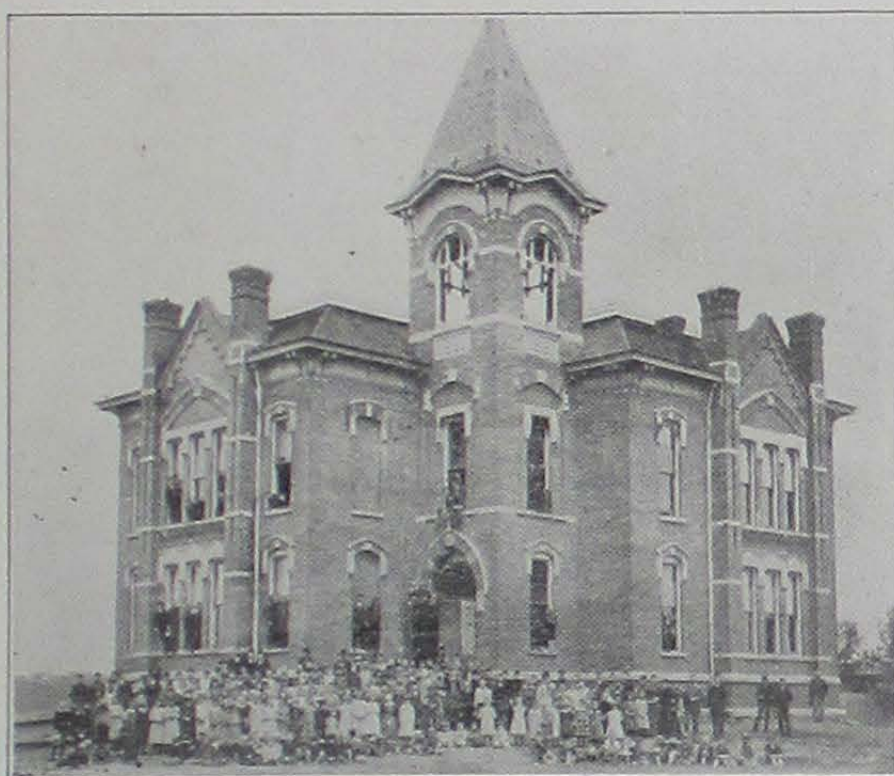
LOUISE COSKERY

In appreciation of the fact that she has given her time so devotedly, and that she has helped in every way for the betterment of our paper, the Class of 1919 dedicates this senior number of the SPIRIT.

ANCIENT HISTORY

The beginning of this school was in 1879, when the Independent District of Ames first came into existence and elected its first Board of Trustees. These Trustees were: G. G. Tilden, Isaac Black, H. F. Kingsbury, T. Weld, William West and H. R. Bradwell.

The first school was held in an old frame building which stood on the lots where the residence of Miss Etta Budd now stands. The next building was another frame building on the site of the present Lincoln School. These two buildings housed five different rooms where instruction was given and where some work in the "higher branches" or regular high school work was done. Here the first high school class "finished" without diplomas or commencement orations. This class contained seven members, of which our fellow townsman, J. J. Grove, was one. As the school was then so new and no regular course had been adopted, the records do not give an account of this event, which was really the graduation of the first Ames High School class. This was in 1874.



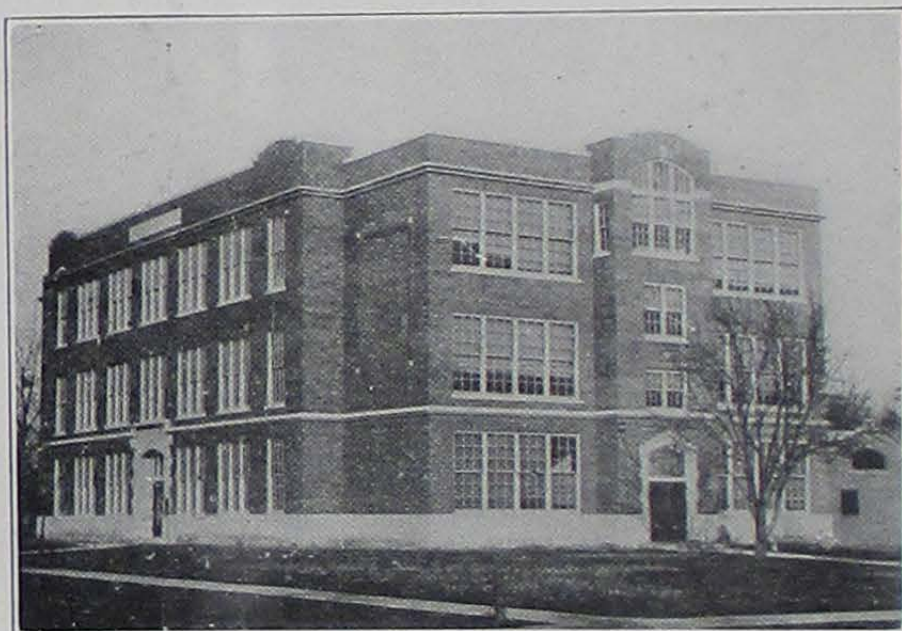
THE OLD BUILDING -- NOW CENTRAL SCHOOL

The next year, there began to be talk of bonding the district for the purpose of building a new school house. The voters of the district met and voted to issue bonds to the amount of ten thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting a new school building. This building was started in 1880, and when finished was a very handsome and commodious brick structure, which still stands as the old gabled part of what is now Central School.

For a time, no other buildings were needed, but as the town increased in size, the school rooms became more and more crowded, and so, with no very long intervals between, different ward buildings were erected, the Welch, Beardshear, and finally the Lincoln buildings. All this time, the high school, living in the second story of Central Building, was growing and growing, until there was hardly room for one more new student. Then, there was need of departments other than the regular English, scientific and classical courses then offered. The girls began to talk of other schools having courses in cooking and sewing, the boys wanted to exercise their ingenuity in Manual Training, and the Athletic Association was crying aloud for a gymnasium. Through the efforts of enterprising citizens, and a school board which had the ability to look ahead, it was voted to build a high school. This was in 1911, while F. W. Hicks was superintendent of schools, and A. B. Noble, president of the board. The school board visited other schools where there were modern high school buildings, consulted famous architects and used every means to make the new high school building the best that could be built. The building was finished, and the furnishings put in, during the summer of 1912, and in the following September, the Ames High School moved in and took full possession of this handsome new brick school house.

The new building seemed very grand to the students that year. The corridors seemed so wide and straight, after the torturous passages of old Central, and there was now room for four or even six, to walk along and talk "of many things." Freedom was allowed in the halls now, the old rule of "no talking while passing from class to class" being abolished with the old building. There was now no teacher standing at the head of the stairs saying "Sh-h-h" to anyone who ventured to plan a picnic or make a date. It was not the freshmen who felt strange and "not at home" this year, but the seniors, who had spent the other three years marching primly up and down the winding stairs of Central.

It would take too long to enumerate the teachers who have "swept in and out" of the portals of Ames High, but some of the ones whom the present students all know, we will mention. Maizy Schreiner, who was principal of this high school from 1906-1912, is now at work in the Colorado Springs High School, and often renews old acquaintances here during her vacations. I. J. Scott, who was in the high school from 1906-1909, served two terms as county superintendent, and is now a practicing attorney in our midst. Maude Wakefield left her geometry classes in 1913, to take the office of county superintendent, a place she is still filling. Katherine Terrill, who taught botany here from 1907-1909, is doing Y. M. C. A. work among the Iowa boys in France. And there are many others whom there is not space here to mention.



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

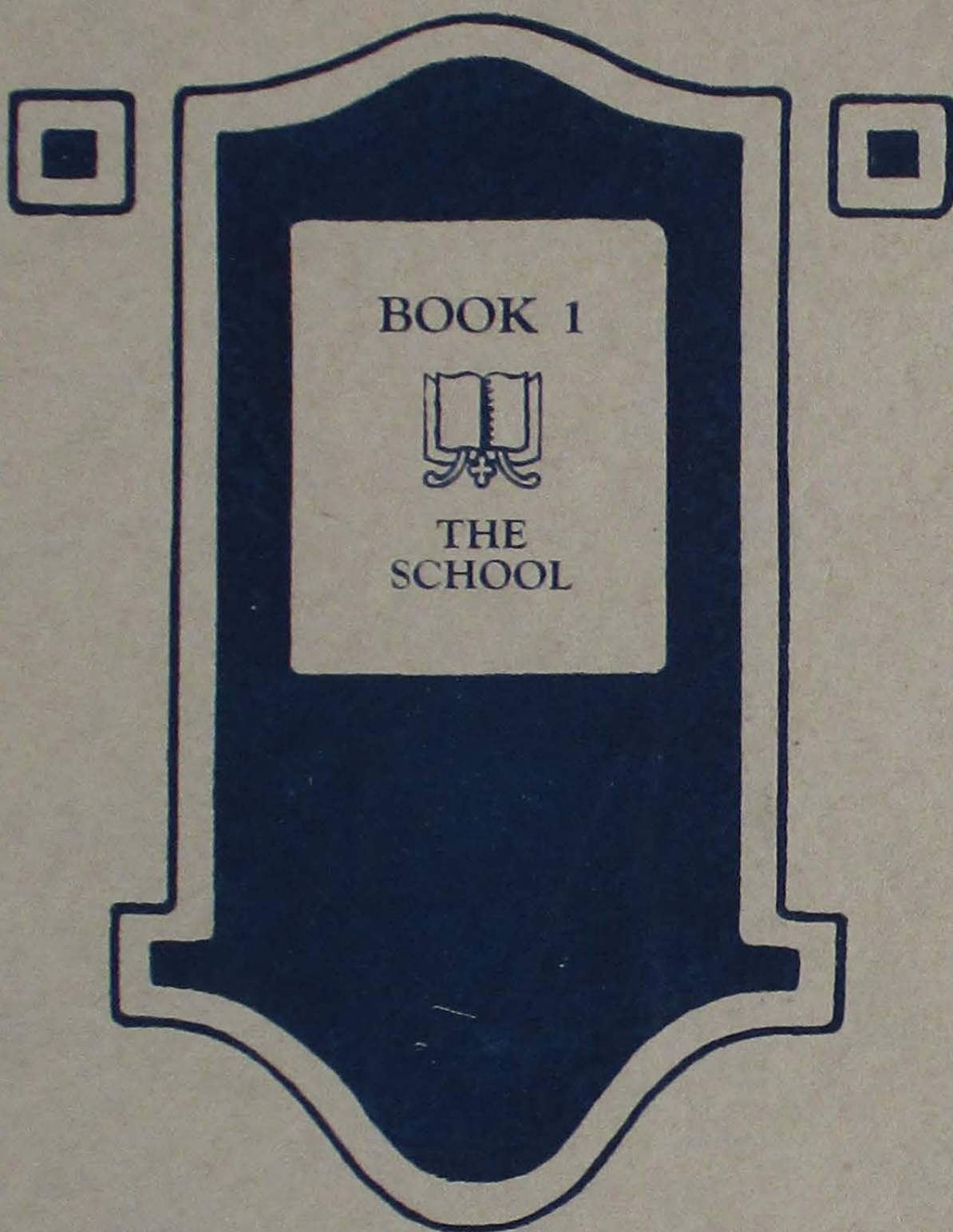
The first graduating class to have diplomas was the class of 1880. That year there were real graduating exercises and everyone in the class took part. The classes have increased in size from year to year. The class of 1907 consisted of thirty members and several classes of later years have had twice that number.

The graduates of Ames High, while not quite as numerous as the sands of the sea, are very many and are very differently occupied. There are bankers and merchants, farmers and college professors, generals and privates, teachers, librarians, and missionaries, doctors and nurses, and wise and loving mothers of fine young sons and daughters. While we have had as yet no president who graduated from Ames High, we have had scores and scores who are filling the necessary and vital places in life, and filling them honorably and well.

It is a notable fact that four of the members of the class of 1919 have mothers who graduated from Ames High, all being in the class of 1888. These four are: Robert Potter, Chevalier Adams, Priscilla Dodds, and Harriet Tilden. The four mothers are, respectively: Minnie Adams Potter, Lynn Chevalier Adams, Hattie Chrisman Dodds, and Ruth Duncan Tilden.

So Ames High is "looking both ways from forty" as Irvin S. Cobb says. She is looking backward with pride upon her growth in building and equipment, her increase in number, her expanded courses, and her forceful and self-reliant alumni. She is looking forward with hope that her standards may be raised still higher, that the alumni of the future may increase in number and keep up the previous record in personality, and that her courses may be enlarged until there is work for "all the children of all the people."

—Ida M. Boyd.





SCHOOL
BOOK-ONE

BOARD OF EDUCATION



DR. C. M. PROCTOR

Member of school board for three years

J. M. MUNSINGER

Was elected to board in 1919

PROFESSOR MEEKER

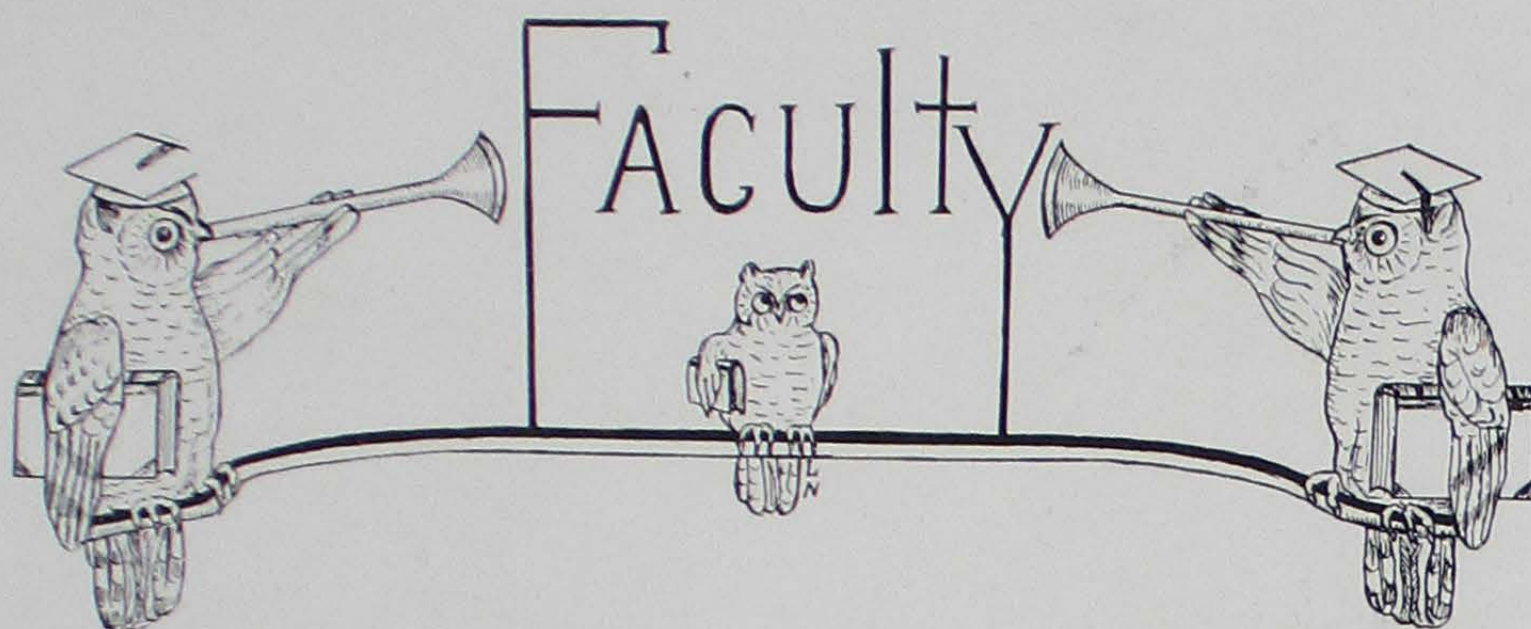
Member of school board for eight years
President during year 1918-19

L. C. TILDEN

Member of school board for eight years

PROFESSOR A. T. ERWIN

Was elected to board in 1919



MR. BODWELL, Ames, Iowa

Dartmouth College, B. S. Degree; First year here—Superintendent.

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

MISS MORELAND, Ames, Iowa

Graduate Ames High School 1917; Second year here—Secretary to Mr. Bodwell.

"The power behind the throne."

MR. STEFFEY, Ames, Iowa

Northwestern 1914, A. B. Degree; Thlrd year here—Principal; Faculty advisor to business staff of SPIRIT; Coach for debating team.

"His life is gentle
And the elements so mixed in him,
That nature may stand up
And say to all the world,
'This is a man'."



MISS BOYD, Grand River, Iowa

Kansas State Teacher's College; Emporia College, 1903; Boyles' Business College, Omaha; Twelfth year here—Commercial.
"Yet in herself she dwelleth not
Nor simplest duty is forgot."

MISS JUNE MILLER, Mediapolis, Iowa

Parsons College 1915, A. B. Degree; Second year here—French; Senior advisor; advisor to Y. W. C. A.
"She's beautiful; therefore to be wooed
She is a woman; therefore to be won."

MISS CURTIS, Wheatland, Iowa

Iowa State Teacher's College, one year; Brown's Business College; Fifth year here—Commercial; Junior advisor; General Treasurer of High School.
"How statue like I see thee stand."

MR. THOMPSON, Ames, Iowa

Drake University; Fourth year here—Physical Training.
"Of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear."

MISS COSKERY, Des Moines, Iowa

Drake University 1911, A. B. Degree; University of Chicago 1913, A. M. Degree; Fourth year here—English; Advisor to Editorial Staff of the SPIRIT; Sophomore advisor.
"Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key hole; stop that—'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney."

MISS FICKEL, Des Moines, Iowa

Simpson College, 1906, A. B. Degree; Fourth year here—English; Coach for Declamatory Contest.
"First in the council hall to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue debate."

MR. POLLARD, Montezuma, Iowa

Voice, Piano, Harmony—Des Moines Musical College; Organ—Drake University; Summer term, American Conservatory of Music, Chicago; Graduate Public School Music N. E. M. C., Lake Forrest, Ill., 1916; Fifth year here—Music; Director of chorus and orchestra.
"Of all the arts, great music is the art,
To raise the soul above all earthly storms."



MISS COOK, Leominster, Massachusetts

Teachers College, New York City; Second year here—Home Economics.

"Skilled mistress of her art."

MISS RAYBURN, Grinnell, Iowa

Grinnell 1917, A. B. Degree; First year here—Mathematics and History; Advisor to Y. W. C. A.; Coach for debating team.

"To teach the young idea how to shoot."

MISS HARPER, Ames, Iowa

Iowa State College 1918, B. S. Degree; First year here—Science.

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low
—An excellent thing in woman."

MISS FRANKE, Cedar Falls, Iowa

State University of Iowa 1910, A. B. Degree; First year here—English.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely fair, and most divinely tall."

MISS NILES, Ames, Iowa

Iowa State College 1915, B. S. Degree; Second year here—Mathematics; Junior advisor.

"Not quantity, but quality. We would not have her otherwise."

MISS THORNBURG, Ames, Iowa

Des Moines College 1912, Ph. B. Degree; Fourth year here—Science; Senior advisor.

"Her merry ways have won our hearts."

MISS FISHER, Springfield, Illinois

Columbia Technical College, B. S. Degree; Fifth year here—Home Economics.

"A genial disposition brings to its owner many friends."



MISS BLAZER, Chicago, Illinois

University of Chicago, B. S. Degree; First year here—Home Economics.
 "May one like her be ever numbered among my friends"

MISS CORA B. MILLER, Chicago, Ill.

Beloit, Wisconsin, B. S. Degree; Third year here—Home Economics.
 "The kindest manners, and the gentlest voice."

MISS McWILLIAMS, Omaha, Nebraska

Nebraska Wesleyan 1916, A. B. Degree; First year here—Civics; Chairman assembly program committee; Freshman advisor.
 "I have no other but a woman's reason,
 I think him so because I think him so."

MR. SINGER, Ames, Iowa

Two years Iowa State College; Third year here—Manual Training.
 "The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."

MISS MERCER, Dallas, Iowa

Simpson College 1911, A. B. Degree; First year here—Latin.
 "I hold my duty as I hold my soul."

MISS KOCH, Fullerton, Nebraska

Nebraska University 1918, A. B. Degree; First year here—Physical Director; Freshman Advisor.
 "One greeted her with pleasure rare,
 And left her with regret."

MISS BALL, Stuart, Iowa

University of Chicago two years; Iowa City 1910, A. B. Degree; First year here—History; Forensic Club advisor.
 "I can't be silent; I must speak."

SENIORS



ALL DONE



MARGARET W. SLOSS

Debating Team '19; Literary Board; Spirit Staff '19; President of Forensic Club; Y. W. C. A. cabinet; Class Play.
"Her ready tongue flowed fair and free."
Iowa State College

MARIE C. MORTENSON

"Mort"
SPIRIT Staff '19; Y. W. C. A.; Class Play.
"Life is one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. Pray for me."
Grinnell

V. FERN GROVER

Declamatory Contest '16, '18, '19; Winner Dramatic Class '19; SPIRIT Staff '17, '19; Orchestra '17, '18, '19; "A" in Gymnasium; Forensic Club; Forty word award on Smith, Remington and Underwood; Fifty word award on Royal; Class Play.
"Men give me credit for genius."
Northwestern

FLORENCE E. GODARD

Orchestra '17, '18, '19; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; '19 Cabinet; Music Board; Class Reporter '17; Secretary of Class '18; Program Board; SPIRIT Staff '19.
"She's like nothing on earth but a woman."

RUSSELL H. BARKER

Debating Team; Forensic Club; Secretary-Treasurer '19; Class Play.
"From his cradle he was a scholar ripe and good."
College

CAROLYN CROSBY

Chairman Social Committee '17, '18, '19; Chorus '18, '19; Social Board; SPIRIT Staff; Senior Girls' Sextette; Y. W. C. A.; Remington, Underwood, Smith Certificates for 40 words; Operetta; Class Play.
"I like above all things to be loved."
Stenographer

WAYNE CUPPS

Football '18, '19; Class Play.
"Men of few words are the best men."



GEORGE GORDON POHLMAN

Debating Team '19; Track '18, '19; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

"In childhood still I roam."
Iowa State College

VERNA LEE CLARK

4 Typewriting Diplomas; Gold Medal in Typewriting; Declamatory Contest '18; Y. W. C. A.; Social Service Committee; Forensic Club; Chorus '17.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."
Iowa State College

GERTRUDE ALMEDA REIS

Class President '19; SPIRIT Staff '19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Literary Board; Class Play.

"Never ready, always late,
But she smiles and so you wait."
Grinnell

HARRIET TILDEN

Prize Editorial '18; SPIRIT Staff '19; Finance Committee '19; Social Board '19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '19; Second prize poem '19; Senior Red Cross Committee '19.

"It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."
Grinnell

GRACE LEONA IDEN

Forty word award on Royal; Forty word award on Underwood; Forty word diploma on L. C. Smith; Membership Committee of Y. W. C. A.; "A" in Gymnasium; SPIRIT Staff.

"And e'en her failings lean to virtue's side,"
Stenographer

ELEANOR MIRIAM MURRAY

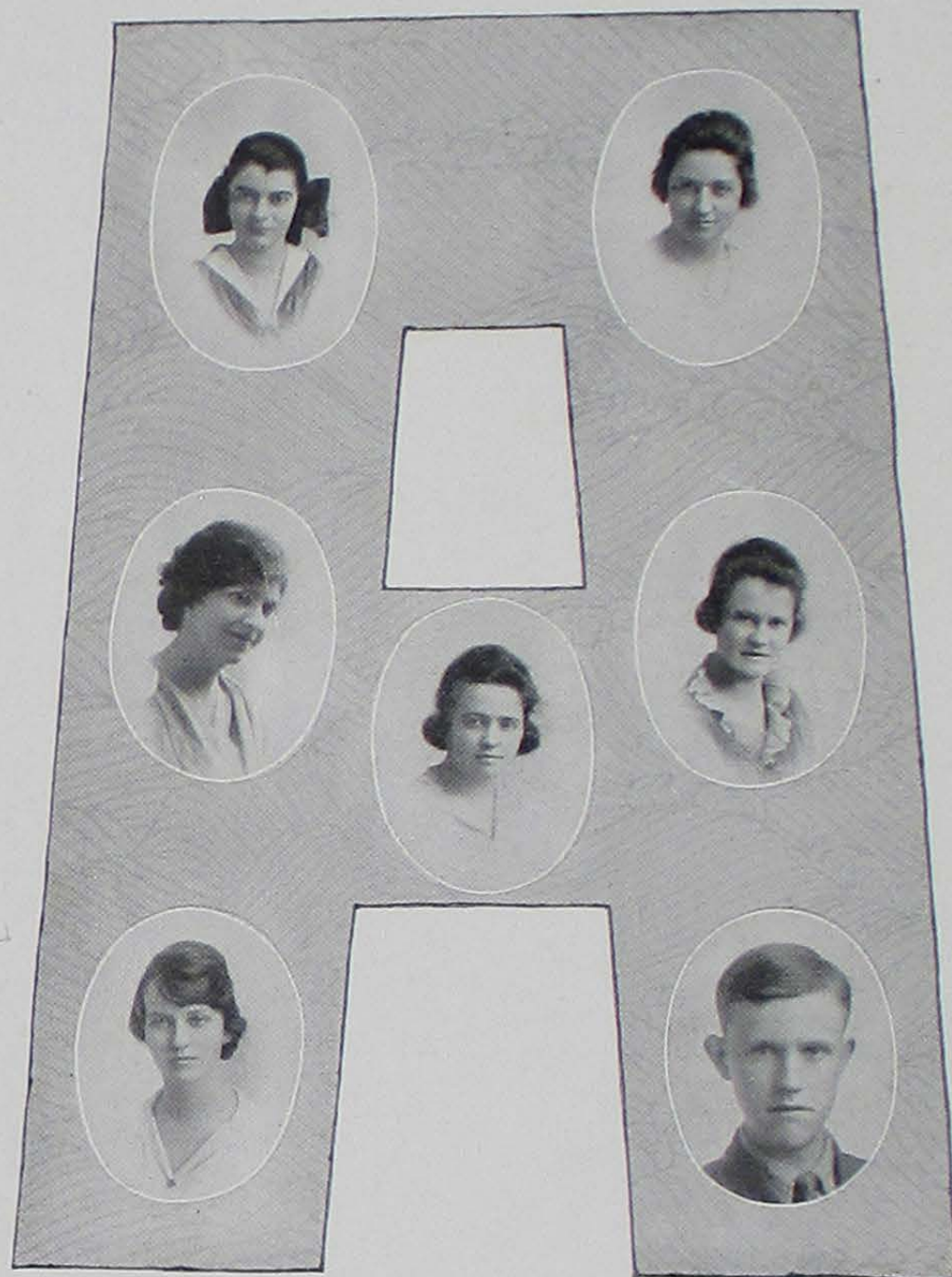
Spirit Staff three years; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Chorus two years; Basketball; Class Play. Certificate on Royal 45 words.

"Of what stature is she? Just as high as my heart."
Iowa State College

LAWRENCE HOLSINGER

Three years Jefferson High School; Basketball '19.

"Giveth advice by the bucketful; taketh it by the grain."
Iowa State College



LYDIA TILDEN

"Lyd"
Vice-President '17; Class Reporter '18;
SPIRIT Staff '19; Band '19; Y. W. C. A. Cab-
inet '19; Basket Ball Team '19.
"And still they gazed and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all she
knew."

Monticello

OLIVE M. HUSTED

Senior Girls' Sextette; Y. W. C. A.
"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"
Iowa State College

RUTH ADELINE PRALL

SPIRIT Staff '19; Y. W. C. A. '19; Type-
writing Diploma.
"Why don't the men propose, Mama?
Why don't the men propose?"
College

ELVA LORAIN CAUL

Chorus '16, '17; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '18,
'19; Annual SPIRIT Staff '19; Forensic Club
'18, '19; Debating '18, '19; Business Manager
Senior Class Play.
"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the
soul." Ames High School

ESTELLA H. SILL

Girls' Glee Club '17 and '19; Gold Medal
Typewriting; Three diplomas for typewrit-
ing.

"Those eyes, those eyes;
How full of heaven they are."

PRISCILLA DODDS

Secretary of Freshman Class; Chorus '16,
'17, '18, '19; President '19; Membership Com-
mittee Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President of Senior
Class; Senior Girls' Sextette; Music Board;
SPIRIT Staff.
"This nymph to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung
behind."

Iowa State College

JOHN MARSH

"The deed I intend is great, but what it is
as yet I know not."
Iowa State College



CHEVALIER VICTOR ADAMS

"Chev"

SPIRIT Staff '19; Class Play; Class Basketball '18.

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
Iowa State College

MAVIA EILEEN COOPER

"Peggy"

Winner of Short Story Contest '18.
"Gaze into her eyes and you see a little
angel,
Gaze longer, and you see a little imp."

DOROTHY BAILEY GRUWELL

"Dodo"

Chorus two years; Declamatory Contest
'17; "A" in Gym.; Annual Staff; Class Play;
Membership Committee Y. W. C. A.
"The proper study of mankind is man."
Iowa State College

EDNA M. DRESSLER

Remington and Underwood Certificates 40 words.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."
Stenographer

RICHARD W. BECKMAN

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; SPIRIT Staff '19;
Track '18, '19.

"Learning by study must be won,
'Twas never entailed from son to son."
Iowa State College

WALDO E. McDOWELL

Class President '17, '18; Boy's Working Reserve; Y. M. C. A.; Class Play.
"Ye Gods! Can it be she walketh with another?
So let it be, then I must seek new fields to conquer."

Iowa State College

GRACE A. POHLMAN

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."
Iowa State College



MARY ERMINA BEMAN

Three years Delta High School.
"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

GLADYS GRACE MYERS

Y. W. C. A. Committee '18, '19; Literary Editor of Annual '19.
"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows by the wayside."

AVA ESTHER KULOW

Y. W. C. A.
"Ye Gods! Forgive my literary sins; the other kind don't matter."

MARY VERONICA MORRISEY

"Banc"
Vice-President of Chorus.
"Too pretty to frown, and too good-natured to want to."
College

RAYMOND ROBERT BYRNES

Basket Ball '17 and '18; School Affairs Committee '18; Football '18; Track Team '19; Social Committee '19; Yell Leader '18 and '19.
"Genius is the capacity for avoiding hard work."
Iowa State College

ELIZABETH BEAL GLEASON

"Betty"
Y. W. C. A.
"A quiet dignity and charm of gentleness are hers."
Iowa State College

HARRY G. WILLIAMS

Class Play.
"And though he be but little he be fierce."
Iowa State College



NEVA FRANCES SNOOK

"Nev"

Captain Basketball team '19; Y. W. C. A.;
Chorus '16; Volley Ball Team '18.
"Let me be loved, and let who will be great."
University of Iowa

LILLIAN E. BRENDELAND

"Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend to all mankind."

EDITH MARYBELLE SUNDERLIN

Senior Girls' Sextette; Y. W. C. A.; Bas-
ketball.

"Pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and
pleasant to think of."

FRED JONES

"Ted"

SPIRIT Staff '17.
"I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part,
and mine a sad one."
Iowa State College

DOROTHY M. OLIVER

Y. W. C. A.

"This from the time we first begin to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow."
Nurses' Training

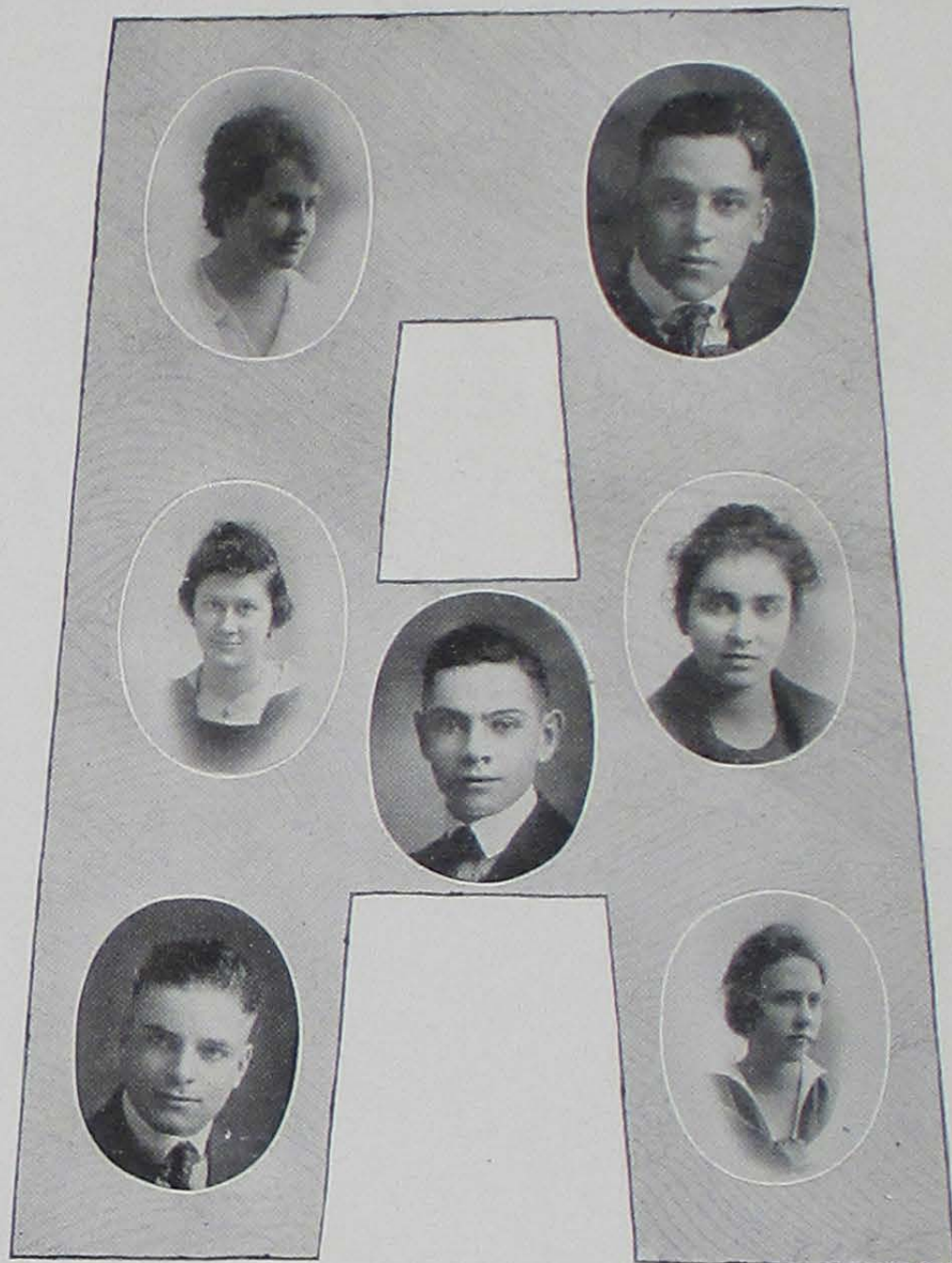
LUCILLE MARIE NICKELS

"Lucy"

Three typewriting Diplomas. SPIRIT Staff
18, '19; "A" in Gym.
"And when once the heart of a maiden is
stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

DAN McCARTHY

"The general prizes most the fort that re-
quires the longest seige."



MYRTLE A. McCANNON
"Innocent looks may sometimes be deceiving"
Stenographer

GEORGE C. PUFFETT
Y. M. C. A.
"The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned
in the pain of the next."
University of Iowa

MYRTLE JENNIE JOHNSON
Y. W. C. A.
"We would not have her otherwise."
College

GOLDIE B. JACOBSON
"Skinny"
Social Service Committee Y. W. C. A.; Underwood certificate 40 words.
"A woman of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."
Stenographer

ROBERT FRANKLIN POTTER
"Bob"
SPIRIT Staff '19; President Y. M. C. A. '19; Class basketball '17, '18; Varsity Basketball '19; Track '19; Football '19; Class Play.
"A clock serves to point out the hours,
And a woman to make us forget them."
Iowa State College

MANNING HOWELL
SPIRIT Staff; President of Class '16; Class Basketball '17, '18; Class Football '17; Varsity Football '18; Track '19; Class Play.
'E'en though vanquished he could argue still."

JEANETTE BEYER
"Jane"
Program Committee Y. W. C. A.; Basketball Ball.
"Her heart was true; her purpose high;
Candid, generous and just."
Iowa State College



FLORENCE MARIE SNOOK

"Flip"

Chorus '16, '17, '18, '19; Volley Ball Team '18; Operetta; Class Play; Typewriting Diploma; Y. W. C. A.
"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined."

DONALD ADRIAN CROOKS

"Don"

Boys Working Reserve; Class Play.
"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."
Iowa State College

ROY F. HESS

"Tug"

Football; Class Play.
"Not long of speech nor stride. No sign of
worry e'er marred his placid countenance."
Iowa State College

JENNIE McCUSKEY

"Babe"

Forensic Club; Alternating in Debating Team, '19; Typewriting diploma, forty words per minute; Athletic "A."
"Beware of all, but most beware of man."
Baptist Training School

JULIA NAOMI BRITTEN

Chorus '15, '16, '17; Orchestra '17.
"Her music toucheth my heart."

F. NORDICA STOKKA

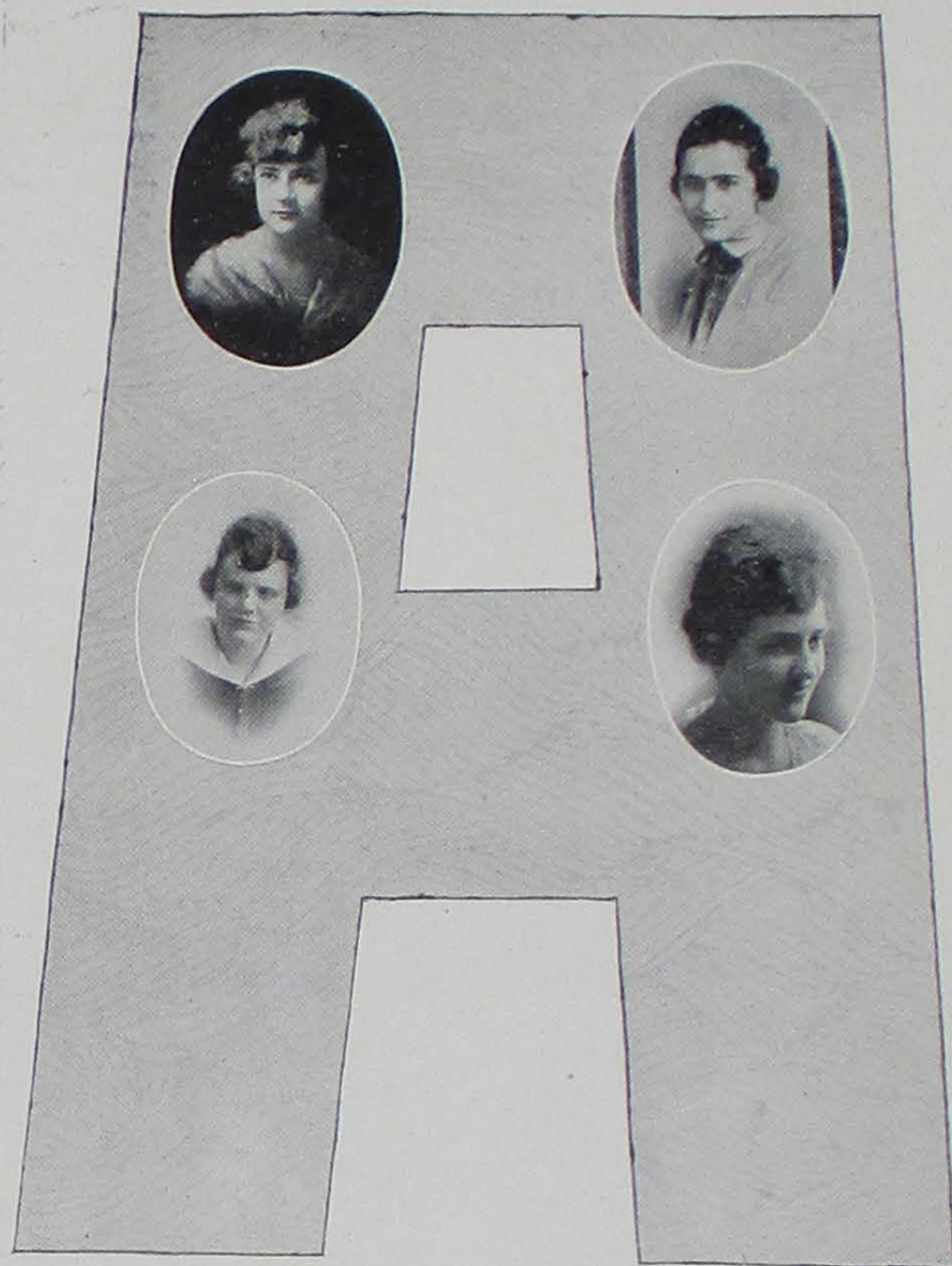
"Short"

Diploma on typewriter, forty words per minute.
"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."
Stenographer

LYHLE G. GRIFFITH

"Poodles"

First three years in Mallard High School.
"He has no faults that the eye of woman can see."
Iowa State College



ZOE VAN METER

Three years in Trenton High School, Missouri.
 "A wish—that she might touch the hearts of men and bring them back to heaven again."

MINNIE E. LINDAUER

Y. W. C. A. Committee; Underwood Diploma.
 "And she is a jolly good fellow."
 Iowa State College

JULIA ALVINA ARRASMITH

Senior Girls' Sextette; Chorus '16 and '17; Operetta; Typewriting Diploma.
 "The nightingale dwells in her slender throat"

IVADEL ELWOOD

Program Board; Forensic Club.
 "If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face and you'll forget them all"
 Kindergarten Training School.

CLASS FLOWER—Yellow Rose

CLASS COLORS—Blue and Old Gold

CLASS MOTTO—While We Live, Let Us Live.

CLASS OFFICERS

Gertrude Reis—President

Priscilla Dodds—Vice-President

Russel Barker—Secretary-Treasurer

Miss Thornburg }

Miss Miller }

Class Advisers

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

FRESHMAN

Well here we are PREPS they call us, (I'll admit it ain't a very dignified name for such swell folks)

My diary is sort of mixed up so I'll go through it and tell you some of the most important events that has happened this year.

We come into high school with the motto, "Green but Growing." Why the seniors treated us perfectly *awful*, especially Joe Wilkinson and Dorothy Proctor. That first morning will never be forgotten (now don't that sound literary?) The first morning all the kids that lived at the college came down on the 7 o'clock car so as to not to be late and also avoid the rush.

How those horrid seniors would stroll down the hall and we poor excited freshmen frantically hunting room 20. Those awful senior boys actually made our prep boys get down on their knees and dig dandelions.

So it went for two weeks and finally Mr. Caldwell comes to one of us and says, "Why don't you freshmen get some pep behind you and start out the year right by having a class meeting?" Goodness we'd never thought of that. So he up and says in assembly, "The freshmen will have a class meeting" and everybody looked at us and sort of smiled. (Just wait 'till I'm a senior.) So we had our class meeting and elected the following officers:

President	Gifford Terry
Vice President	Warren Rinehart
Secretary and Treasurer	Priscilla Dodds
Class Reporter	Eleanor Murray

We also decided to have a swell picnic the next Saturday. The boys promised that they would furnish the ice cream and hayracks. So we all got ready to go and here it went and rained and we never went.

Later in the year we finally did succeed in having a masquerade party. Say there were some swell costumes there. There were grand prizes given too, only I didn't get one. The boys all sat on one side of the room and the girls on the other.

The boys are such manly looking fellows, Bernard Moreland and Waldo McDowell are the only boys that wear long trousers.

This is about all that has happened this year. You know children are better seen and not heard. Just wait 'till next year, then we'll make the preps step around.

SOPHOMORE

Ah! we're sophomores at last and didn't we make the preps dig dandelions? My, I don't believe I ever was quite as green as some of the freshmen this year.

Some of the upper classmen look on us as if to say, "Poor Sophs, don't they think they're just it?" Well, I guess we are the best class in school. No one tells us so but we voted on it at our first class meeting this year. Oh yes we also elected some class officers:

Waldo McDowell	President
Lydia Tilden	Vice President
Robert Potter	Secretary and Treasurer
Florence Godard	Class Reporter

Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you about our St. Patrick's Day party. We had it in the high school gym. Um, we had a swell time. We played everything from

ring around a rosy to drop the handkerchief. We also had some good Victrola music. Miss Thornburg and Fern gave some peppy readings. We got little green flags for favors. I nearly forgot to tell you that we had some chaperones. We invited all the sophomore teachers but Mr. and Mrs. Steffey, Miss Clarke and Miss Thornburg were the only ones that appeared. We had to break up at 9:30. (If we ever get old maybe we wont have to go to bed with the chickens.)

Things went on same old routine day after day. Three-fourths of the class nearly flunked Geometry and Ancient History.

When Uncle Sam's first call for men came lots of our sophomores joined the coast artillery, others National guards and two the navy. (I guess we're not such babies as the upper classmen think we are.)

Oh I musn't forget to tell you about the new course, "How to Study." If any thing is a bore it is. And to think that we sophomores have to take it. We have learned how to study long ago. We all started out the new year by being late to school, and a lot of us had to go to Miss Fickle's English class. We went in with fear and trembling and she proceeded to tell us just what she thought of us. I believe Gen. Pershing's knees would shake if he went into Miss Fickle's late.

Well, that's about all that has happened of importance this year. Just think we'll be upper classmen next year. We'll at least be nearer the seniors than the preps.

JUNIOR

Here we are, dignified juniors. Wouldn't it be fierce to be a sophomore again? My, they are so stuck up. They think they're just it. Ah me! fooling children. Wait 'till they grow older and get a little more experience in life. Our class certainly fills the requirement of being dignified. Our class is slowly diminishing. There are nineteen boys and forty-four girls. Lucky boys, they sure can have their pick.

About the first thing we did this year was to have a class meeting and elect the following officers:

Waldo McDowell	President
Fern Grover	Vice President
Florence Godard	Secretary
Harriet Tilden	Class Reporter

The first social event of the year was a picnic September 28. Miss Miller and Miss Thornburg helped chaperone and a job it was too. They're on to all our tricks, (evidently from experience.) We'd had lots more fun if our boys weren't so shy and backward. All the boys went off in a group to eat and the girls in another.

We had a big Red Cross campaign and of course the Junior Class won; therefore, it was up to us to publish the next Spirit. It came out February 13, and I guess we showed the school what hidden talents the Junior Class had. I'll bet we can put out an Annual when we're Seniors that will be worth looking at.

We had our second class party May 1, in the gym., and everybody had a good time and oodles to eat.

But the big event of the year was the Junior-Senior Reception at the Country Club. It was some elaborate affair. Party dresses and everything. Some of the kids started to dance but Mr. Steffey put an end to it all. (Just think of high school people dancing!!! Mercy that could never be.) We felt quite important as we had a special car at 1:30 to bring us back to the fair city.

Hurrah! next week is vacation. Three months and we'll be noble seniors.

SENIOR

I matriculated this morning. Now at last I can feel that I am far past the meridian of my high school career. As I look back over the annals of this little book, I am amazed and petrified at the ignorance of my former days. To think that I, a dignified and well-behaved senior, could have written it. Ah me!

Our annual class meeting was held in the hall where lackadaisical freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and studious seniors are wont to sit. Well, as I said, or was about to say, Gertrude Reis was nominated, or rather elected, or both, president. It gave me great pleasure to have it so, although I had really planned to have the position. Oh yes, Priscilla Dodds is vice president, and Russel Barker, secretary and treasurer. We really have most brilliant officers—the kind that befit such a class as ours.

The sad but notable fact was thrust upon me that we have a history teacher. I procrastinated last night, and so my heart was chilled to the bone this morning when I was asked to relate something that I remembered not. Oh, what a fall for my pride! How can I bear up under it? It will be a scar that will sear my soul. It will rend my heart in twain. Oh, peace and joy! Can I ever again know them?

I went to the senior picnic today. It was rather sparsely attended but I was there. It really recalled my freshman days. Nevertheless a most enjoyable time was proclaimed by all.

The freshmen's idle chatter is becoming most obnoxious to me. They are the most obstreperous! It's most galling!!!!

Every noon now, we are allowed to "trip the light fantastic toe." It is most kind and considerate of our dear teachers. I often conclude that we don't fully appreciate them.

Ah! At last someone recognizes the importance of the seniors. The girls rest room is to be given over to the senior girls to supervise. Such honor! Such distinction! Indeed 'tis justly due such a remarkable class.

Many of our brave and virile boys have returned home from the world war, and are still intact. Indeed we can rejoice for the fact that they do not seem to be contaminated by their contact with the vile Hun. They deserve to be drenched with honor.

Here are five precious dollars that I am wearing on my little finger. Isn't it beautiful? Oh little band of gold, how you glitter in the lamp light! How I have waited and longed for you, and at last you have come. Can anything mean more to me than my senior ring?

Oh Christopher Columbus, George Washington—Why didn't I perceive of the fact that I should have gone to our own dear class party. Ah, cruel world, gruesome fate—games, confetti, eats, and everything! And I missed it. To think I should ever have lived to be so dishonored.

I really think that my teachers are most inconsiderate of us seniors. They surely must realize how inconsistent it is for us to work to such a degree. Why really, today I felt most exhausted. Their assignments are terrific; only with a Herculean effort can I succeed in keeping my head above water. I often dream that I am drowning. How despicable that I never learned to swim!!!!!!

"Needles and Pins." How intoxicating it sounds. It would have been such an honor to have been in it; I must bear up for others' sake. Perhaps, it will turn out for the best.

Ah, here it is class day night, and now I must bid farewell to my happy high school days. After all there are no days like our yesterdays. Tomorrow I shall be cast out into the world. Fate be kind to me. I repent of all my former sins.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Moscow, Russia, June 10, 1934.

My dear Verna:

Since this is the fifteenth anniversary of our graduation from old Ames High School, I have been thinking about the members of our class and about what they are doing now.

How is your new pharmacy in Ames progressing? I hope by this time that you have finished with good results your experiment in keeping pottery.

I had such an interesting experience here yesterday that I must tell you about it. Since I am still travelling the universe trying to find a suitable position with which I can be satisfied, I often have many interesting experiences. The other evening when I attended the theatre here, which is said to be one of the best in the world I found that Lyle Griffith was the manager. And I was still more surprised to find Dorothy Gruwell and Robert Potter acting the leading roles in the play that evening.

We four spent an evening together and enjoyed ourselves with reminiscences. Since some of us had travelled a good deal we had seen and heard of many of the members of our high school class and were all interested in finding out about them. I know you will be interested in some of them too.

When I was in Egypt not long ago, I found that Margaret Sloss was the jester for the ruler and while there she told me about Ava Kulow, Minnie Lindauer, and Elizabeth Gleason who are now missionaries in the wilds of Africa. Later, I learned about the sad death of Elizabeth who was killed by wild beasts who infest the region near their mission.

Dorothy and Bob, while in England, found that Eleanor Murray, who now lives in that country, had been appointed poet laureate on account of the great literary work she has given to the world and humanity.

We heard, too, about the interesting campaign that is now being conducted there in Iowa. Who ever would have thought that Richard Beckman would be running for Governor of Iowa? I understand that Zoe Van Meter and Lillian Brendeland are two of Iowa's leading suffragettes and are conducting Richard's campaign.

I recently learned that Neva Snook is the coach of men's athletics at Harvard. Her sister Florence is travelling with a Chautauqua bureau lecturing against the teaching of American History in high school.

Jeanette Beyer and Edith Sunderlin are running a nursery for the children of the working women of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Julia Arrasmith and Olive Husted are now rivalling Galli Curci and are fast winning over the music loving public.

Dan McCarthy is an extremely prominent Physics and American History professor in Leland Stanford University. He has also won much fame by his text books written on those subjects. It is said that they are comprehensible even to the dumbest high school or grade children.

Gladys Myers and Donald Crooks are famous Russian ballet dancers and are conducting a vaudeville together. It is said that they are always hoping for the public to become endowed with enough aesthetic taste to enable them to eke out an existence.

Of Russell Barker, who is editor of the New York Tribune, it is said that he has become very corrupt in his politics, always yielding to money instead of upholding the right. Who would have thought it of Russell?

We also have another journalist among our number. Harriett Tilden has

finally realized her ambition of being a literary notoriety and is the chief contributor of material to the Kelley Times.

Marie Mortensen, after deciding that she could win more fame and fortune by leading a single life, has charge of all the U. S. government's dairies in the country. She also is one of the chief members of the International Condensed Milk Tribunal.

Perhaps you would be interested to know that Fern Grover and Raymond Byrnes are going about over the country training minstrel shows. Miss Thornburg in her old age gets her chief enjoyment from life by going to hear the performances and feeling that by her work the world is now receiving such worthwhile entertainments.

You know, too, Fred Jones wondered much about his life work until the night of the Carnival in Ames High School in 1919 when he decided that the life of a policeman was his calling. Just a few months ago when I was in New York City I found our old classmate acting as chief traffic "cop," since they wanted one large enough for everyone to see.

Myrtle Johnson is now handling the Ford agency in Ames, Iowa, where her winning ways are doing much to increase the number of tin Lizzies upon the highways roundabout.

Manning Howell is the chief engineer at the electric light plant in Clarinda. Do you remember how the teachers used to scold him for spending so much time in reading electrical magazines in school? It just shows that teachers are incapable of recognizing and appreciating the geniuses they have the honor of knowing.

Did you know that Loraine Caul had succeeded "Billy" Sunday in evangelistic work? They say she has converted many thousands by her original and forceful oratory.

Two of our able musicians have also received some fame. Florence Godard and Naomi Britten are now with the New York Symphony Orchestra where they are said to be the chief attractions.

When in Australia last year I ran across Roy Hess who is travelling the country on foot as an umbrella mender. But genius is bound to follow its leadings, we know.

Then, later, when visiting in one of the Massachusetts convents, I found Lucille Nickels and Veronica Morrissey to be the two head sisters there. They are both very inspiring but staid personages.

Grace Iden had John Marsh's old Ford (which doesn't go) willed to her and in her old age she seems to take much comfort and enjoyment in sitting in it by the hour.

Two girls who could not bear to go far from home are now running a dance hall in Story City. They are Ermina Beeman and Goldie Jacobson and they are doing their part in making the cornhuskers roundabout, graceful and at home in a ball room.

Another establishment which is conducted by two of our classmates is a beauty parlor in Oralabor, where Mavia Cooper and Myrtle McCannon are doing their best to beautify the natives.

Of course there were some teachers in the class in whom we are interested. Edna Dressler is at the head of the commercial department in the Capital City Commercial College in Des Moines where she is doing justice to her training received in Ames High School.

Upon the Ames High School faculty we have Jennie McCuskey succeeding

Miss Boyd and Lawrence Holsinger replacing Miss Ball in the history department.

Another interesting personage is Dorothy Oliver who is now running the street car line between Ames and the College.

I must not forget to tell you about Harry Williams who is now the model for The Style Shows of the Hart, Shaffner and Marx Clothing Company in New York. (He was chosen because of the hit he made in a dress suit in the Senior Class Play.)

Ruth Prall is conducting a jitney bus line between Ames and Nevada and I hear that she is piling up quite a fortune. It is rumored that the reason she started this line was to save her Saturday morning care fare.

I suppose you have heard about the circus conducted by Chevalier Adams and Wayne Cupps? Wayne has the active management though, for "Chev" has become quite a famous automobile racer and now claims the world's championship. George Puffet travels with the circus, taking George Nichols place in the freak department, after getting to weigh 975 pounds.

In picking up an old Des Moines Register not long ago I noticed to my surprise that Winnie Hill is editing the beauty chats.

Priscilla Dodds is running a farm up in Alaska and John Marsh is her head hired man.

Nordica Stokka is now managing the Twin Star Theatre after having the smile of Ada Gerbracht.

Carolyn Crosby is cooking for a grading gang in Texas after being disappointed in love, they say.

After graduating in nineteen nineteen Gordon and Grace Pohlman went west where Gordon became manager of a large ranch in Wyoming. After gaining the place of best cattle judge in the state he ran for the legislature and is showing his ability as a politician. His sister Grace is noted as a leading society woman and for using her brother's large fortune for civic welfare in the state.

Estella Sill is in a sanatorium in the south where she is trying to regain her good health, for she had a breakdown after leaving school. The doctors said it was because she had too much typewriting knowledge which rather unbalanced her mind.

Waldo McDowell is still in Ames where he is manager of the Forestry Department at the college. But I have heard that he expects to go to Canada soon, where he owns a large piece of timber land, and bring back a fortune from his forests.

Lydia Tilden is married and lives in Oregon in a little ocean town where her husband is manager of a large fishery.

Ivadel Elwood is writing the columns of "Advice to the Lovelorn" in the Chicago Herald. She is a great success since everyone has so much confidence in her word upon such subjects.

How interesting it is to feel again as though you were connected with our dear old friends—even in thought. Wouldn't it be glorious to have a reunion?

Do write often to me.

Gertrude Reis.

CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1919, having struggled valiantly through American History and beginning to feel the reaction setting in, do feel it necessary to file our last will and testament. All of our worldly possessions gained from this Hall of Fame and Knowledge have been won by much mental anguish and physical torture. We, therefore, being of a kind and benignant nature do will to those who come after us what has cost us so much:

(1) To you all, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, we will our four years of experience.

(2) To the Juniors we will and bequeath our American history mapbooks, reference books, notebooks, Miss Ball and Fite. These are all in excellent condition, as very little has been taken from them.

(3) To the Sophomores, who are reported to be very promising, we will our ability and hope that they may come up to our standard.

(4) To the Freshmen we will modestly and humility, those qualities most admirable in Freshmen, and so lacking in our present brood.

(5) To Satan, the English students will their copies of Adam Bede, to be used as a source of mental torture for the "angels without wings." We hope they can finally come to a definite conclusion as to why Dinah preferred Adam.

(6) The Chemistry and Physics classes will their laboratory bills to Miss Thornburg's bank account.

(7) To Pauline Thompson, Cleo Meredith and Zelma Holmes the Seniors in a body, feeling that they have dire need for such articles, will what brains they have left after finals are over.

(8) To Garnett Ellett and Eber Sherman a cake of soap, not one between them, but each a whole cake.

(9) To each and every one of the teachers we will the ability, gained from contact with us to teach more adequately.

(10) To Mr. Steffy we will a new book for announcements, (his old one seems to be growing worn and full) also more non-excuse slips as the coming generation is reputed to be wild.

(11) To all of the teachers with diamonds we will an honorable discharge and wish them happiness in the future.

(12) To Mr. Cramer, our beloved Agriculturist, we will ideas more befitting his age and position than some he now holds, especially concerning pictures.

Some of our members, not being satisfied with a general will, desire to individually will and bequeath some of their most loved and cherished possessions.

(1) Julia Arrasmith wills her nightingale voice to Ted Kooser to assist him in prima donna parts in future carnivals.

(2) Russell Barker wills his affections for A. H. S. girls to Eddie Rutherford.

(3) Marie Mortensen wills her formula for making her hair curly to Norma Haverly.

(4) Miss Fickle wills her dignity and sedateness to the youngest and most boisterous teacher in school, Miss Wilma R. Rayburn.

(5) Loraine Caul wills her brains and general literary ability to "Dodo" Wilson.

(6) Carolyn Crosby wills her art of gentle sarcasm to Miss Coskery who is sadly lacking in this, especially the gentle part.

(7) Manning Howell wills his bluffing ability to the needy of the junior class.

(8) Ivadell Elwood wills Louie, body and soul, to his "prep" admirers.

- And now, lastly and finally, we, the committee feeling our knees begin to tremble and our teeth to chatter, do hereby will the kind remarks and extra amount of wrath incurred by our feeble efforts to please, to anyone capable of bearing up under such a burden.

Hon. Raymond R. Byrnes,
Eleanor M. Murray (flunkie)
Chevalier V. Adams, Esq.
Attorneys not at law.

Woodrow Wilson, President of the U. S. and honorary president of the Senior Class of Ames High School, city of Ames, county of Story, state of Iowa, the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Friday Evening, May 16		Senior Class Play
	“Needles and Pins”	
Monday Evening, June 2		Junior Reception to Seniors
Friday Evening, June 6		Class Day Program
Sunday Evening, June 8		Annual Class Sermon
	Rev. F. C. Edwards	
Tuesday Evening, June 10		Commencement Program
	Address by Rev. L. D. Young, Lincoln, Neb.	

THE CAST



Standing—Caul, Bus. Mgr.; Grover; Reis; Mortensen; Gruwell; Crosby; Sloss; Dodds; Snook; Murray.
Seated—McDowell; Potter; Adams; Williams; Byrnes (Curtain); Cupps; Gray (Stage Mgr.);
Howell; Hess; Barker; Crooks.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

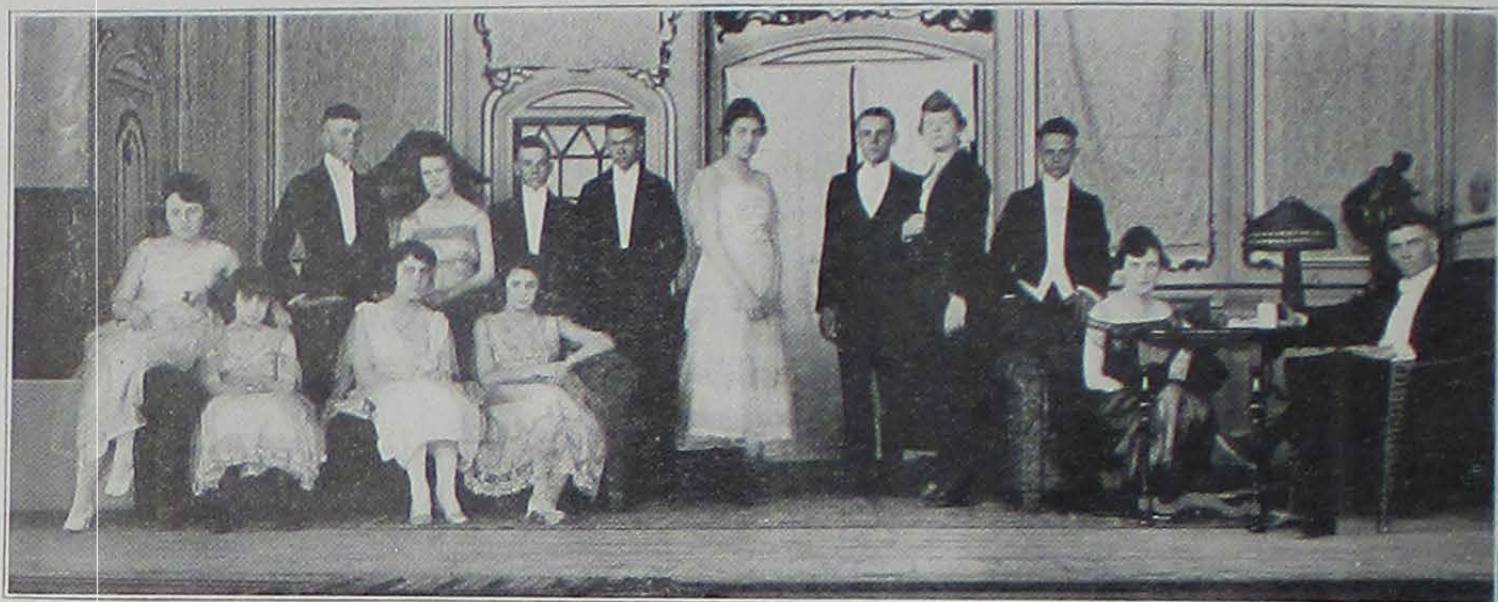
The young thespians of the Class of 1919 were greeted by large audiences both in the afternoon and evening of May 16, when they presented the four-act comedy, "Needles and Pins."

The play was staged by Mrs. H. F. Clemmer, who in a surprisingly short time and with many difficulties to overcome, succeeded wonderfully well in giving the audience a very professional performance.

The cast of characters was as follows:

William Dupont Farrell (<i>Artist and clubman</i>)	Russell Barker
Adele Cooper Farrell (<i>His divorced wife</i>)	Fern Grover
Miss Selina Caruthers (<i>Aunt of Mr. Farrell</i>)	Margaret Sloss
Jack Egerton (<i>A civil engineer</i>)	Robert Potter
Elizabeth Crevering (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Dorothy Gruwell
Florence Reed (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Carolyn Crosby
Mrs. Dallas Rainey (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Florence Snook
Mr. Dallas Rainey (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Waldo McDowell
Scott Wallace (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Chevalier Adams
Helena Rumsey (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Gertrude Reis
Jean Blackwell (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Priscilla Dodds
Marjorie Randolph (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Eleanor Murray
Katherine West (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Marie Mortensen
Lorin Haddon (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Donald Crooks
Ernest Lawford (<i>Guest at Farrell home</i>)	Harry Williams
Health Officer	Roy Hess
Policeman	Wayne Cupps
Burglar	Manning Howell

Especial mention should be made of the excellent acting of the leading characters. We bear with Beth in her inability to cook, and agree with Dallas that Jack Egerton had some reason for letting his eyes continually wander in her



Standing—Crooks; Dodds; Williams; Potter; Gruwell; Barker; Sloss; Adams.
Seated—Reis; Murray; Mortensen; Snook; Crosby; McDowell.

direction. Bob took the part of Jack very well, and we admire his fine ideals.

Russell Barker should also be given especial credit for his extraordinary rendering of the part of Billy. It could not have been improved upon. Fern Grover succeeded very well in showing us the caprices of a high-strung and selfish woman, who waited until it was almost too late to harken to the dictates of her heart.

Margaret Sloss as Aunt Selina was doubtless the hit of the play. She took her part to perfection, and her eccentricities were over-shadowed by her whole-hearted genuineness.

Waldo and Florence, Carolyn and Chevalier, with the aid of the extras gave us a clear picture of the idle and fastidious life led by the New York parasites.

In fact everyone in the cast seemed made for his or her part, and their splendid acting could not but be well received.

CLASS SONG

When we first came to this High School
Freshman we were green as grass;
Now we are the reverend seniors, of this wonderful '19 class.

Chorus:

Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk-che-la
Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk-che-la-ly, HI! this wonderful '19 class.

We have studied hard together;
We have struggled side by side
Now the time has come for parting, we can say good-bye with pride.
Chorus:

Fare thee well dear Alma Mater
As we launch our lives anew,
We are leaving you forever, but our thoughts remain with you.
Chorus:

—Fern Grover.



JUNIOR CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS

Lura Woods	President
Robert Watson	Vice President
Ida Harper	Secretary and Treasurer



SOPHOMORE

SOPHOMORE CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Lowell Hauser | President |
| Barbara Stanton | Vice President |
| Gwen Edwards | Secretary and Treasurer |



Seeing themselves as others see them.

FRESHMAN CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS

Faye Caul	President
June Bishop	Vice President
Maurice Smith	Secretary and Treasurer



HONOR ROLL

A COMPLETE LIST OF A. H. S. BOYS WHO WERE IN SERVICE



Because we appreciate your sacrifice and because you have brought honor to us, we believe in you and we shall not forget you.

(1) Leonard Deal—Enlisted January 9, 1918, was overseas ten months; discharged March 12, 1919, at Camp Dodge.

(2) Warren Rhinehart—Enlisted at Ames, April 4, 1917; was overseas fifteen months. Is now in a St. Louis hospital waiting for an operation before he receives his discharge.

(3) Cecil Hamm—Enlisted June 3, 1916; was overseas eighteen months.

William Ives—Enlisted at Ames in May, 1916; overseas six months. (No picture.)

(4) Ralph Lewis—Enlisted April 30, 1917, was in Honolulu eight months; was discharged at Camp Dodge January 11, 1919.

(5) Paul Hammond—Enlisted at Ames, April 2, 1917; overseas eleven months; discharged at Camp Dodge, January 21, Camp Dodge.

(6) Vaughn Hunter—Enlisted at Ames, October 12, 1917; was then sent to California, then to the Philippines; was sent to Siberia, December 5.

(7) William Nelson—Enlisted April, 1917.

(8) Frank Corbin—Enlisted June, 1917; eighteen months in France; discharged May 17, Camp Dodge.

(9) George McCoy—Enlisted at Ames, July 1, 1917; was overseas eighteen months; discharged April 8, 1919, Camp Dodge.

(10) Lyle McCarty—Enlisted April 30, 1919, was in Honolulu one year, was discharged at Camp Funston, Kansas, December 29, 1919.

(11) Gifford Terry—Enlisted April, 1917; in France.

(L12) Bob Sage—Enlisted April 13, 1917, overseas six months, discharged at Camp Dodge, February, 1919.



- (R12) Charles Nowlin—Enlisted April 13, 1917, was in Siberia six months; discharged at Camp Dodge January 1, 1919.
- (13) Burnice Posegate—Enlisted at Ames, in April, 1917; overseas four months; discharged January, 1919, at Camp Dodge, Iowa.
- (14) Charles Shockley—Enlisted at Ames, March, 1917; was overseas eighteen months; discharged at Camp Dodge, May 16, 1919.
- (15) Harold Seymour—Enlisted March, 1917; four months in France; discharged January 22, at Camp Dodge.
- (16) Lawrence Murphy—Enlisted May 13, 1916, was overseas four months; was discharged at Camp Dodge January 22, 1919.
- (17) John Taylor—Enlisted at Ames, March 20, 1917; was overseas three months; was discharged at Camp Dodge, January 22, 1919.
- (18) Douglas Waitley—Enlisted in Ames, April, 1917; was overseas four months; discharged January, 1919, at Camp Dodge, Iowa.
- (19) Leonard Stenerson—Enlisted at Des Moines, May 19, 1917; discharged at Bayridge, N. Y., March 3, 1919.
- (20) Rufus Hoon—Enlisted at Ames, in April, 1917; overseas four months; discharged in January, 1919, at Camp Dodge.
- (21) Earl Quade—Enlisted in August, 1915, was in France four months; was discharged in January, 1919.
- (22) Donald Soper—Enlisted in Ames, April 1917; overseas eight months.
- (23) Jay Elliot—Enlisted in Ames, April, 1917; overseas four months; discharged January, 1919, Camp Dodge.
- (24) Ted Nowlin—Now at Camp Fleufley, U. S. N., Pensacola, Fla.
- (25) Bill Ricketts—Enlisted at Ames, in April, 1917; overseas four months; discharged January, 1919, Camp Dodge.
- (26) McKinley Steigerwalt—Enlisted at Ames, July 15, 1917; has been overseas six months.
- (27) Harold Loughran—With the North Dakota boys, Company H, 164th U. S. Infantry.
- (28) George Dunlap—Enlisted at Ames, April 12, 1917; was overseas six months; discharged at Camp Dodge, January 22, 1919.
- (29) Arthur Balinger—Enlisted April, 1917; six months in France.
- (30) Orville Aplan—Enlisted June, 1917; at present in France.
- (31) Louis Gray—Enlisted April, 1917, U. S. N.; discharged December, 1919; was to France seven times.
- (32) Harvey Fitch—Enlisted in the Navy April 6, 1917. He has been to Italy four times, once to France and is now in South Wales.
- (33) Winfred Crabbs—Enlisted at Ames, April, 1917; overseas eight months.
- (34) Eldred Heffern—Enlisted April, 1917.
- (35) Paul McNeil—Enlisted April, 1917; six months in France; discharged at Camp Dodge, January, 1919.
- (36) Arthur Speers—Enlisted at Ames, March 17, 1917; was overseas three months; was discharged at Camp Dodge, February 14, 1919.
- (37) Clifford McCarthy—Enlisted at Marshalltown, April 30, 1917; was in service in the Philippines until a few weeks ago when he received his discharge at Fort Schossfield, February 8, 1919. He is now in Government work in the Islands.
- (38) Sam Martin—Enlisted at Ames, March 8, 1916; was overseas eighteen months; discharged at Camp Dodge, May 16, 1919.
- (39) Floyd Mabie—no data available.
- (40) Elmer Jones—no data available.



First Row—15-19; Second Row—20-25; Third Row—26-30; Fourth Row—31-35; Fifth Row—36-40.



(41) Carnie Dunkle—Enlisted May 2, 1919, at Post Hospital in San Francisco; discharged in February, 1919.

(42) Earl Shull—Enlisted May 2, 1918; was at Port of Embarkation when peace was signed. Discharged at Camp Dodge December 10, 1919.

(43) Joe Anderson—Enlisted in August, 1918, at Des Moines, overseas four months; discharged January 22, 1919, at Camp Dodge.

(44) Lester Hoon—Enlisted in August, 1918, at Des Moines, overseas four months; discharged January 22, 1919, at Camp Dodge.

S. A. T. C.

Willie Olson.
Harold Crosby—later sent to Camp Taylor; received commission.
Roscoe Dvorack.
Harlan Harper.
Bernard Irwin.
Floyd Lerdall.
Elmer Mathre.
Lester Moravets.
Preston Niles.
Paul Potter.
Charles Richter.
Claude Scarbough.
Marvin E. Sogard.
Lester Johnson.

Nevin Innes.
Walton Goode.
Barclay E. Noble.
Lester E. Sauvain.
Eugene W. Watkins—Officers' Training Camp, at Camp Pike.
Willis Belknap.
William Sherman.
Donald Finch.
LeRoy Aplan.
Harold L. Kooser.
Earl Johnson.
Thomas Musson.
William F. Winter.
Gerald M. Rayness.

JUST A SHORT TRIP

I enlisted the tenth day of April, 1917, and thus got my first taste of army life. We were encamped west of Sixth street by the river. In a short time there were forty-seven of us transferred to Des Moines fair grounds where we entered the 168th Inf. We were here until after the fair when we entrained for Long Island. Upon our arrival there, we were stationed at Camp Mills, from the latter part of August, we drilled eight hours a day which was rather dull. Then on October 18, we walked up the gang plank of the U. S. President Grant which was docked at Hoboken, from which place along about 10 o'clock we started across the pond. The fourth day out we could not keep up with the convoy so we turned around back to New York finding out later that the ship had not been overhauled.

We were again taken to Camp Mills for two weeks after which we arrived upon the docks for the second adventure. This time we boarded the Celtic, an English liner. We went by way of Halifax lying over two days there. Then we took a Northern route all the way across. The first few days were not so bad for me but in mid ocean it was a rough ride. The worst thing was our life preservers, which were just like pillows hanging in the front and rear and were very uncomfortable to sleep in.

After staying a couple of days in Belfast, at last we came to Liverpool where we loaded our baggage on a train which took us to Winchester. There we worked all night storing our barrack bags after which we hiked three miles out to Morn Hill Camp. Here we camped for two weeks, leaving in December enroute for South Hampton where we stepped on an old side liner which was like a nut shell on the ocean, for the channel was very rough at this time of year. Finally we landed at Le Havre about noon, wet, cold, and hungry, but we did not get anything to eat until the middle of the afternoon. Everyone had to have a meal ticket—one for breakfast, lunch and tea. Each meal was rather light but we managed to keep alive.

Our first night on French soil we slept on cobble stones in open sheds which were used for feeding horses as they passed through. This was our first cold weather but by morning we were almost frozen stiff. Thank our stars we did not stay longer than three days. Once more we bounced along on our toy trains enroute for Rimaucourt. Of course we did not learn the name of the town until we arrived. One queer thing about the army is that you never know where you're going or when, until you get there or start!

Our Christmas dinner in France was swell but from the first to the twenty-fifth was quite a while to wait for a good meal. We drilled eight hours a day, each night coming in with wet feet to no fire and not much to eat. We had a hard winter.

Starting toward the lines we left for Mardeaux, fifty kilometers away, making the journey in two days. The first day was not so bad for we made half the distance, staying at Nogent over night. The next morning we were so sore and stiff we were hardly able to move. Every mile we went seemed longer than the previous one. We did not stay long at Mardeaux, but hiked to Rolapoint and took a train to Moyon. We hiked nearly all night landing in Domp-tail-Badnete which place was not far from Baccrat which is a fair sized town. Finally we moved closer to the lines.

When we arrived at the trenches we found them very disagreeable on account of the mud and damp dugouts. Eight days is what each company has to serve but that is rather long.

After leaving the Alsace Lorraine district we went to Champagne where we had the most violent bombardment we ever had or ever will get. We lost a few men among whom were Sned, Pat and Kimble. I happened to be on guard that night so I was safe. If I had been in bed—well, good night, for my bed was blown to pieces. After the shelling had ceased we lived in the trenches for nearly a week.

At Chateau Thierry we were in the hottest scrap yet. On the morning of the twenty-eight of July we crossed the Ourq river, attacked Sergy, but were unable to get a foothold on it. I was wounded before its capture but learned later that it was a hard egg. It took five assaults to capture it.

I was taken to Mobile No. 2 which was the field hospital of the 168th. Here, also, for the first time for over a month I had a chance for a bath. Water had

been plentiful but we were not allowed to use it. The Boches poisoned nearly all the water as they retreated.

After having a good ride in the hospital train, the best part of it being that I could talk to a real American girl, I arrived at Base 34 on the third of August. There I remained until January 20 on which day I went to St. Naziere and walked up the gang plank on to the American liner, Mongolia. This trip took but ten days while it took twenty-six days when we went over. I knew when we neared New York for the fellows were nearly wild. I was taken to Grand Central Place Debarkation Hospital No. 5, on 47th and Lexington Ave., four blocks from Broadway. Here I stayed one week when I was transferred to Des Moines and taken to the Fort where I am at present. I will be transferred soon to Cape May, New Jersey, for an operation.

You may not enjoy this for it is just a brief sketch of my trip.

—Warren Rinehart.

FRANCE THROUGH THE EYES OF A PRIVATE

Leaving the United States May 10, 1918, we had a very calm trip across the Atlantic. Taking a zig-zag course, we were thirteen days making the trip. Our convoy contained sixteen transports and one cruiser and when out about three days from France we were escorted by twelve sub-chasers. The convoy carried between sixty-five and seventy-five thousand troops. Not one submarine showed up or had the courage to attack us so our voyage was not exciting, although the day before we landed the enemy subs were one degree north of us or about sixty miles, we were told.

On the morning of May 22, we sighted land and it was a pretty welcome sight too.

May 23, we docked about 10:30 in the morning and were taken thru Brest to a place about five miles from town and here we camped in a cow pasture, sleeping in our dog tents for the first time. The next day we hiked back to Brest to old Ft. Burgone, where we camped between two old walls used in the old wars as a fortress.

We left Brest the last of May and went to Calais which is twenty miles from England. On clear days you can see the English coast. The first night in Calais we were visited by the Hun in the line of an air raid. We had quite an exciting time listening to the anti-air craft guns firing to keep the enemy too high to do any damage.

While in Normandy or Brittany, which the northern part of France is called, I did not see any fences. The fields were all small acreage patches surrounded by a levee and on this grew a hedge of thorn or holly which is plentiful in France as is Mistletoe.

Another pretty sight worth mentioning is the fields of red and white clover, not like our red and white clover. The heads were of the spiked variety and a dark red like the red in the poppies that grow wild over in France. The clover is of great value for feeding cattle as it is a long stemmed variety.

Every inch of France that was plantable was raising something in the line of food; a piece of idle ground was not to be found.

After some difficulty with the English we were removed from the English sector and taken into the American fighting lines. We spent half of June and almost all of July training and in reserve before we were sent to do out bit for Uncle Sam.

After being hit with a machine gun bullet in the right arm July 29, and on

the following day by two pieces of high explosive, one of which severed the tendons in my right foot, I left for the hospital.

I arrived in Paris on the night of July 30 but couldn't see much of the city because I was lying on my back on a stretcher and looking out of an ambulance. I left Paris the morning of August first, and arrived at Base Hospital 67 that evening.

After spending six weeks in bed I managed to get around on crutches and one day to my surprise I saw Paul Hammond who had lain in the ward next to me for about a week. He left for the U. S. the next day. I was going down to Mesves, a little town by the hospital, when I ran across Don Kingkade. This was another happy day of my life while in France.

In October I saw Floyd Mabie and another friend who were in the 109th Engineers doing construction work there at the hospital center.

The grapes were now ripening and as far as you could see there were French people picking grapes to make the so called wine; also there were several American soldiers in the fields, helping themselves.

This part of France, the southern central, is not as beautiful as the northern.

The last day of October, I was sent to Blois, France, to come home but not having a service record along I was sent to Bourges and put to work in the postal service. While in Blois, I saw some wonderful sights pertaining to history; for instance the large Chateau of Blois which overlooked the city and was a magnificent structure in which the Henry's I, II and III lived, also Louis X, XI, XII, XIV, and XVI. The rooms of the building and the floors were the same as the kings had them; only the furniture was lacking.

I walked upon the same floors as the kings, visited the rooms in which the Cardinal of Lorraine and Duke of Guise were murdered and the door which Henry III stood behind when he witnessed the murders, also the cell room and dungeon with the hole in the center of the floor where the dead bodies were thrown and washed out into the Loire river.

There were a number of historic Chateaux around Blois and in the Valley of the Loire river but I was sent from Blois before I had an opportunity to see them.

The day the armistice was signed we were not let out of the Casern 'till 5 o'clock and then the French almost mobbed us and nearly kissed us to death besides drowning us with wine and champagne. The French were a lot of happy people and they said that America had saved France.

The streets of the French towns and cities are so narrow that in some places there is hardly room for two army trucks to pass. Some of the towns have no walks except the cobble stones in the streets for walks. Almost all of the people, both young and old, wear wooden shoes on account of so much rain there.

Another noticeable feature of France is that the house and stable are under one roof.

I left St. Nazaire February 28, and landed at Newport News, Va., March 12, after a trip back by the Azores Islands. This was the greatest feeling of all—to be able to set a foot back on American soil.

—Leonard C. Deal.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM GIFFORD TERRY

Was glad to hear that school had started again and hope that it will continue undisturbed the remainder of the year.

There is nothing that I like to think of better than the days in Ames High School. There is where my eyes were opened and I realized that to accomplish anything at all in the world it would be necessary to have an education. You know the rest. There were days of hard work and study at night and football and

all the other things to take care of so you see I was a busy boy. My only regret is that I am not in possession of a H. S. diploma. But you see I wouldn't stay in school. The Stars and Stripes always fascinated me and when they were in danger of being disgraced I just had to go and I'm not sorry that it happened. I thought much of my future but more for the future of my country. And, say, my love for the FLAG has increased since coming to France. I have seen the Flags of many countries and the soldiers who served under them but the old Red, White and Blue is the best of them all. SALUTE! to the most beautiful flag in the world representing the "Land of Liberty." "There's where my heart am turning."

Speaking of music, I want "The Rosary," "Humoresque," "Il Trovatore" and all the rest of the real good ones. I don't like ragtime at all. I guess I'm not like the other fellows anyway. Real things are what I enjoy—for instance music, opera, art and nature. What else is there in the world besides religion that has had so much influence on the world as those four. To a certain extent everyone can learn to like any or all of them.

Oh Boy, wait 'till I get back in God's Own Country. Slum? ? ? Not so you can notice it? Beans? I never want to hear the word again. Rice? I'm going to mark it out of my vocabulary. Canned Willy???? What—"They ain't no such animal." Voila, Mademoiselle. A chocolate cake, four layers high or deep or whatever it is, I've forgotten it now. Pie? Oui, Oui, any one of the Species Americano will suit me. Question?—What is a two story BISCUIT? Say why would it be good to "kick the bucket" while one is happy? Tell all the folks hello.

Corporal Gifford C. Terry,
M. T. C. No. 13—A. P. O. 913

P. S. I was attached to the 1st Div. for some time, then was used as Army troops, that is, no Division. Now I am in the Motor Transport Corps. No signs of coming home soon. Look for Anti-Aircraft Artillery Detachment in the list of sailings. This is the only way you could recognize my outfit.

WAR ORPHANS IN AMES HIGH SCHOOL

Last year when our country was at war, A. H. S. rallied nobly to the support of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. This year, although we are not at war, our President and other great statesmen have asked us to continue our war work. So Ames High School has adopted two war orphans. The money for their support has been contributed by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. who gave their share of the carnival proceeds, and by the SPIRIT. However, every student in Ames High School should feel an interest in these war orphans, because the loyal support of the students to the various organizations has made it possible for them to adopt two French children.

The Y. W. decided to adopt Keine Degrusse', a little girl six years old, whose father was killed. The Y. M. decided to adopt Raymond De' Chanet, who is four years old.

It costs thirty-six dollars a year for each child. This amount will enable them to remain at home with their mothers, when otherwise they would probably have been placed in some public institution. A. H. S. is to hear from these orphans several times during the year.

When the war clouds have all blown away and a great deal of the horror of war is forgotten it will be a pleasure for the present students of Ames High School to remember that they helped to make at least two grief stricken homes happier.



The first class was graduated from Ames High School thirty-nine years ago, in 1880. This class, composed of five girls, went to school in what is now Central Building. The only one that now lives near Ames is Mrs. Lillian Berlin, who resides at Maxwell, Iowa, time having scattered the other four to all parts of the United States.

The next graduating class was that of 1881. This class also consisted wholly of girls. Probably the best known of these are: Harriet Porter Haywood, a missionary in Porto Rico, and Mrs. Martha Wilson, Ames, Iowa.

Class of 1883

No one graduated in 1882 and in 1883 there were four boys and four girls. Two of the boys are well known Ames men:

L. C. Tilden.

F. B. Spence.

No graduating class in 1884.

Class of 1885

Frank Haverly, Ames.

Bernice Sheldon, Ames.

Mrs. Katie Sargent, Boone.

Mrs. Lulu Ringham, Nevada.

Mrs. Clara Manning, Ames.

Class of 1886

Cena Thayer, Ames.

Mrs. Lillie Loughran, Ames.

Class of 1887

Annie Hemstreet Waltmire, Ames.

Flo Fitchpatrick Kimmel, Ames.

Gertrude Morris, Ames.

Myrtle Lanning, Ames.

Sam Kooser, Ames.

Edward Kiddings, Marshalltown.

Class of 1888

Mrs. Ruth Tilden, Ames.

Mrs. Lynn Adams, Ames.

Mrs. Ella Morris, Ames.

Mrs. Hattie Dodds, Ames.

Mrs. Minnie Potter, Ames.

Class of 1889

R. H. McCarthy, Ames.

W. D. Rich, Sioux City.

Class of 1890

Mrs. Frank Allen, Ames.

Mrs. C. E. Holmes, Ames.

No graduating class in 1891.

Class of 1892

Only one person graduated in 1892, Mrs. Alice Stuckslager, Genoa, Nebr.

No graduating class in 1893.

Class of 1894

Harry Brown, Ames.

R. D. Goble,

Jessie A. Kooser, Ames.

Class of 1895

Mrs. H. W. Gray, Ames.

Class of 1896

Mrs. Gus Martin, Ames.
Raymond Wertman, Chicago, Ill.

Class of 1897

Daisy Brown, Missionary in China.
Bertha Epperson, Ames.
Minnie Perkins, Ames.
Margaret Wilson, Missionary in India.

Class of 1898

Thyra Hyland, Ames.
Myrtle McQueal, Ames.
Mrs. Will Homstock, Ames.
Margaret Stanton,
Mrs. Ethel Underwood Meeker,
Ames.
Mrs. Lou Cole, Ames.

Class of 1899

Estella B. McCormick, Cedar Falls.
Roy O'Brien, Jefferson.

Class of 1900

Jeannette Bartholomew Lincoln,
Ames.

Mrs. Nellie Haverly, Ames.
Rush Lincoln, Ames.
Mrs. Roy Franks, Ames.

Class of 1901

L. J. Cole, Ames.
Monah Tabbott, Ames.
Lena Newhard, Ames.
Mrs. R. F. Webster.
Dwight Davis, Ames.
Blanche Johnson, Ames.
Mrs. Belle Newlen, Ames.

Class of 1902

Florence Brenneman Tilden, Ames.
Minnie Cameron Allen, Ames.
Pearl Clayton, Kelley.
Ben Keltner, Ames.
Leona Tabbott, Ames.
Luella Robb, Ames.

Class of 1904

Mrs. Glendora Wallis, Ames.
Ada Hayden, Ames.
Mrs. Myrtle Beedle, Ames.
Kate Lysinger, Ames.
Mr. Benson, Iowa City.

Class of 1905

George Clark, Bainbridge, Mass.
(Deceased.)
Mrs. Sadie Clark Schregardus,
Columbus, Ohio.

Lyle Corlette, Schnectady, N. Y.
Louis Doggett, Ames.
Frank McCall, Valley Junction.
Tom McCall, Crookston, Minn.
Grace Powell, Ames.
Ethel Perkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Genevieve Perkins.
Ben Reed, Ames.
Warren T. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal.
Gene Underwood, Nevada.
Mrs. Pleasant Fincham, Ames.
Leslie Buchanan, Ames.
Irene Buchanan, Nakima, Wash.
Fred Randau, Ames.
Mrs. Frank Dragoun, Ames.

This class was characterized by having four pairs of brothers and sisters. They are:

George and Sadie Clark.
Frank and Tom McCall.
Irene and Leslie Buchanan.
Ethel and Genevieve Perkins.

Class of 1906

Nina Madson, Ames.
Robert Trullinger, Canal Zone.
Truman Manning, Ames.
Walter O'Donnell, Ames.
Dr. Graham, Lexington, Ky.
Hilda Orland, Ames.
Mildred Semmons, Ames.
Howard Hill, Ames.
Mary Templeton, Ames.
Avis Cole, Ames.
William Beardshear, Ames.

Class of 1907

Max Hardin.
Winter Paxtion.
Emily Watkins, Ames.
Harvey Taylor, Ames.
Dr. Lou Willey, Ames.
Pearl Banks Dawson, Ames.
Charles Beardshear, Ames.

Class of 1908

Ruth Barrett, Los Angeles, Cal.
Jennings Bauge, Ames.
Lura Buckton, Ames.
Mrs. Nancy Long, Ames.
Albert Fowler, Nevada.
Ada Gerbracht, Ames.
Mable Kingsbury Clark, Ames.
Earl Kooser, Ames.
Joe Lewis, Ames.

Gilbert Brintnall, Ames.
Bessie Mellor, Ames.
Irwin Meltzer, Ames.
Neva Nichols, Ames.
Class of 1909
Harry Cave, Ames.
Floyd Wambeam, Killed in France.

Chas. McDonald, Ames.
Paul Reis, Ames.
David Edwards, Ames.
Margaret Niles, Ames.
Frank Roberson, Ames.
Florence Willey, Ames.
William Meltzer, Ames.

CLASS OF 1887





LITERARY BOARD



Standing—Faye Caul, Lowell Hauser, Fern Grover.
Seated—Lura Woods, Gertrude Reis, Miss Coskery, Margaret Sloss

LARKSPUR

Thru sylvan glades I wandered far
 Alone, not lonely, like a star.
 The violets smiled brightly up,
 'Midst fragrant mint, the buttercup
 Displayed its chalice gold.

Within a deeply sheltered nook
 'Neath leafy trees, beside the brook,
 With nodding head, the sky-blue bell,
 Quaint, tinkling mysteries seemed to tell;
 And pealed tunes ages old.

A vista opened to my sight,
 All bathed in sunlight, gold and white,
 Standing erect in royal pride,
 A purple army spreading wide,
 Flaunted its colors bold.

Each larkspur spike a tall knight seemed;
 Rich on green-armored breast there gleamed
 A velvet vest of violet hue.
 And high aloft a banner blue
 Each warrior true did hold.

And even yet on gloomy days,
 My memory strange fancy plays.
 In woodlands, seeming ever near,
 The larkspur army does appear,
 And charms again as old.

—Helen Watson, '17.

BLUFFING

(Essay in Imitation of Lamb)

After bluffing in English today, and getting by with it, and after thinking it over this evening I came to the conclusion that anyone who could successfully accomplish such a literary feat was deserving of a higher grade than the one who studied and really recited.

You know how one thought leads to another; so soon I was thinking of the first bluffs and of famous bluffs all over the world. Some were successful; others were not. The first bluffer that entered my head was Adam, who tried to bluff by laying all the blame on Eve for the eating of the apple, and ever since all of his numerous sons have followed the example of the illustrious father of the race. Later Noah bluffed when he sent the dove to find land.

Coming down to more modern times I thought of Columbus and how he bluffed about the land and declared he was not frightened when in reality his teeth chattered. He, one of a very few, succeeded with his bluff. However, he never would have if the land hadn't been accomodating enough to appear when it did, else his sailors would have fed him to the fishes of the briny deep. Then we might still all be "heathen Chinese" and America more than likely would never have been found. Everything would be different and probably such a creation as an essay wouldn't exist. Columbus' bluff was either exceedingly lucky or exceed-

ingly unlucky. Which? No one can sit on the fence in this matter. Either it was lucky or unlucky.

Getting closer home, think of the bluffs of various great men of the United States in recent times. All politicians and diplomats are bluffers. The proper name for a diplomat would be blufferino. Presumably then, if such were the case, when America broke off diplomatic relations with Germany the news sheets all over the country should have announced in glaring, glittering headlines:

"U. S. SEVERES BLUFFERINIC RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

And then speaking of Germany brought to my mind the greatest bluffer the world has ever known—"His Former Majesty Ex Kaiser Wilhelm Hohenzollern II," ruler of Germany in most person's estimation—ruler of the heavens, the earth, the sea and all that is in each, in his own estimation. No explanation is needed for Bill. Everyone knows him now better than is good for his delicate constitution and intellect, and a great deal better than he wishes to have people know him.

"Jane," called Mother, "you may be able to bluff in English but you can't bluff with me. You're sleepy. Go to bed at once and clear your brain out sufficiently so that you can study for tomorrow and won't need to bluff."

—Eleanor Murray.

THE WAR BREAD BALLAD

A flour sack walked down the street,
And he was partly filled with wheat,
He tried to keep a smiling face,
And also walk a rapid pace.

He met his cousin, Sir Corn Flour,
Who was just then the man of the hour,
In tailed coat and a diamond pin,
And a somewhat yellow-colored skin.

He greeted his poor cousin with surprise
To see the color had left his eyes.
"What is the matter, dear old chap?
Just come with me and take a nap."

"There's nothing at all the matter with me,"
Said White Flour with great courtesy,
"But I have lost my old position
And seem to be well out of commission."

"I know your trouble," the other said,
"No wonder you are white around the head,
But I have plans that I will lend,
Which will put you well unto the end."

"You and I will get into a pan
And make the best bread that we can.
I'm sure we'll make a great big hit,
And also be doing our little bit."

—Ted Kooser.

THE TINKERER

In the Tribune office, Jack Vincent, a short husky young lad of sixteen years, suddenly stepped back from a machine in the basement and with an expression of fright, dropped the wrench from his hand at the sound of the harsh voice of his employer.

"Get yourself away from that folding machine and stay away. If you don't stop that everlasting tinkering with my machinery, you'll lose your job. Remember that!"

"I guess I know enough about this machinery to fix this little break," retorted Jack in an undertone.

"You may think you do, but I'll not risk it. After this, keep your hands off the wrench and hammer. Understand?" snapped the foreman, Fred Blakely.

The printer's devil suppressed a second retort for he not only despised to be ridiculed, but he hated the word "tinkering" from which he had earned the name "Tinkering Jack."

A few months before, Jack had made a few little inventions for use in the office for which he had received no credit or encouragement except from his fast friend, "Dad" Clarion, who worked a linotype on the upper floor.

"Something tells me that my chance must come sooner or later," remarked the apprentice optimistically.

"That's right, Jack, my boy, you've got the right stuff in you. Don't give it up. You'll make good," encouraged the old grey-haired printer as he looked closely at the uneasy boy from under his greasy, blackened spectacles.

For weeks Jack continued to feel sorrowful over his continued tough luck, as he termed it, and to wait eagerly for an opportunity to prove his ability for understanding machinery and for acting as a mechanic.

After this country entered the war and there was more or less errand work for him to do about the city getting special news for extra editions, the foreman finally consented to buy Jack a motorcycle and side car to save time in making urgent trips. His mechanical knowledge had been greatly increased by the fact that he had kept the machine in perfect shape and had learned each part of it and its function.

Breakdowns had many times been remedied by him in a remarkably short time and very efficiently, but he, himself, was the only person that knew and realized it. All this gave him more self-confidence in attending his hoped-for success.

One day as Jack was working industriously, the boss came running in like mad and barked, "Hi! Tinkering Jack, run for some large type at Frank's. Hurry! It's important. We must scoop over the Capital. We've received some special war news on the start of a victorious drive for the Allies."

Jack was off at the first word and bang! bang! he sped down the street. In a short time he was back with the type, but found that something very discouraging had taken place during his absence. Why were the linotypes and presses not running? Where was the usual crack and hum of the electric motors? It was easy to understand. The power was off. The linotypes must remain silent until the power came on. But it was worse than that for they said that the power house was partially destroyed by fire. Then that meant no more power that day, no paper, and no scoop for the Tribune. The rival paper was run by another plant so it would not be delayed. Then it would get the scoop, the honor, and the profit. He must find some way to keep the paper from failing. If it worked he would have proved his ability and if not,—well, we could risk that.

The printers began their work of setting type by hand which was a slow, tedious job and even then by their working all the afternoon, the paper could not

be put out sooner than six o'clock instead of four o'clock. Still three hours remained.

"I'm going over to eat a bite and think this over seriously. All of you stick to your work for all you're worth. And you, Tinkering Jack, work and don't tinker," commanded the foreman as he hastily departed from the scene.

As soon as Blakely left, the boy whispered something to "Dad" Clarion and then stealthily slipped down stairs and shortly the hand elevator came to a stop with squeaks and squawks on the floor of confusion. From it came Jack, hammer in hand, dragging a crate-like structure at his side. He set this near the linotype and at right angles with it, then in he smuggled his motorcycle and with the aid of his friend set it on the frame free from the floor.

"What's Jack up to now?" sneeringly queried the workmen who were on the other side of the room out of view of the proceedings.

Next the boy attached a belt from the drive of the motorcycle to the pulley of the linotype, nailed stakes at each side of the belt to prevent its slipping off, moved the crate and motorcycle forward until the belt was tight and then mounted his machine and started it at half speed.

"All right, Mr. Operator," hailed Jack to the astonished printers, as he proudly watched the linotype begin to operate.

Instantly all hands began work on the machine which was of extraordinary size, and the familiar click, click, click was soon heard.

In came the boss with a down-hearted look on his face which instantly brightened as he asked, "When was the power turned on?"

"There is the power," remarked "Dad" Clarion, as he pointed behind the machine at the motorcycle and rider. The boss simply stared.

"Well, maybe that boy is made of the right stuff after all," said the foreman, although Jack had not noticed his presence.

At four o'clock the paper was turned out and everyone waited for the outcome. In came a reporter with a wild cheer.

"We've scooped the Capital by twenty minutes," he bellowed.

"And you made it possible," Blakely said to the boy, "Some tinkerer. Say, Jack, you can just use the hammer and monkey wrench any time you want to hereafter."

—Homer Tostlebe.

HOW THE GRASSHOPPER BECAME THE BROWNIES' RACE HORSE

"The grasshopper, the grasshopper, I will explain to you
He is the brownies' race horse, the fairies' kangaroo."

—Vachel Lindsay.

Once upon a time when the world was young there lived a great big greenish colored grasshopper whom everybody knew as Snipper. He had great big long horns which curled at the ends and two great big eyes—monstrous things they were—made up of thousands of little eyes. There was one on each side of his head and between them in front was one tiny little eye. He could see everything around him without moving a muscle. But his crowning feature was two beautiful rainbow colored wings which were his greatest pride.

Snipper was the swiftest and strongest of the whole insect tribe. No one could rival him in strength or swiftness, and because of this he became king of the insect tribe. But Snipper's beauty was only skin deep and he used his strength and beauty for himself and his family alone. Nevertheless, because of his strength and greatness he was worshipped by the whole insect tribe.

It was about this time that three Brownies came to the forest to seek a place

for their annual ball. But instead of a nice green forest and pretty flowers and shrubs what do you suppose they saw? Why, there wasn't a single green thing left. Not even a leaf on a tree or a blade of grass. No sir, not even one. Search as they would, not one could they find. They did discover, however, a tiny hole right close to the ground in a great big dead oak tree. They decided to investigate and what do you suppose they found? Why, inside, that tree was all hollow and in it was Snipper together with all the people of his kingdom feasting on the green things of which they had stripped the forest.

The Brownies were so enraged to think that anyone would dare to take away from them their ball grounds that they jumped upon Snipper and grabbed his horns and dragged him out of the tree away from the crowd of dazed insects, straight to the palace of King Hergo. When they reached the palace doors, the watchman laughed so much at the sight that Snipper presented as he was dragged along carrying one of the Brownies on his back, that he almost forgot to open the door for them. But once within the palace they proceeded straight to the front of King Hergo's throne. When they reached there the Brownie who rode Snipper told the King of what Snipper had done—of the bare forest robbed of all its green things, of the hollow tree, and the feast.

King Hergo listened gravely until he had finished, then turned to Snipper and said, "Since you can not leave the forests alone you must go from them and hereafter you shall dwell in and eat of the fields of man and be the most cursed of all insects. You shall no longer be able to fly but only to jump from place to place and your wings shall be covered from the eyes of men so that none may know your beauty. And since you so admirably serve the Brownies for a mount you shall hereafter be their horse."

As he spoke brown shields began to cover Snipper's wings and instead of flying from the room he could only jump with long, awkward jumps, the Brownie still clinging to his back. From that day to this, Snipper and his descendants have always hidden their wings under shields and have jumped from place to place and the Brownies still ride the grass hoppers in their races.

—Catharine Morris.

THE ARISTOCRACY

"O but I wish somebody would come and see my mamma," sighed little Johnny, as he seated himself, all freshly starched and shining, on the wide veranda steps. His dearest possession, his mother, was in the house feeling very blue and lonesome. "If we only lived where we used to, down by Pat's house an' old Mister Wiggins' an' Fanny Smith's, an' Henery Wilbur's—M—M—I'd be so glad I could just—eat my shirt! But mamma says now that daddy is head of the store we can live here; 's if it was the nicest place in town! I guess she don't like it very well but just says that, so papa won't think she's lonesome. But she can't fool me! I heard 'er talking about 'istocratic' and 'ant hills,' you bet! There's Mrs. Bradley across the street having a party; b'lieve I'll go over an' see if she's 'istocratic."

Johnny walked across the street rather timidly, since six ladies were enough to make any young man bashful. But the sight of little pink cakes urged him on, and so it was not long before he reached the large stone steps of Mrs. Bradley's home.

The ladies did not see him at first, as they were deep in a discussion about "The Absurdity of Pushing One's Self Into Society," but when Johnny put his little foot on the first step, the ladies all stared at the little intruder and then became suddenly silent.

So Johnny continued his ascent, not having understood that in their discussion they were referring to some one very close to his heart. By the time he arrived at the screen door, the hostess came to her senses and fairly "fell all over herself" trying to make him forget what he had heard, if he had heard anything. "Come right in, my little fellow, but let me open the door for you," she said, hastening to open the door. "Isn't your name Johnny Silverton?"

"Yessum," Johnny weakly responded, thoroughly terrified by those six ladies, five of whom were looking at him with wide eyes and unwelcoming faces.

"Would you like some cake?" ventured the hostess again, not quite knowing what to do with her little visitor.

Standing on first one sandal shod foot and then on the other, crushing his snowy white hat into a thousand wrinkles, and feasting his frightened eyes on the little pink cakes, he again answered, "Yessum."

A delicate pink cake in his hand revived his spirits wonderfully, so he asked his question at once, preparing to run as soon as he received his answer.

"Are you 'istocratic?"

"Why, Johnny; yes—er—no! I think not!" came the answer.

"O—o—o goody! I'm gonna tell my mamma!" and Johnny started to run out of the door.

"Just a minute, laddie, I want to talk to you!" exclaimed his hostess, her face pink with surprise and confusion. "What will you tell your mother?"

"I'll tell her you aren't 'istocratic a-tall 'cause you said so an' I know you told me the truth because when I asked my mamma what 'istocratic means, my mamma said it was people who thought they were nicer than anybody else an' stuck up their noses. An' you don't do that, do you?" Johnny took the silence of the embarrassed lady to mean no, and continued: "My mamma said this was the first time she got lonesome since she left New York 'cause——"

"Did you say your mother came from New York?" asked two or three at once.

"Yessum—cause when we lived down on Oak street by Fanny Smiths' and the rest of those folks my mamma never got lonesome 'cause she didn't have time. But when we moved over here on your street we got Tillie to do the sweeping and Hannah to cook 'cause papa had a big raise and then my mamma didn't have anything to do and she got so lonesome, and she told papa once that she thought you ladies paid as much 'spect to her as an ant hill and she thought you must be very 'istocratic."

"O, I see." The ladies wished to hear more.

So Johnny began again, not quite run down yet: "Well, an' my mamma got so lonesome she wrote a letter to Auntie Abbottsfield in New York to come and see us. 'Smorning we got a letter from her an' she said she can come jus' as soon as she gets through with a house-party she's having. But that won't be 'till way next month an' my mamma——"

"Miss Ellen Abbottsfield?"

"The society queen?"

"Who, Miss Abbottsfield?"

"Why, your future visitor is not THE Miss Ellen Abbottsfield, of New York, by any chance?" come all questions at once from the surprised group.

"Yessum, her name's Ellen, that's it!" exclaimed Johnny, amazed that the ladies all seemed to know her. "She's the most un 'istocratic lady I know of, an' cause my mamma used to be with her all the time 'fore she was married she tells me to call her 'Auntie' but she isn't my auntie a-tall! An' she's coming to see us!" repeated Johnny, wishing to remain the center of interest as long as pos-

sible. But the ladies looked peculiarly beaten, and were not thinking of him at all, so he went home.

A week later, very aristocratic invitations, written on very aristocratic paper, were sent around by a very aristocratic lady to all of the aristocratic ladies in the town of Arborville, requesting their honorable presence

at
A Luncheon
to be given at the home of
MRS. JAMES S. BRADLEY
in honor of
MRS. EDGAR L. SILVERTON

And so little Johnny's mother became a member of the aristocracy.

—Marjorie Beam.

OF A CERTAIN GREEN-EYED MONSTER

Charles gave Elizabeth a Dodo,
He never even offered one to me,
The loveliest lemon-colored Dodo,
With the greenest eyes that one could wish to see.

Now, it isn't that I'm doubting that Charles loves me,
And I know that he would take me out to tea,
But he DID give Elizabeth a Dodo,
And he never even offered one to me.

—Esther Lilian Duff.

This short poem has practically a universal appeal because of the fact that very few of us have escaped a combat with that "certain green-eyed monster." We can all appreciate that pang of jealousy that comes for no reason except that "Charles gave Elizabeth a Dodo and never even offered one to me."

The poem is also written in a very attractive way. We are naturally more interested in the example of Elizabeth and the Dodo than we would have been if jealousy had been treated in an abstract way. The poem is also rather suggestive in style for although the writer did not give her exact state of mind we can easily imagine it.

The rhythm is also very pleasing and altogether we feel that Esther Lilian Duff has written a poem that is very worth while.

—Harriet Tilden.

WITH GREEN EARS

"What shall we do with Bobby? He tells more and more every day. Oh you can say it's just imagination if you want to, but when he tells the minister that I intend to be a tight rope walker during the summer and that you are his step-father and beat him and—well, then I think it is time his imagination was curbed." Thus spoke Bobby's mother.

"Well, yes, if it's getting that bad I really think something should be done. But—what?" said Bobby's father.

"Yes, what? I've scolded and pleaded but he firmly declares that everything he says is the truth. Even that impossible one about the purple elephant with whom he talks so often."

The door burst open and in came Bobby, rosy cheeked and panting, hardly seeming a subject for such serious talk.

"Saw the el'phant again!" he announced, beaming at them sweetly.

"The purple one?" questioned his father. "Do you know its name?"

"Yes. It is—it's—John."

"John! Why, I saw an elephant, a purple one, named John, just this morning."

Bobby's mother looked at his father aghast, but he winked at her—a way grown-ups have of doing when children are concerned.

"John," said his mother. "Oh, do you mean that one? Why, I know him."

Bobby was for a moment astounded. Then he smiled at them both, with perfect acquiescence, and launched forth into wild tales of what John had said and done.

His parents looked at each other with a hopeless and conquered look.

That night as his mother kissed him good night, Bobby looked up at her with a sleepy smile and said, "Mother, it has green ears like a—dog. And—he can wig—gle them. D'you ever see—a purple——?" And his voice trailed off into silence as he went to sleep to dream of the purple elephant named John.

—Harriett E. Schleiter.

"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."

How suggestive are these lines from Milton—young and old, rich and poor can understand and enjoy them. How well we can see Sport, happy and gay, and as bright and fresh as a May morning. He nimbly turns sommersaults and lightly and gracefully skips and dances. So entrancing is he, that those about him join in the fun, unconsciously throwing away trouble and shaking off dull cares.

And then comes laughter, fat and jolly, whose sides shake like jelly. Children, especially, are fond of him. They love to watch his grimaces and antics. Perhaps he tries a sommersault or two, but he is not as nimble and quick as Sport, and so he topples over on one side or the other, because, you see, he is too fat, and besides he laughs too much.

Perhaps you have never seen Sport and Laughter. Hunt—I am sure you can find them. And when they are found, acquire them, for troubles will end and cares fall away, joy and happiness taking their places.

—Jeanette Beyer.

SIGN BOARDS

(An Essay imitative of Lamb)

If we look in the dictionary we find that Webster defines the signboard as a post or sign bearing a notice. What this notice may be depends very largely on the locality in which it is found, its purpose being almost anything from an advertisement for chewing tobacco, to a light reminder, placed on someone's lawn, that the sidewalks are to walk on. Then there is powder which some females use as a sign that they do not think that their complexions are perfect enough to be seen in public.

Besides the aforementioned powder, there is another variety more deadly to men, although white powder along with the countenance under it has ruined the life of more than one young man. This black powder was used quite extensively in the present war and many men are lying under the soil of France because of its deadly effects.

When we sit down and think of the thousands of men who have been killed in this great struggle we are likely to wonder whether, in spite of all our modern

inventions and seemingly civilized exterior, we are much advanced beyond that stage in the world when men fought each other with clubs and stones. But in spite of this great war we may be coming to a new and greater era in the "League of Nations." In the Revolutionary times people said that a democracy could not possibly exist. The world is again starting out on something new, and things just born cannot be expected to have all the marks of maturity. Nothing was created complete except a certain Grecian goddess and we sometimes doubt those tales that we study about in Latin.

—Richard Beckman.

MY PHILOSOPHY

There are times when you're feeling lonely
And days when you feel quite blue;
But the world is all so busy,
It can't stop to care for you.

Tho you may feel dark and gloomy,
Tho you may be cheery and gay,
Of you, always, the same is expected,
No matter the kind of a day.

Then take up your task in earnest,
Don't bow to a varying mood,
And soon you will feel much better,
And the world will seem full of good.

Life cannot go on forever,
In the same monotonous strain,
Things are bound to change for the better,
Like the sunshine which comes out of rain.

It's a long road which leads to contentment,
And for some it is very hard;
But to those whose struggle is hardest
Will be given the greatest reward.

—Russell Barker.

CATALOGUING

(Written in imitation of Addison)

One evening as I was looking through the books in my library, I observed a book which I had not noticed before. It was located in an obscure corner of the bookcase, quite covered with dust. Brushing off some of this dust, I found on the cover "History of the United States," which I took to be the title. This book I trusted to have belonged to some of my ancestors, who, I have heard, spent much of their time perusing the pages of such volumes as this. This book was probably used in about the year 1919.

Upon close application of my glasses, I found the color of this remarkable book to be a dark green, but by the hard usage it had seen, and the many years that had elapsed since, to the naked eye no color was visible.

Amidst the pages of this ancient volume were many loose sheets of paper upon which was some sort of handwriting. As it was very dim, I again used my

glasses, applying them most diligently. By this careful scrutiny I discovered many small messages, concerning lessons, dates, (a kind of fruit, I afterwards learned), teachers, friends, et cetera. I carefully removed all of these, and put them away for future reference, not clearly understanding the meanings of these small epistles.

Upon first opening the book, I noticed many heavy sighs and deep moans, which increased in volume as I turned the leaves. These were, most probably, the groans of the poor book under its heavy burden of learning. Indeed, the book was so full of knowledge that I was not surprised when I recalled that a great number of asylums had been built at the time this book was in use. Throughout these moans and groans the name "Ball" breathed like a lost soul. I took this to be the one mortal who had mastered all the knowledge this unusual book contained.

I noticed that by this book, were several other books of the same appearance bearing the names—"English Literature," "Civics," "Geometry," "Shorthand," "Algebra," etc., but upon discovering the lateness of the hour, I determined to leave these until the next evening, when I could again resume my observations of these ancient volumes.

—Jeanette Beyer.

WHEN PORK MET SAUER KRAUT

The turnip said to the cabbage plant,
"I'd hate to have such a head."
"Well, with it I will feed the world,
On sauer kraut," he said.

Said a slender snake to a fat little hog
"I'd hate to be such a pig."
"Well, I will feed some Yankee boys
When I get good and big.

And sure enough the cabbage fed
The world on sauer kraut;
The Germans though they were the world,
But soon the truth found out.

For the Yankee boys that ate the pig
Did go right "over there,"
And wiped up all of Europe
With mops of German hair.

—Zelma Holmes.

Some fish for a minnow and some for a whale.
Some have success while others fail
Be not content with the minnows that bite
Fish for a whale—if you must stay up all night.

—Margaret Sloss.

OVER THE TOP

Over the top into no man's land,
A hundred Yankees go.
Over the top into no man's land
To fight with a hellish foe.

In each man's hand is a rifle,
On each man's lip is a curse.
For the hate for his "superman" rival,
Could not be made any worse.

Each Yankee's eyes flash fire,
Each Yankee's heart beats fast,
As he crawls through the German's barbed wire,
And gropes his way through the gas.

The Yankees at last reach the trenches,
And clash with their terrible foe.
And the Germans that leave those trenches,
To the prison camps do go.

—James Bissell.

CARRY ON!

Living always for tomorrow,
Let's forget our yesterdays.
Why be thinking of past sorrow
When today we may be gay?
Far ahead, there are in future
Perfect days of rosy dawn,
If we'll just make this our scripture,
"Take the burden! Carry On!"

Why should pique and worry master,
Why be tried by petty things?
They go fast, let us speed faster;
Soar above on eagles' wings.
Far behind let's cast the troubles,
No one's sorry that they're gone,
Care not who has pricked our bubbles.
Smile! We're ready. Carry On!

—Helen Watson, '17.



BOOK 2



STUDENT
ACTIVITIES



**STUDENT
ACTIVITIES
BOOK-TWO**



ATHLETIC BOARD

The athletic board is composed of the following: Ellis Scovel, president of the "A" Club; Earl Elliot, captain of the basketball team; Roy Bennett, captain of the football team; and last, but not least, Bob Thompson, athletic director, who acts as the secretary of the board.

Sam Carter acts as treasurer of the board and of the athletic fund.

THE "A" CLUB

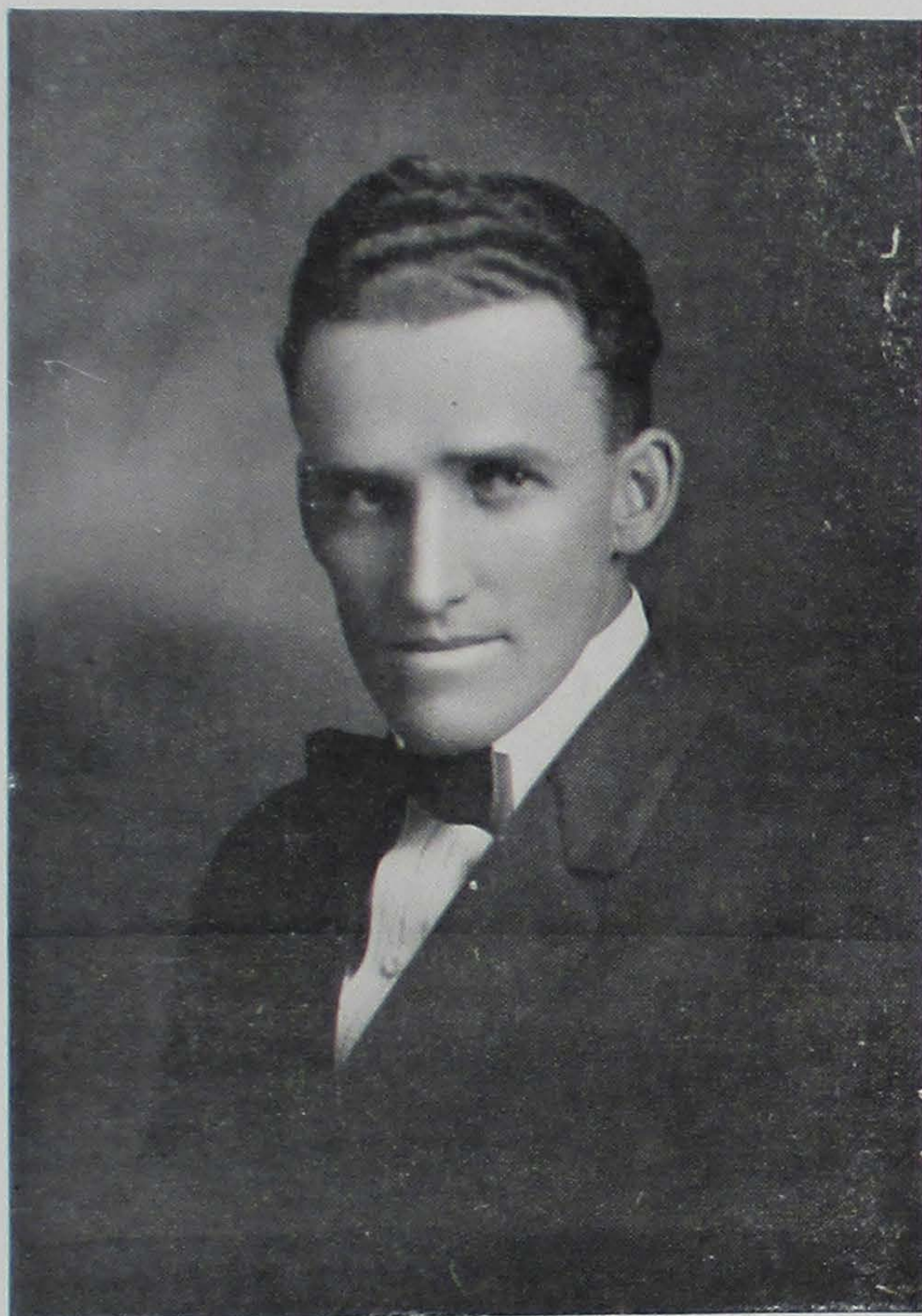
The "A" Club is composed of fellows who have won their monograms in some phase of athletics, and who have been initiated into the club, together with Mr. Steffey and Mr. Thompson, as advisors.

The duty of the "A" Club is to promote athletics in the Ames High School. The Club also has charge of the scheduling of games, buying and issuing of sweaters, and the electing of captains for the different high school teams. In addition to this the club also has a social purpose of uniting the fellows with one another for the interests of Ames High.

The club being a new organization has not been very active, although it had a prominent part in the planning and giving of the Carnival, from the receipts of which money was taken by the club to buy sweaters for the men winning their monograms this year.

The "A" Club has put off the election of the football captain for next fall until that time because there will come back to school next fall men who are not in school at the present time, but who will be eligible for the team. Coach Thompson thinks that these men should have a chance to vote for the man they want to pilot our victorious team next year.

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR



COACH THOMPSON

In view of the record made by the first squads in football, basketball and track, it is only appropriate and just that we honor our coach, who has conscientiously directed the practice work and insured the success of the teams. Although there was a scarcity of material especially for football the past year, and a scarcity of gridiron battles because of the "flu" epidemic, Coach Thompson built up some first teams that surprised and won the respect of the schools with which they contended.

This is the fourth year that "Bob" Thompson has brought our teams to success. He lacks none of the essentials that constitute a good coach, having stimulated pepper, fight, and clean play in each player, and being cheerful, heady, earnest, fair, and resourceful at all times. Trained by such a coach, our teams have left in the history of the past school year a row of consistently successful seasons.

REVIEW OF THE 1918 FOOTBALL SEASON

The football season of 1918 was one of upsets. No sooner was a game near at hand and the players trained and put into perfect shape to meet their opponents than the game was called off on account of the quarantine for the "flu." Since the material to form the squad was inexperienced, and light in weight, the team had no more than hit its stride when the "flu" epidemic shut the gate on it. Taken altogether, however, the two conflicts staged showed a game bunch of clever, clean fighters with the possibilities of a great team in 1919.

All the regulars will return next year undoubtedly, with the exception of Cupps, our valuable lineman, who will receive his sheepskin this spring.

At a call from Coach Thompson about twenty candidates came out regularly for practice and from these he selected the team to represent us in the first game.

Ames, 3; Webster City, 0.

Meeting a team heavier and more experienced on a strange gridiron, Ames was unable to get loose for any spectacular runs or to make any great successive gains. On the other hand, Webster City was never dangerous, discovering their own inability to break through our line and hold their own, besides their folly in forward passing. Scovel, Elliot, and Gray were nearly always good for a gain and seldom thrown for a loss. The features of this game were the speed and remarkable dodging ability of Elliot in his carrying the ball through the line and around the end likewise—all eyes of the spectators seemed centered on him—and Thompson's perfect drop-kick from the 35-yard line which practically won the game. Our line easily broke up the shift plays or formations of their opponents and forced them to resort to end runs, or punts. Only once was the ball in Ames' territory and then but for a very short time, which showed Webster City's continual failure in gaining first down. When the final whistle sounded our eleven was nearing Webster's goal by leaps and bounds, and smearing our worn-out opponents by their fight in the final spurt.

Ames, 14; Jefferson, 0.

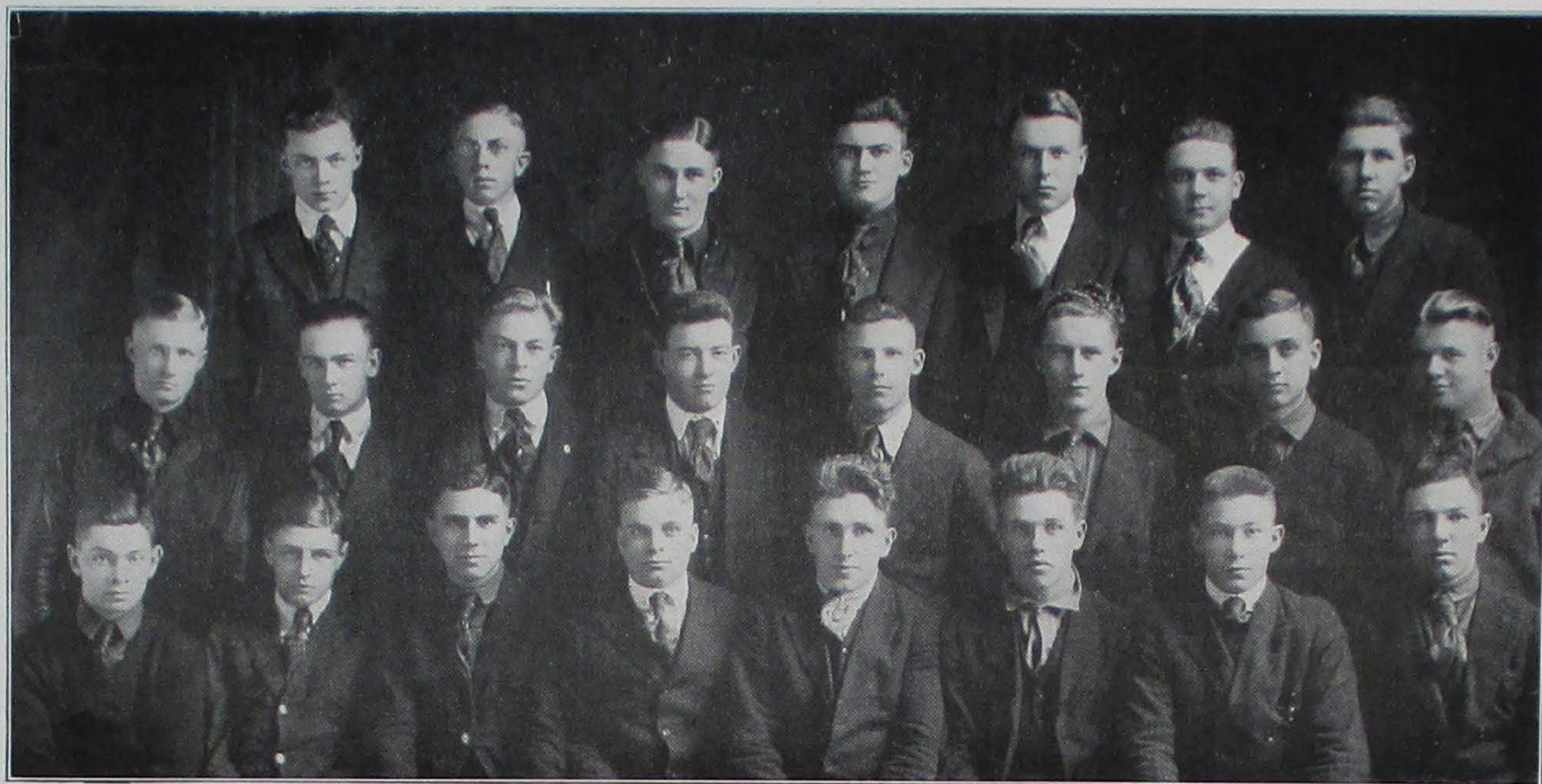
This was a struggle from start to finish. Ames was at a loss on account of the absence of two backfield men, Gray, because of sickness, and Captain Bennett because of ineligibility. Nevertheless, Ames realized the value of having some first-class substitutes for these positions from the line and won the game through head-work and everlasting effort. The teams see-sawed back and forth down the field the first half until the Ames squad at last forced the pig-skin over the line and kicked the goal. Toward the finish of the game the second half of the count was made when Elliott intercepted a forward pass and sped half-way down the field for a touch-down.

Throughout the contest the Ames players showed the style of an open, running, and plunging kind of a game, characteristic of all of our plucky fighting demons.

Jefferson High, however, fought gamely to the last, though defeat seemed inevitable.

1918 Football Record: Ames, 3; Webster City, 0. Ames, 14; Jefferson, 0. Total score: Ames, 17; Opponents, 0.

1918 FOOTBALL SQUAD



Top Row—Larsen, Mayo (L. G.), Corneliussen (L. E.), Thornburg (C.), Cupps (R. G.), Scovel (F. B.), Noble.
Middle Row—Elliot (R. H.), O'Brien, Tanner, Meyers, Gray (L. H.), Capt. Bennett (Q. B.), Stewart, Griffith.
Bottom Row—Potter (L. E.), Allen, Hess (R. E.), Howell, Thompson (R. T.), Burns, Gore (R. E.), Mattox (L. T.)

THE FOOTBALL MEN

CAPTAIN BENNETT (Q. B.)

Roy Bennett played a good game at Webster City, where he held down the position of quarter back and used good judgment in the handling of the team. He was captain at the first of the year but later was lost to the team on account of ineligibility.

CORNELUISSEN (L. E.)

"Scoop" Corneluissen was an able man, being capable of playing end, half, or quarter with equal ability. "Scoop" was full of "pep" and never missed practice, always being on hand to help the team.

CUPPS (R. G.)

Wayne Cupps was the only senior to hold down a regular position on the team. Cupps played guard and was a notable assistance to the line. He used his head and played a good, steady game.

ELLIOT (R. H.)

Elliot, the speedy right half was one of our best performers. It was "String" that saved the day in the Jefferson game and his so-called hurdling was the feature at Webster City. He has one more year to spend in A. H. S. and will surely help make a running team next year.

GRAY (L. H.)

"Bud" Gray is another one of our speedy bunch. He played left half and every time he took the ball it put us a few yards nearer victory. It was surely discouraging to the students of A. H. S. when they heard that "Bud" had come down with the "flu" just a few days before the Jefferson game.

GORE (R. E.)

Howard Gore showed up well for his first year on the team. He played right end and was one of the new men who showed his mettle from the start. Howard is a freshman and should show up well before he leaves A. H. S.

HESS (R. E.)

Roy Hess also played right end. "Tug" is very light but he fooled all opponents as there was a great deal done up in a little package. "Tug" was one of the surest tacklers on the team and more men should adopt his motto, "The bigger the man, the harder he falls."

MAYO (L. G.)

Maybe glasses don't help you play football but evidently they did not hinder Ralph Mayo. He played left guard and was a good team mate for Cupps, the two of them handling everything they met.

MATTOX (L. H.)

"Shorty" Mattox was another little fellow with a big pull. He played left half and tackle and was on the job all the time. This is "Shorty's" last year in A. H. S.

POTTER (L. E.)

"Bob" Potter played end and was one of the best men on the team at handling the forward pass. Although he snatched forwards like a veteran it did not bother his foot as he developed into one of our best drop kickers.

SCOVEL (F. B.)

No one on the team played a better game than "Eli" Scovel. He was always in the middle of the fight and one of the best defensive men we have or ever had. Not only was he a good defensive man but he was an excellent full back and the best man on the team at punting.

THORNBURG (C)

Perhaps no other player on the team filled his position any better than the center, Alvin Thornburg. He was always sure of his passes on the offensive and he was a hard man to move on defensive.

THOMPSON (R. T.)

Ralph Thompson was a new man in our school when the football season began. He had not had much football experience but he did know how to stick to it. He played a good consistent game and was the only man to make a point for A. H. S. with the drop kick.

THE 1919 TRACK SEASON

Track was taken up very enthusiastically by the high school boys this season, considering that it had been in the back-ground of importance in Ames High for three or four years and that all were inexperienced and in poor shape for the events.

The first few weeks were spent merely in training the boys for the dashes and short runs which increased their endurance and speed and prepared them for the further training for any of the field events.

The first participation in any inter-scholastic meet was at the Drake Relays to which Coach Thompson took a relay team composed of Byrnes, Elliot, Bennett, and Pohlman. The team competed in the shuttle race but failed to win a "counter."

After a few weeks of strenuous practice on the I. S. C. track, followed by the try-outs to size up the ability of each runner, a track team of fifteen men was chosen by Coach Thompson to represent us in the dual meet with Marshalltown, May 3.

The team as a whole did well but did not succeed in taking the meet, Marshalltown winning 71 1-2 points to Ames' 41 1-2. Ames High gained five firsts: Potter in the pole vault, Carter in the discus throw, Scovel in the shot put, and Elliot both in the 220 yard dash and in the broad jump. Marshalltown copped eight firsts in the remaining events. Ames did not allow their opponents to run wholly away with any race or field event but held down a place in every instance. Bowman and Elliot had the honor of being the individual point winners for their respective schools.

In the invitation meet at Iowa State College, a week later, Ames entered men in several events but all failed to place but Elliot, who gained Ames' total 2 1-2 points by tying Stock of Algona for second place on a broad jump of 19 feet, 9 inches. Although Ames gained only a few points it fared better than several high schools who gained a smaller score or failed to place, such as Marshalltown, Indianola, Fonda, etc.

Coach Thompson took our individual track star, Elliot, to the state meet at Des Moines. Elliot took part in the broad jump but could not quite jump the distance he made at Marshalltown or at the invitation meet so did not clinch a place.

On account of the material for the Annual having to be at the printers before June 7, the results and summary of the home meet must be omitted in this write-up.

REVIEW OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON

Basketball practice started with increased enthusiasm, promising candidates coming out regularly for scrimmage. Unlike football, the basketball season had a bright outlook with two former players back on the job and with captain-elect Elliot to lead the team, which he certainly did creditably. Conscientious practice developed the ability of the squad favorably so that they set their pace at the first game by making it disastrous for their opponents. A valuable addition to the squad by two overseas men, McCarty and Hammond, during the latter part of the season, made it possible for Ames High to win second place in the Indianola tournament and fifth place at the invitational meet at Iowa State College.

With such material to rely upon in addition to some of the best of the scrubs and all returned A. H. S. athletes from service, we ought to have a tearer of a team to represent us next season.

A short summary of the games of this successful season follows:

January 10. AMES 47—TOLEDO 11.

Ames easily copped the first game from Toledo on their floor. Ability to handle the ball, Elliot's floor work, and eye for baskets, besides the plucky and speedy guarding of Scovel is, in a nut-shell, the cause for Toledo's downfall. Nevertheless, Toledo was handicapped by having but one experienced player in the line-up and also by her poor team work.

January 24. AMES 8—BOONE 34.

Boone defeated Ames on the Boone floor mainly because of our boys being unaccustomed to a large floor and because of the fast floor work of the Boone five together with their smashing defensive. Elliot's and Scovel's ever lasting spirit and fight, even when the Boone quintet had struck their stride, featured this game.

January 31. AMES 15—JEFFERSON 19

Owing to the fact that the tiny floor caused constant fouling on the part of the Ames five and that their adversaries were accurate in making these forfeited points count, the Ames players were unable to pull ahead of them. In this hard fought game in which Ames was forced to continually rely on their defensive work, it was easy to pick out Captain Elliot as individual star and point winner.

February 7. AMES 48—WEBSTER CITY 1

Ames easily and completely over came the inferior Webster City quintet, compelling them to carry home their meager one point in contentment. Ames out played their opponents in every stage of the game and won it more easily than a practice game from the scrubs. Each player rightly deserves equal credit in this "shut-out." McCarty's return to the squad from service abroad remarkably increased the ability and endurance of our team. Many spectacular baskets were caged in the course of the game.

February 14. AMES 13—BOONE 23.

Ames was forced to take a second defeat at the hands of the Boone five in the hardest fought and most evenly-matched game of the season. Since

each was confident of victory, a break-neck game was staged in which speed, strength and skill counted alike. The first half came to a finish with our team in the lead 9-7. After battling Boone to a stand still, Thompson's plucky players continued their tough work but tired badly under the constant, hot tormenting they were subjected to, and allowed the Boone aggregation to creep slowly ahead of them in the last few minutes of play. Each man on both teams utilized scientific work. McCarty and Moran were the individual point gainers and mainstays of the visitors while no individual stars could be picked from the locals for each player starred at his respective position and gamely kneeled down to defeat.

February 19. AMES 33—NEVADA 16.

Nevada was the next victim to take a licking at the hands of the Ames team. We won the combat thru increasing our pep, aggressiveness and interest in the game. Never letting up on their remarkable defensive, the Ames five forced the Nevada battlers to rely wholly on long, difficult shots for their score. However, Nevada never failed to show "her teeth" in every movement of the game. Elliot's unexcelled offensive and defensive playing together with Scovel's "all-state" guarding and the plucky fight put up by Nevada's midget standing guard, Boller, were the outstanding features.

February 21. AMES 59—PERRY 16.

Perry offered no great resistance to the Ames High machine and gamely kneeled down to defeat. Because of the addition of Hammond at center, our squad gained confidence and fight and tore into the game with a telling effect. Perry, being swept off their feet by such playing, laid down on their fighting streak and allowed Thompson's five to administer a much more shameful defeat on them. Potter and Elliot played rings around the Perry guards and tossed basket after basket with a true eye.

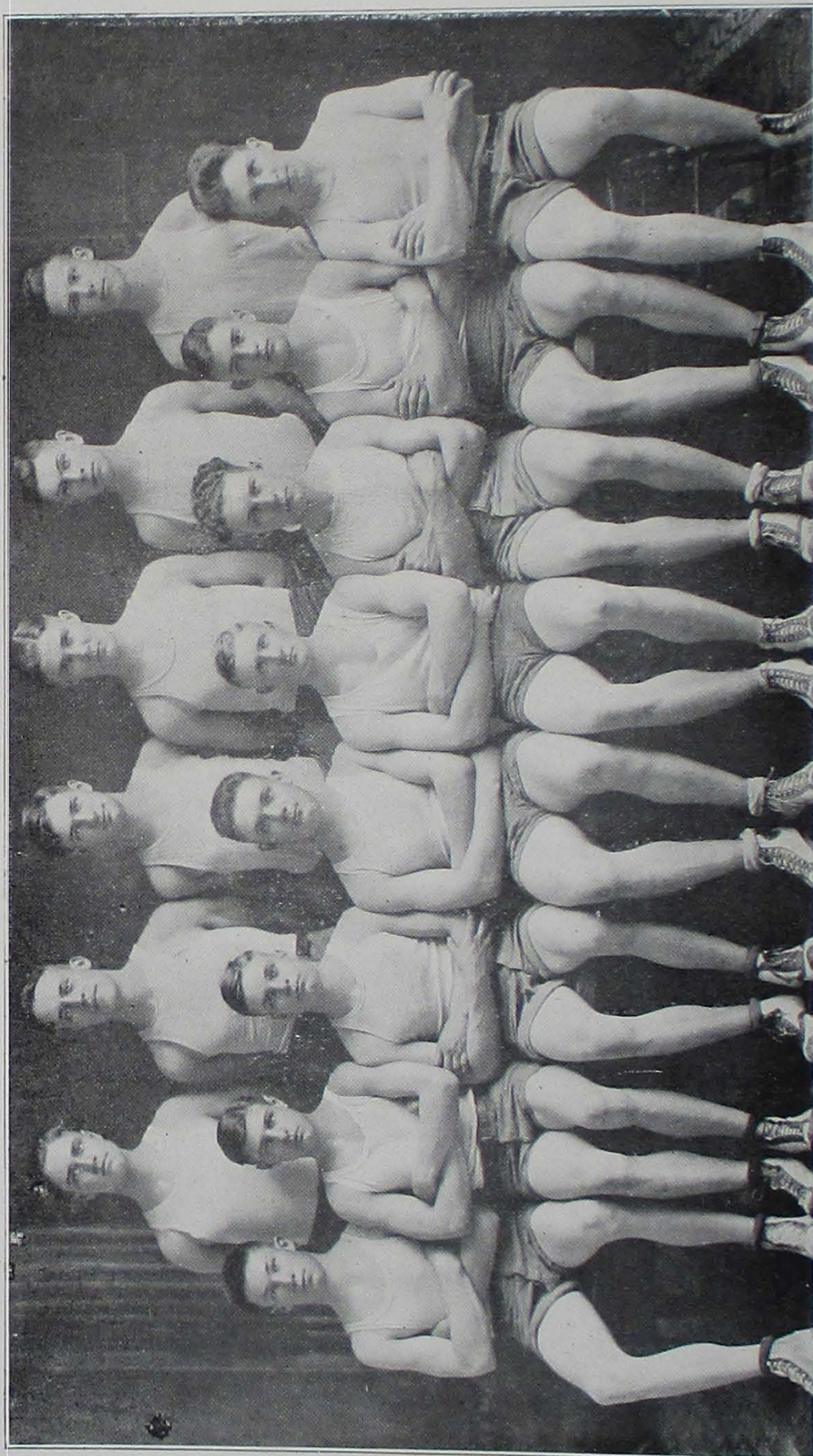
February 22. AMES 26—INDIANOLA 25.

On the following day our team made the trip to Indianola and reaped another victorious harvest. The spectators went wild over this battle for during every stage of the game the score was close or tied and the victor was uncertain. Ames owned a one point lead at the end of the first half. Ames High was up against strong opposition throughout the game and but for fast, heady, and steady she would certainly have been defeated. Scovel and Elliot both played stellar games because of their ability to smash in and bust up the teamwork of their opponents. Baldwin and Harned were the main spokes in the Indianola wheel.

February 26. AMES 27—JEFFERSON 10.

The Ames five went into the game with a grim determination to take their revenge out on the Jefferson team for spoiling their line of victories earlier in the season. Thompson's men succeeded in registering early, thereby gaining a lead which they held throughout the contest. This game was clean and fast and featured by the constant impregnable defense of both schools. Jefferson seemed to weaken near the close of the game and Ames, taking advantage of this fact, piled up a large decisive margin on the visitors.

BASKETBALL SQUAD



Top Row—Tostlebe, Louis Gray, Holsinger, Cornellussen (C.), Potter (R. F.), Leslie Gray.
Bottom Row—Gore, Allen, Howell, Scovel (R. G.), Capt. Elliot (L. G.), Bennett (R. F.), Watson, Thompson.
Not in picture—McCarty (L. F.), Hammond (C.)

February 28. AMES 14—DENNISON 13

In another exceedingly close game, the "Little Cyclones" subjected Dennison High School to defeat. The game was played on a very small floor which resulted in its being mainly a scrap to secure the ball and toss a basket. Trying to keep the Dennison five from registering or attempting to register was the goal of the Ames team. However, McCarty and Hammond succeeded in keeping our scoring machine in action. The first half ended with the score tied and it continued nearly so up until a few minutes before the final whistle when the count stood 13-12, Ames owning the latter. Then Hammond hoisted the ball through the net for the final clincher.

March 7 and 8. INDIANOLA TOURNAMENT.

In the first round of the tournament Ames won from Perry the second time, this time to the tune of 38-11.

In the next round our team met Pella, who was crushed under the force of the clash Ames made. Ames, outshining Pella in guarding and registering goals, gained the victory with the final score 26-8.

Ames High was forced to play Ellston in the semi-finals whom they defeated with a count 36-21. Ellston had a strong team but failed to stop the flashy offensive made by the Ames representatives.

In the finals, the players were too exhausted from continuous tugging to repeat their plucky work. The boys, however, played a steady hard game and the best that could be expected of them. Centerville won from us 38-14. Scovel featured at guard in his everlasting scrap and in his ability at jumping and meeting the ball and thus breaking up numerous plays. Elliot, our shining light, was placed by sport writers on the first team as running guard and Hammond was the choice for center for the second selected team.

March 7. AMES 22—TAMA 23.

The second team did their best to uphold the reputation of the first during their absence, by holding Tama's first team to but a one point lead. It was practically a draw, being won by a registered foul. The game was hard fought, the second half ending in an 18 to 18 tie. This necessitated an extra five minute period from which the visitors emerged victorious.

March 14. TOURNAMENT AT I. S. C.

Our team drew for the first game their old rival, Boone. Defeated by Boone twice already this season, Ames felt this their last chance to fight them to a finish. Nevertheless Boone proved herself the stronger and defeated us 16-11. It was a scrap royal for victory, being clean in every respect and free from stalling. "String" Elliot and his teammates moved the ball down the floor with skill that meant remarkable team work. Potter flipped most of the field goals for the locals. Scovel put up a heady, stellar game at standing guard that earned for him state-wide fame as holding the position of all-state guard for which we are proud of him.

AMES	47	TOLEDO	11
AMES	8	BOONE	34
AMES	15	JEFFERSON	19
AMES	48	WEBSTER CITY	1

AMES	13	BOONE	23
AMES	33	NEVADA	16
AMES	59	PERRY	16
AMES	26	INDIANOLA	25
AMES	14	DENNISON	13
AMES	27	JEFFERSON	10
AMES	22	TAMA	23
AMES	38	PERRY	11
AMES	26	PELLA	8
AMES	36	ELLSTON	21
AMES	14	CENTERVILLE	38
AMES	11	BOONE	16
Total Score—AMES		OPPONENTS	285
437			

OUR BASKETBALL MEN

EARL ELLIOT, CAPTAIN (L. G.)

As one "A" did not satisfy "String" he set about to get another one in basketball, and he surely earned it. "String" was captain of the team and played running guard. He received honorary mention at the State Meet and was placed on the all-state team at the tournament in Indianola. Elliot has one more year in A. H. S.

NORMAN CORNELUISSEN (C.)

Norman played center for us until Hammond returned from the army. He was an excellent center, out-jumping nearly everyone he met. Norman was a good basket shooter and a stellar performer on the defensive.

ELLIS SCOVEL (R. G.)

A great deal of the success of the team is due to the superior guarding of Scovel. He was always on the alert and it took a good man to get past him. Scovel was picked to play standing guard on the all-state team.

"BOB" POTTER (R. F.)

"Bob" was the only senior to make a regular place on the team. He played right forward and showed up well for his first year on the team. He was an excellent basket shooter and was also a good man at guarding.

"HAP" McCARTY (L. F.)

"Hap" was not with us the first of the season as he was serving for Uncle Sam, but when he did come back he surely showed what army training could do. "Hap" was not in the best condition but showed up exceptionally well, playing a fine game all of the time.

HAMMOND (C)

Paul Hammond did not get back in time for the first of the season and was handicapped throughout on account of broken arches. Paul is considered on a par with college players and we regret that he has played his last game for A. H. S.

ROY BENNETT (R. F.)

Roy was one of the most consistent players at the first of the year but was handicapped during the latter part of the season on account of injuries received when he saved a child's life. There was some class to his style of basket shooting.

WATSON

Bob's eye for basket shooting and also his ability to move around on the floor made him a valuable man on the basket ball squad. He played a hard game from start to finish and always had fight.

HOLSINGER

Lawrence proved to be a good forward on the basket ball squad. He seldom missed a basket and he was also a good dribbler. He was always out for practice and always in condition.

ATHLETIC TROPHY

This was the first year such an award has been made. In the words of the rules and regulations governing the giving of this trophy, the boy receives it who "attains the greatest efficiency in athletics, coupled with consistent training and high scholarship."

Norman Corneliussen was given this medal because, in the opinion of the principal and physical training director, he has shown the necessary qualities and ability both on the athletic field and in the class room.

Norman has participated in nearly all athletics—football, basketball and track.

Although he is not a brilliant performer, he is of the determined, steady, brainy type of athlete, who goes about getting results in a quiet way.

Because Scoop has gotten results, and because he is a conscientious student, he has won this medal.

We congratulate not only him but every athlete in school who is striving to put athletics in Ames High on a higher plane, and who does his best in his studies as well as in his sports.

The athletic board, track, and "A" Club pictures could not be taken because of the unsettled conditions at the end of the school year. We regret this very much, as this annual does not seem to us as being entirely complete with these pictures omitted.

We have tried to make up for this, in some measure, by having good write-ups of each of the above departments.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS



WINNERS

RUNNERS-UP

When we started out this year the girls' only sport was basket ball. They were promised a tournament and were working toward it, and as everyone knows, it was a success. It proved to A. H. S. that girls know how to play basket ball just as well as the boys.

The games that were played were very fast and exciting. The third period proved to have the best team, which worked hard and showed good team work. The members of the team were:

Edna Armstrong—R. F. (Captain)

Alice Wilcox—L. F.

Neva Gilbert—1st C.

Ruth Preston—2nd C.

Marjorie French—R. G.

Harriet Schleiter—L. C.

Substitutes:

Cleo Merideth.

Gertrude Murray.

Margaret Van Patten.

The subs and the students of A. H. S. that were there kept the gym in a continual uproar.

We think it has been proved that the girls know how to play basket ball "where there is a hole in the bottom of the basket."

We only hope that next year they can have a high school team and challenge the basket ball teams of other towns.

WINNERS OF THE

A

FOOTBALL

Norman Corneliussen
Wayne Cupps
Earl Elliot
Howard Gore
Ralph Mayo
Lowell Mattox
Ellis Scovel
Alvin Thornburg
Ralph Thompson

BASKETBALL

Earl Elliot (Captain)
Ellis Scovel
Lyle McCarty
Paul Hammond
Roy Bennett
Robert Potter
Norman Corneliussen

These boys will be eligible to membership in the "A" Club if they are not already members.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ATHLETIC EMBLEMS

I. The right to wear athletic emblems is granted to members of school teams who satisfy the conditions stated below.

II. Faithfulness in training and in practice, loyalty to the team and school, are fundamental requirements which the student must meet in addition to proficiency or ability in each sport. Sportmanship both in the game and out, and manly conduct are also demanded.

III. Students are awarded emblems by a committee composed of the physical director, the captain of the sport in which the emblem is won and the principal.

IV. Football. Each candidate must play three full halves in three different games with three different opposing teams in a single season; and two halves of which must be winning halves.

In case any candidate plays all but five minutes or less of the required time, and is removed from the game on account of injury, the athletic committee may award him a monogram.

V. Basketball. Each candidate must play 90 minutes, including three different games in a single season, sixty minutes of which must be in winning games.

In case a player plays all but five minutes, or less of the required time, and is removed from the game on account of injury, the athletic committee may award him a monogram.

DESCRIPTION OF EMBLEMS FOR DIFFERENT TEAMS

General. All emblems are made of a combination of burnt orange on a black back-ground.

A—Football. The official football "A" must be nine (9) inches in height with the letter stripe one and one-fourth ($1\frac{1}{4}$) inches wide. An orange stripe on the left sleeve for each year's service.

B—Basketball. The official "A" must be six (6) inches in height and the stripe of the letter one inch in width. The "A" should be worn on a black sweater coat. Also an orange stripe on the left sleeve for each year the contestant wins his letter.

The captain of any team may wear a star in addition to the service stripe.



THE FORENSIC CLUB

Does A. H. S. have a Forensic Club? Well, I should say so, and the club has a good many members, too. Although this is the first year there has been such an organization in Ames High, it has done some very helpful work.

The purpose of the Forensic Club is to afford an opportunity for a large number of students to become more capable along public speaking lines. Ames High needs trained people to take part in debate, declamation, and various other activities of this nature in the high school.

The club includes as members, those who have taken part in any public speaking try-out and those who are recommended from the English classes as having some speaking ability.

The meetings held each week consist of programs, formal and informal, given by the members. Among the numbers given are extemporaneous speeches, declamations, talks on debating, practice debates, and stories. Very much benefit is also derived from the informal discussional meetings held at various times.

Of course there is something in the Forensic Club besides work. Although the schedule was interfered with by the closing of school, the club was able to plan one party. It was held at the home of Mr. Steffey on the evening of St. Valentine's Day. Each member invited a guest and everyone had a rousing good time. Other parties are being planned.

The club was organized during the first few weeks of school, and elected the following officers to serve for 1918-19: President, Margaret Sloss; Vice-President, Fern Grover; Secretary and Treasurer, Gwen Edwards. Miss Ball acted as the adviser.

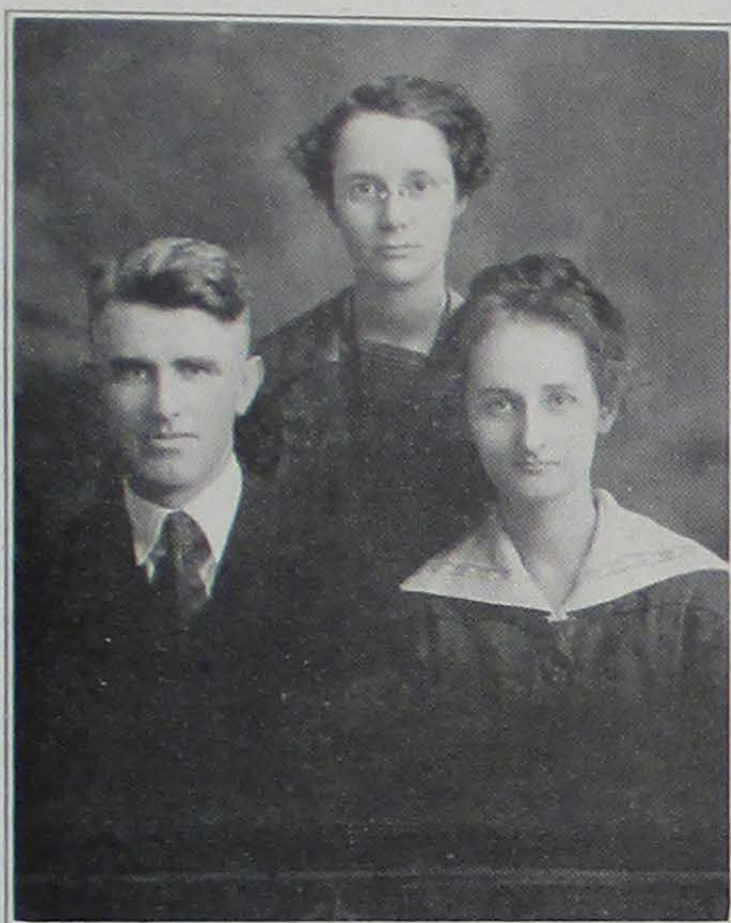
This is the first attempt at creating a permanent organization for the benefit of those who wish to get training in public speaking, and so far it has been a success. In order to keep it going, it will require the interest, time, work, and support of the various students in the high school. Everybody should boost for a successful year in 1919-20.

FORENSIC CLUB



Top Row—Murray, Caul, Carleton, Gray, Hoffman, Barker,
Middle Row—V. Grover, Caine, Parsons, Sloss, Harper, Miss Ball, Clark, Hauser, Colburn,
Bottom Row—Ghrist, Edwards, Schleiter, F. Grover, French, Dean, McCuskey, Mettlin.

COACHES AND ALTERNATE



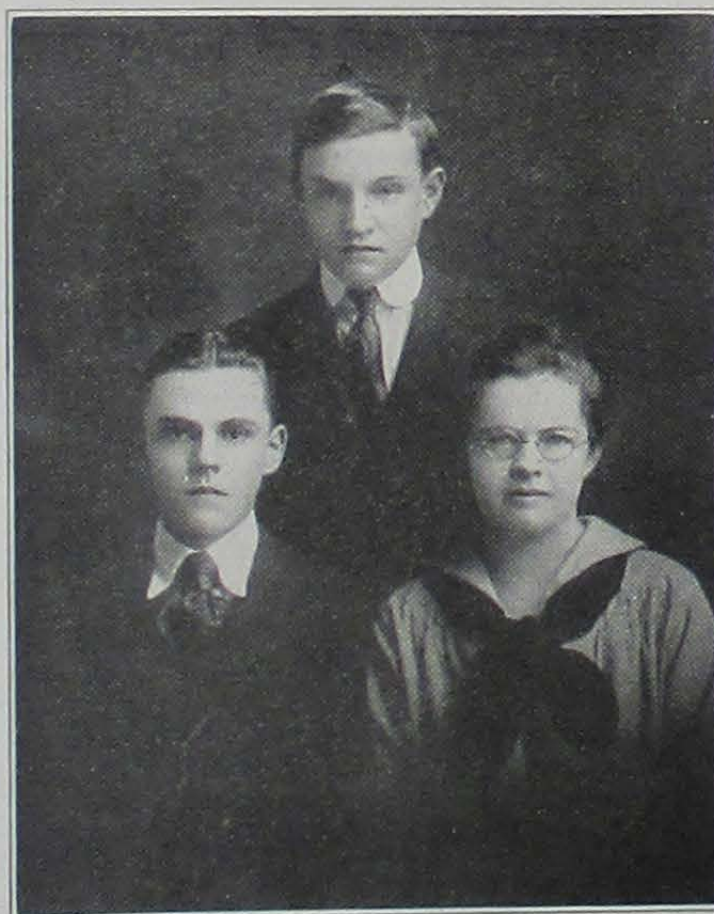
Steffey McCuskey Rayburn

AFFIRMATIVE TEAM



Carleton Pohlman Caul

NEGATIVE TEAM



Barker Caine Sloss

DEBATE

Among the various activities of Ames High School in the last year, debating had its place and was carried through quite successfully. On account of the influenza epidemic debate was set back in the schools all over the state. A great many schools were not able to organize debating teams at all and a number were forced to drop out after they had started.

Debate in Ames High School was not begun until about December 15, 1918, when those who were going to try out were notified to start work. About twelve or fourteen pupils commenced the work and it seemed as though we were going to have four or five teams for debating when work was begun in earnest.

The question for the State League contest was, "Resolved: That the Federal Government should establish a permanent policy of price control for the so-called necessities of life." This question was of very great interest at that time and was being discussed very warmly in Congress.

Each student trying out was given a temporary brief, after he had decided which side of the question he was going to argue, together with a list of references to be read and noted. After all the references had been taken the student was in a position to write his first speech. Each one wrote his argument and reported with it to the coach who corrected, rearranged, clipped, and added to it after which the speech was to be rewritten. This process was repeated several times until the speeches were in fairly good shape and then they were committed to memory.

Finally the tryouts were announced for Friday, December 27th, and seven students were present to take part. Prof. J. E. Brindley of the Economics Department of Iowa State College, acted as judge and all seven contestants were accepted, thus making two teams and an alternate.

Gordon Pohlman, Loraine Caul, Alford Carleton and Jennie McCuskey were placed on the affirmative team as that was the side which they had chosen. Margaret Sloss, Russell Barker and Carvel Caine were put on the negative team.

About this time it became known definitely that Ames was to debate Cherokee in the preliminaries on January 10, 1919. Cherokee was to have the affirmative side of the question and Ames the negative, so that the home negative team got down to serious business. The affirmative team worked out an argument for practice debates and a number of these were carried out. It was here demonstrated that it is a great advantage to have two teams so that each will have had experience before meeting its adversary. Both teams were drilled in delivery and the various points were worked out into sound affirmative and negative arguments.

On Friday, January 10, 1919, at 2:30 p. m., Ames High officially met Cherokee High School in the preliminary debate of the State League. The contest was a hard one and very close and interesting. The judges for this debate were Prof. L. B. Schmidt of Iowa State College, Superintendent J. R. Cougill of Nevada, and Principal C. G. Thorpe of Boone High School. Their decision was two to one for the negative which of course was quite encouraging. As stated the contest was very close and Cherokee was a very even match for us. They were fully if not more skilled in delivery than Ames but we had a little the better of the argument. As a result Ames went on into the second round and Cherokee was eliminated from the running.

The week following this debate was spent in practicing delivery and working the arguments into better shape.

About this time it was definitely known that Ames was to have a practice de-

bate with Laurens, Iowa; Ames taking the affirmative. It was also rumored that Ames would debate Sioux City in the second round and things looked quite exciting.

On Wednesday morning, January 22, 1919, the affirmative team, composed of Loraine Caul, Gordon Pohlman and Alford Carleton, together with Miss Rayburn, left for Laurens, Iowa. The contest was sharp and fast and was considered a very good debate. It was said that Laurens had one very skilled debater and that he performed with almost lightning rapidity. The affirmative team did their best but the one judge's vote was for the negative.

Two days later the negative team, composed of Margaret Sloss, Russell Barker, Carvel Caine, and Mr. Steffey, with Jennie McCusky as alternate, left for Sioux City, where on January 24, at 8:15 p. m. Ames High met Sioux City High School in the second round of the State League contest. The debate was hot and close, each side answering and attacking the other's points. The judges of this debate were from Sioux City, Sioux Center, and Ida Grove. Their decision was three in favor of the affirmative. The Sioux City team was very smooth and polished in their delivery and were forceful in presenting their arguments. Ames was quite even with them in argument but was outdone in delivery.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

On June the second, a banquet was given by the Juniors to the Seniors in the basement of the Methodist church. All were there and anticipating a good time, which they surely got. The church was daintily decorated with flowers.

A three course banquet was served, which everyone enjoyed to the utmost. During the banquet Thelma Houghan, Vera Grover, Clyde Tanner and Myrl Garrettsen furnished us with music.

After the banquet, the following toast program was given:

Our Peace Conference

Peace in A. H. S.	Miss Boyd
Tendering the Olive Branch	Roy Bennett
Signing the Armistice	Lydia Tilden
Domestic Peace	Miss McWilliams
Our Great Pacificator	Mr. Bodwell

Leslie Gray, of the Junior Class, acted as toastmaster.

THE HONOR SCHOLARS

Below we print a list of the seniors who, having maintained an average of 85 per cent or above during the first three years of their high school course, are eligible to the Honorary Scholarship Club:

Manning Howell
Olive Husted
Roy Hess
Elizabeth Gleason
Loraine Caul
Fern Grover
Florence Godard
Verna Clark
Ruth Prall
Gladys Myers
Eleanor Murray
Robert Potter

Minnie Lindauer
Margaret Sloss
Harriet Tilden
Estella Sill
Gertrude Reis
Lydia Tilden
Jeanette Beyer
Marie Mortenson
Nordica Stokka
Grace Iden
Edna Dressler
Waldo McDowell

DECLAMATORY CONTESTANTS



Standing—Caul, Woods, Parsons, Miss Fickle, V. Grover, B. Noble.
Seated—Woodward, Dean, F. Grover, Reed, A. Noble.

DECLAMATORY WORK

Although the oratorical work in Ames High School has not achieved highest success as yet we have every reason to believe that it will in a year or two.

More enthusiasm is shown now than has ever been shown in the past and enthusiasm is all it will take to make this work a success. We have the material. Ames High proves sterling in all her undertakings, so there is no reason to believe she won't in this.

The citizens of Ames have this work at heart and are more than willing to cooperate with the pupils and help in any way they can. For the past two or three years a prize of five dollars for the winner in each class has been donated by some of the merchants.

This year, due to the constant efforts of Miss Fickel, about sixteen tried out in this work. She did all the coaching for these and it was largely due to her encouragement and persistence that so many stuck to it to the last and we were enabled to have such a splendid representation.

At the try-outs, held the sixth of February, three were chosen in each class to appear in the finals. The judges at the try-out were: Mrs. Edwards, Miss Anna Harper, and Miss McWilliams.

At the finals, held February 20, Fern Grover won first place in the dramatic class with the selection, "Drafted." Vera Grover won first place in the humorous class with the selection, "Billy Brad," and with the selection, "A Vision of War," Joan Parsons won first place in the oratorical class. To Vera also was awarded first over over all so that she represented us at the sub-district contest held at Battle Creek, Iowa, on the fourteenth of March.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST WINNERS



Fern Grover
Vera Grover Joan Parsons

ASSEMBLIES

Because Mr. Steffey believed in the adage, "Variety is the spice of life" he appointed an Assembly Program Committee consisting of the chairman of the various Literary Societies—Doris Gray, Lowell Houser, Ida Thomas and Florence Godard, as well as Miss Ball and Miss McWilliams to search out the "spice." One Wednesday, the Rag Time Orchestra helped us "shuffle off this mortal coil" of work and worry for the time being by their melodious strains of music.

Another week a Fire Prevention Program was put on by the Civics classes and so great was the impression made that "few matches" have been seen around here since. Then one day we were privileged to take a trip across the deep blue sea and catch a glimpse of the real life in war time, because of the graphic descriptions given by the returned soldier boys—Harold Seymour, Bernice Posegate, and Louis Gray, and also by Miss Thornburg's brother.

Further variety was introduced into the assembly one week thru the kindness of Mr. Sloss who came down and read two very interesting Scottish poems—"The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Tam O' Shanter."

Then one day a national Y. W. C. A. secretary gave us an interesting talk and left with us a motto which, were we to make it a part of our lives would render us great service. It was: "Violets blossom just where they find themselves and send out their fragrance no matter what their surroundings."

Another spicy program was the dramatization of two scenes from Julius Caesar by Miss Fickel's English classes and we found several students who made good Roman conspirators.

Calvin Ringgenburg entertained us one period with several musical numbers,

and most of the seniors seemed to enjoy especially the piece depicting a moonlight night followed by a terrific thunder-storm.

One of the most instructive of the speakers we have had was a Chinese college student, who pointed out very effectively the relationship between China and the United States, and made us feel more kindly toward our sister country.

The assembly which probably appealed most to the boys was the athletic assembly where the foot-ball and basket-ball boys were awarded their A sweaters and given an opportunity to become more skilled in oratory as they thanked the student body.

Two different times the boys and girls had separate assemblies. A Y. W. C. A. secretary talked to us about Life in Korea in one of the Girls' assemblies, and in the other Miss Miller and Miss McWilliams gave very beneficial talks to the girls concerning girls' ideals.

On May 7th Mr. Singh, a Hindu college student, talked to us concerning conditions in India. In the same assembly Chas. Smith, who has seen service in the front line trenches, gave us some ideas as to the part music played in the war, and sang some war songs, playing his own accompaniment on a steel guitar.

The last few weeks of the school year were given over to the various classes who put on entertaining and interesting programs. The last regular assembly of the year was Senior Class Day, which was a joyful and yet sad occasion, as the seniors bequeathed their industrious habits and possessions to the under classmen.

CARNIVAL

The first event of the evening was the vaudeville which consisted of a number of songs and dances put by a group of girls with Buzz Lang as the premiere danseuse. Their numbers were very pretty and graceful and quite like the "Follies." Ted Kooser also added to this production a couple of very pictorial feminine presentations.

The vaudeville was followed by the Sophomore Stunt which consisted of scenes from the movies, with no less important personages than Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Pearl White, Sessue Hayakawa, and the Dolly Sisters. In words of the stage, Vera Grover succeeded in "stopping the show" by her realistic characterization of Sis Hopkins.

The Minstrel show was the next center of attraction and it proved to be a very clever and varied performance.

The Juniors put on a very good little playlet "with variations." Among the other places of interest of the evening were the Circus in the gymnasium where the more manly exhibitions of boxing and wrestling were the features; the Katzenjammers House, a place full of thrills; "The Trip Around the World," put on by the Freshmen wherein even the former Crown Prince was to be seen; the Freaks of Nature; and it was well worth ones while to visit the fortune-tellers even though the path was rough.

The evening's entertainment not only furnished much pleasure for everyone participating, and in serving to show the public what talent Ames High School possesses, but the best part of all was its great financial success. As a result of the liberality of those in attendance the total proceeds amounted to two hundred and eighty-five dollars and after expenses were deducted there remained two hundred and twenty-six dollars to be divided among the three organizations, the Athletic Association in which it is to be used in purchasing equipment and sweaters, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. who are going to spend it adopting French War Orphans.



MUSIC DIRECTOR



MR. POLLARD

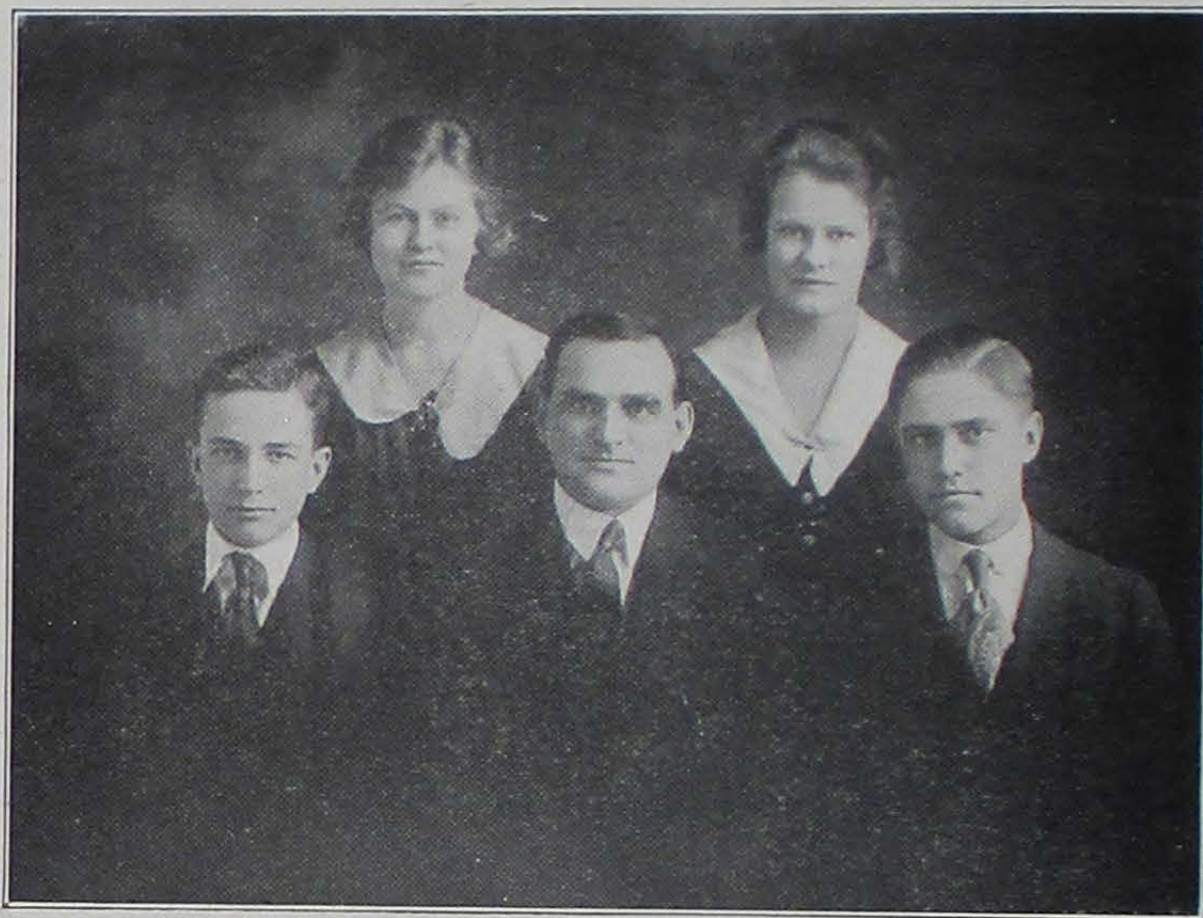
With the leaving of the seniors this year, we will miss another person familiar in the corridors of A. H. S. That person is Mr. Pollard, who for five years has been on the teaching force of our school.

When Mr. Pollard came, we did not have an orchestra. In 1916 under his leadership an orchestra was started. Although small at first, it has grown enormously until now the organization can count twenty players to its credit and may be reckoned an important factor in activities of the high school. To Mr. Pollard is due the praise for working up a full fledged orchestra with a promising future.

The glee club and chorus are also under his direct supervision. Thru his efforts the chorus gave an Indian operetta called "The Feast of the Red Corn," which was most successful. The girls' glee club has also appeared several times this year and has been greatly enjoyed. So thru the efforts of Mr. Pollard the high school has been enabled to hear and enjoy good music.

Although we regret Mr. Pollard's going we sincerely congratulate him and wish him the greatest success in his new work. Although he leaves us, there will always be a place for him in the hearts of A. H. S. students.

MUSIC BOARD



Florence Godard, Priscilla Dodds.
Robt. Murray, Mr. Pollard, Homer Tostlebe.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' CHORUS

Under Mr. Pollard's untiring efforts the Girls' Chorus has accomplished many things. It organized immediately upon the opening of school and elected its officers: for president, Priscilla Dodds, vice-president, Veronica Morrissey, and treasurer, Harriet Sloss. Mr. Pollard acts as secretary. The Chorus learned one suite of Peer Gynt songs and had them ready for performance but owing to the many quarantines there was not time to give them. This year the Chorus furnished the baccalaureate music, this being the first time it has ever done anything in that way.

The most notable thing the Chorus has ever done was the giving of the "Feast of the Red Corn," an American Indian Operetta, on Friday, May 2. Most enjoyable performances were given both afternoon and evening. Julia Arrasmith, as Queen of the tribe, had the leading part. The plot of the operetta was centered around Impy Light, a mischievous Indian in the person of Agnes Noble. Carolyn Crosby also had an important role as the old Squaw. These chief characters were supported by the soprano and alto parts of the chorus.

One hundred and four dollars were taken in and part of the proceeds were used to purchase song books for the assembly. The remainder is to be spent in buying something of permanent value to the school but just what it is to be has not yet been decided. A small sum of money is to be left over to be used by next year's Chorus.

ORCHESTRA



Top Row—Morrissey, Blackstone, Murray, Frasche, Godard.
Middle Row—Knight, Cole, Taylor, Garretson, Grover, Grover, Tostlebe, Elliot, Gray.
Bottom Row—McDonald, Houghan, Spence, Godard, Allen, Nunamaker.

AMES HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

For the benefit of our readers it might be well to tell in the beginning just what our Orchestra is composed of. In the string section, there are five first violins, four second violins, two third violins who play viola parts, a cello, the piano, and the flute parts played upon the piano. In the wind section there are two cornets, two saxaphones, and a clarinet. Then the xylophone stands out in a class of its own. Last, but not by any means least there is our director. All in all the orchestra is composed of nineteen members.

We have many new members in the orchestra this year, whom we welcomed most heartily, and as we are losing only two of our old members we feel that we ought to make a brilliant showing next year.

Owing to the influenza epidemic we, like everybody else, lost a great deal. At the beginning of the year, plans were made for the orchestra to make a good many public appearances in school activities but we were forced to give this up. However, next year if we have the opportunities we are going to make up what we lost this year, and are going to do real orchestra work. With what we have already done and with the return of so many of our veteran members, we feel that we are going to make a success.

BAND



Top Row—Blackstone, Glidden, Spence, Schleiter, Tilden.
 Middle Row—Durrell, Darlington, Spring, Frasche, Tostlebe, Durrell.
 Bottom Row—Fancher, Elliot, Noble, Tanner, Smith.

BAND

Before the "flu" vacation, Mr. Chennette talked in assembly, urging that a large number of students should join the band. At the first meeting of those interested in organizing a band about fifty were present. However, on account of lack of interest on the part of some and inability to secure instruments on the part of others, there are only about twenty members at the present time. At a meeting held in January the following officers were elected: William Frasche, president; William Tanner, vice president; Neva Spence, secretary-treasurer; and Homer Tostlebe, student director.

In spite of the fact that very few of the band members have had any previous training, they have been able to make considerable progress under the splendid leadership of Mr. Chennette. They meet every Thursday evening, together with the high school orchestra and the Ames band, thus making a community band.

If the improvement continues there are good prospects for a better band next year—one that will be good enough to play at the games.

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Husted
Arrasmith, Dodds.

Sill
Crosby, Sunderlin

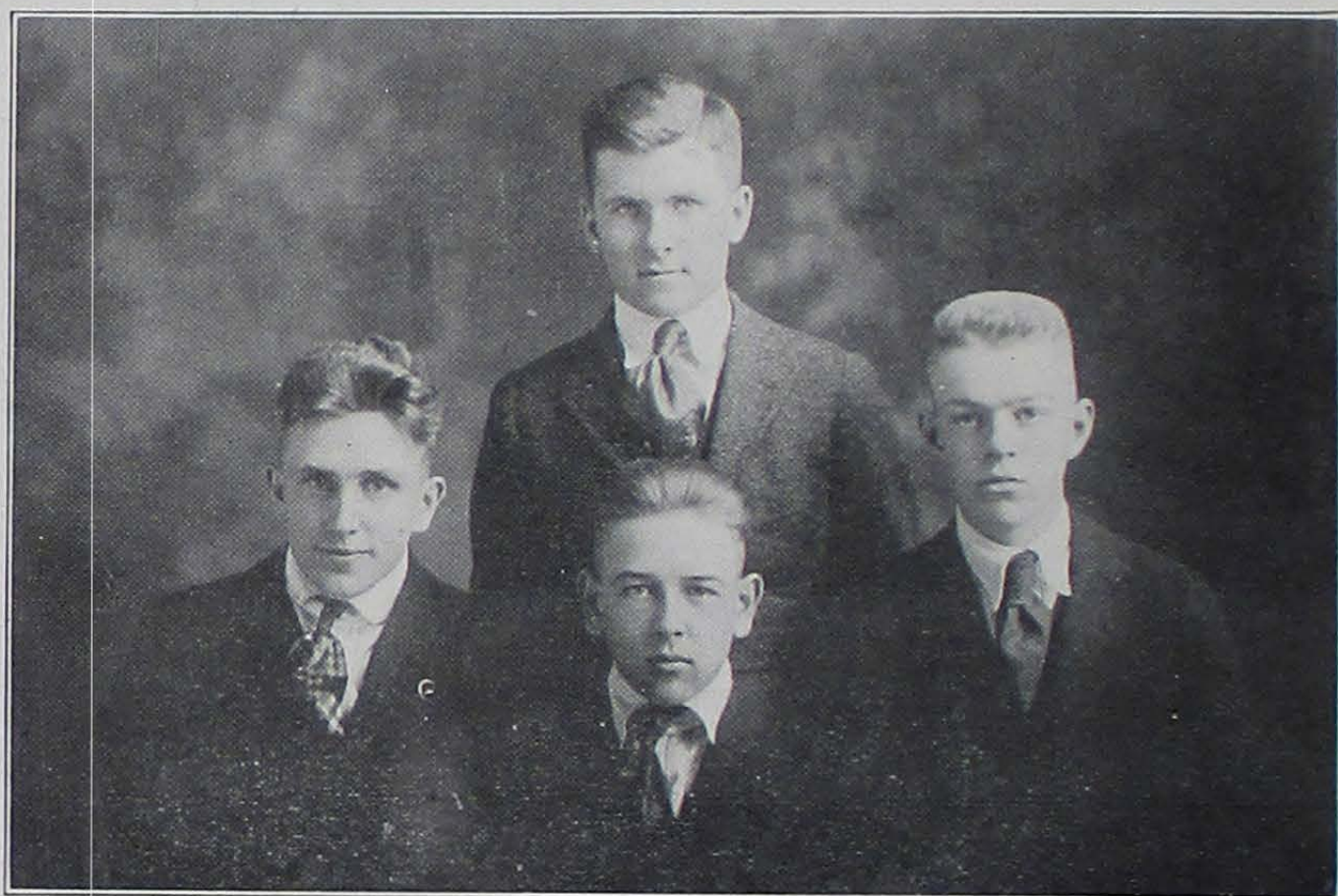
THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is composed of senior girls only and was organized so that we might have commencement music given by the seniors. They have also given a few selections at assemblies and meeting of the Y. W. C. A. and Parent-Teachers' Association.

Julia Arrasmith and Olive Husted are the soprano singers, Priscilla Dodds and Carolyn Crosby, second sopranos, and Estella Sill and Edith Sunderlin, the altos.

Organizations

Y. M. C. A.



Clark
Thompson, Beckman
Pohlman

Although the work of the Ames "Hi. Y." Club, this year, was somewhat handicapped by the influenza epidemic during the fall of 1918, everyone connected with the "Y." feels that it has really accomplished something. This has probably been done in two ways: by its promotion of the social activities of the school and by its stand for high morals among the boys.

In the social line there are two events that stand out prominently, the Y. M.-Y. W. Social and the Carnival. The Y. M.-Y. W. Social was held during the first part of the year and did much towards getting the boys and girls of the school acquainted. The Carnival, put on jointly with the Y. W. and the 'A' Club, was even more of a success than last year's in the pleasure it gave and the money it netted. Another thing that the "Y" did this year was to contribute \$50 to the support of a French War Orphan. This was directly made possible by the financial success of the Carnival.

As an aid to right living the "Hi. Y." Club has held weekly meeting with a talk by some christian man who knew what it meant to lead a really clean life in thought and habit. Talks by such men as Mayser, Rodgers, Horace Harper, Sayre, and others, showed the boys the value of living a really clean christian

life. Then after the talks came the Bible Study. This was not as peppy as it might have been due to the lack of a competent Bible study leader for some of the meetings. After the meetings, the boys who liked to sing gathered around Mr. Pollard at the piano while he turned on the "jazz."

Besides this the boys in the "Y" have done what they could to suppress the "dirty" and "smutty" talk in the locker room and in other places about the school. Although no intensive campaign has been carried on this year, for cleaner living, the boys of the high school at least know where the "Hi. Y" Club stands in regard to smoking, gambling and the like.

Two boys went to the state Y. M. C. A. Camp, Camp Foster, on Spirit Lake last August. Here with about seventy-five other boys from all parts of the state, they enjoyed ten days of camp life, with many interesting talks which they will never forget. Ames also sent delegates to the district "Hi. Y" and Sunday School Conference at Ft. Dodge. Five boys attended and heard a series of addresses given by the leading Y. M. C. A. men of the state.

The "Hi. Y" Club started the year with the following officers: Robert Potter, president; Ralph Thompson, vice-president; Harry Stewart, treasurer; Richard Beckman, secretary. In November, Potter and Stewart resigned from their respective offices. This change placed Thompson in the presidency while Gordon Pohlman and Tom Clark filled the vacant positions for the remainder of the year. The election of officers for 1919-1920, held in April, resulted in the choice of Tom Clark for president, Ralph Dove for vice-president, Sam Battell for secretary and Carvel Caine for treasurer.

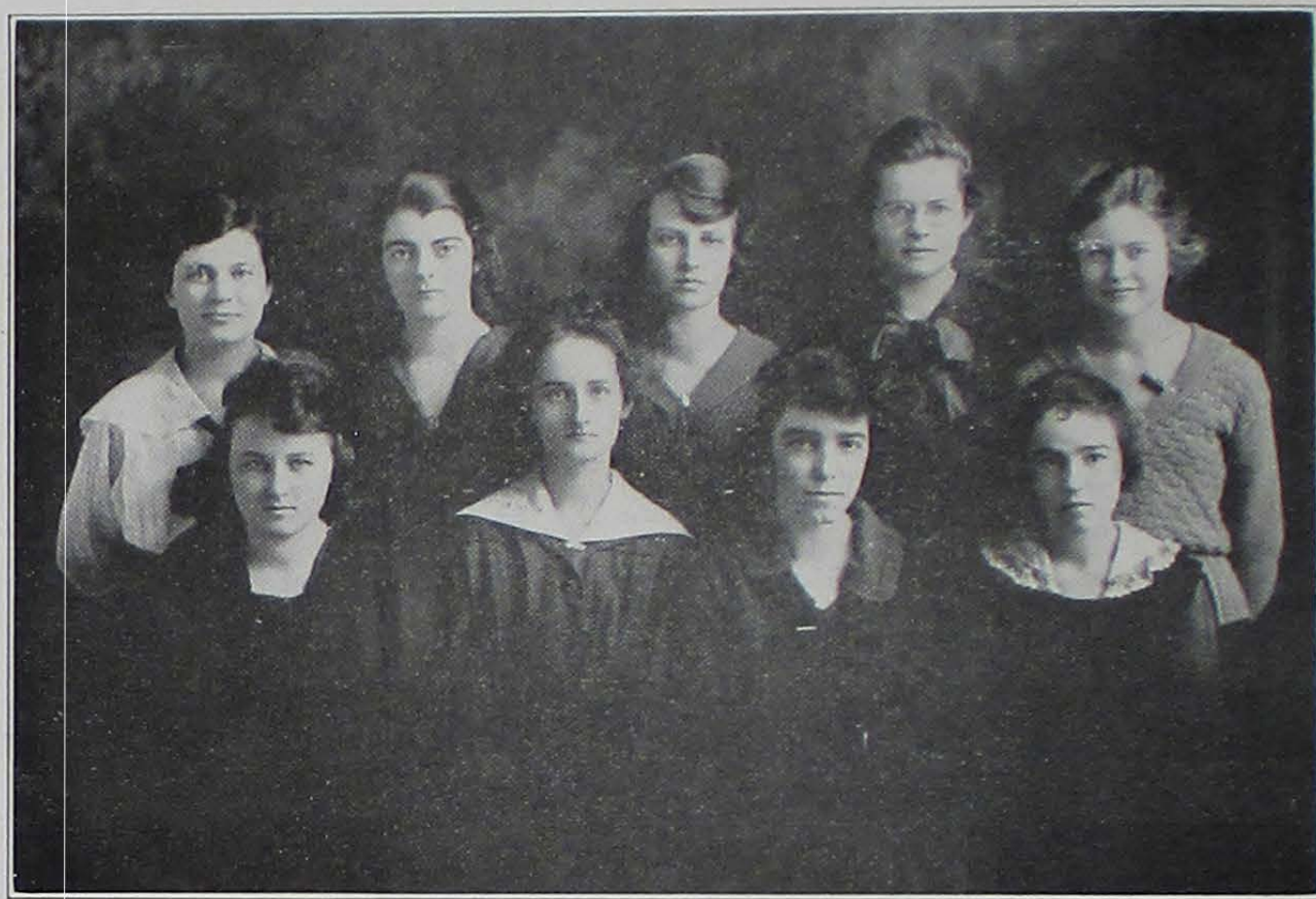
ASSEMBLY BOARD



Thomas, Godard
Miss McWilliams, Gray, Miss Ball

The assembly committee has done its very best and wish to thank all those who have helped in making these programs a success.

Y. W. C. A.



Standing—Miss Miller, Tilden, Caul, Sloss, Godard.
Seated—Reis, Miss Rayburn, Tilden, Murray.

The high school Y. W. C. A. started in this year with a four-fold purpose—to create a more friendly and democratic spirit among the girls, to maintain a strong and high moral sentiment throughout the school, to bring students into closer touch with Jesus Christ as Savior and Friend and to make them loyal to the church, in order to prepare them for future Christian service.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. have tried to carry out this purpose in different ways, but, for the most part, the girls were reached by the meetings which were held in the auditorium every Thursday after school. These meetings were of various kinds, some devotional, many discussional, and some entertaining.

The Y. W. C. A. pledged ten dollars toward the support of a little French war orphan and also aided in putting on a Carnival, giving fifty dollars of the proceeds to the United War Work fund. Ten dollars was sent for the support of a Y. W. C. A. secretary in China.

The Cabinet this year was composed of the following:

President	Harriet Tilden
Vice-President	
Membership Chairman	Eleanor Murray
Secretary	Margaret Sloss
Treasurer	Gertrude Reis
Program Chairman	Florence Godard
Social Chairman	Lydia Tilden
Service Chairman	Lorraine Caul

These girls have enjoyed their work together, and with the help of Miss Miller and Miss Rayburn, have tried hard to make the association a success.

SOCIAL BOARD

Thompson
Spence MillerCrosby
Tilden Welch

ALL HIGH SCHOOL PICNIC

At eight-thirty on a calm still morning (in fact, it was June 6, 1919, a memorable date in the minds of all) everyone, teachers and students alike, assembled for roll call. Many felt like singing, "Dear Teacher If I's Not At the Roll Call I'll Be at the Picnic Anyway," but that better of this prehistorically inclined desire, as those little round O's count up fast near the end of the year.

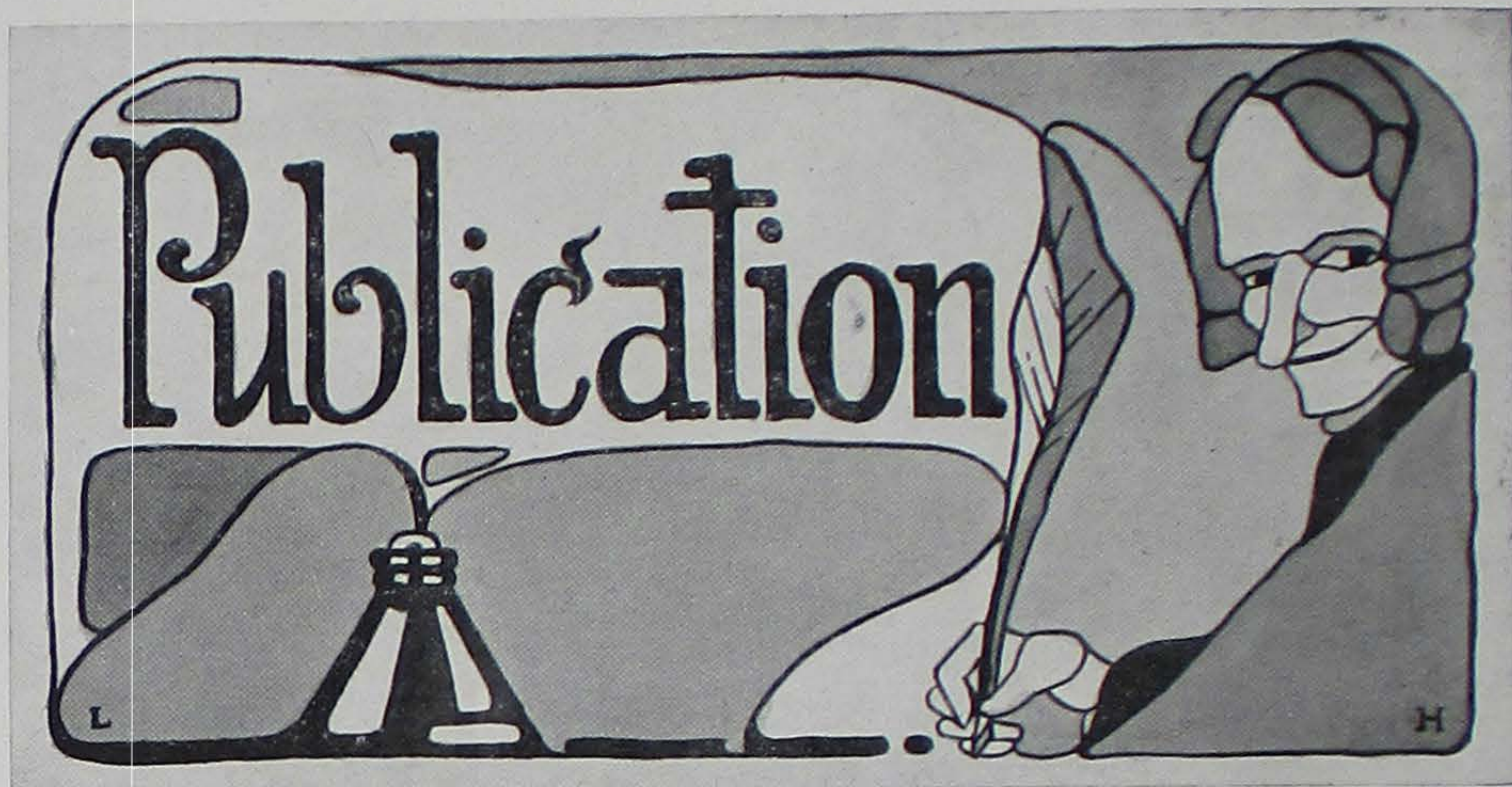
As soon as this painful process was over the traditional mile long army of picnickers was formed to march valiantly to the fray. No one dares ride but all, alike, car-holders and carless must walk, else why did Nature so thoughtfully provide us each and all with two perfectly normal feet?

As soon as the suburban portions of our fair city were reached and we began to draw nigh the rural division, our good shepherd, Mr. Steffey, proclaimed that we could act wild and did not necessarily need to continue in battle formation.

Finally, the picnic grounds were reached without any serious casualties. In fact all that were reported, proved merely to be sunburn, freckles and mosquito bites. The mosquito bites proved very annoying if not serious.

At twelve the good old fashioned picnic dinner was served and was enjoyed immensely by everyone, even "Fat" Livingston, who never eats very much. Both before and after the "eats" games such as Blind Man, Three Deep, Flying Dutchman, baseball, etc., planned by Mr. Thompson and Miss Koch, proved very entertaining and really much more educational than American History or Algebra.

The track meet in which both boys and girls took part was a "howling success." Our girls certainly don't care more for their looks than they do for winning a race, even if East High girls do.



EDITORIAL

To our printers, "The Times Printing Company;" to our engravers, "The Jahn and Ollier Engraving Company;" to our photographer, Mr. G. T. Hart, to our advertisers; to Miss Wright, who so generously gave of her time and advice to our art department; to our subscribers; and to everyone who has helped us publish this Annual; the SPIRIT extends its most grateful thanks.



THE SPIRIT THIS YEAR

On account of the school year's being unavoidably broken into, the SPIRIT Staff was unable to put out as many issues as it planned at the first of the year. It has, however, succeeded in putting out ten news sheets and three literary editions, besides this annual.

The staff this year has worked hard and has tried to do all in its power to make the SPIRIT representative and interesting. But it wasn't the staff alone that put out the SPIRIT, it was YOU who co-operated with the staff. This staff of 1919 can never issue another SPIRIT, but it sincerely hopes that the staffs to come will go on publishing a better and better paper as Ames High grows and goes forward.

REGULAR SPIRIT STAFF



Top Row—Adams, Soldier and Sailor; Howell, Exchange; Mortensen, Society; Tilden, Club; Potter, Bus. Mgr.; Hauser, Art.
 Middle Row—Crosby, Soldier and Sailor; Gray, Asst. Bus. Mgr.; Grover, Editor; Mr. Steffey, Bus. Advisor; Nickels, Steno.; Coskery, Advisor;
 Bishop, Reporter.
 Bottom Row—Sloss, Humor; Dodds, Steno.; Murray, Lit. Ed.; Tostlebe, Athletic; Mayo, Asst. Ed.; Prall, News; Tilden, Contest; Tripp, Reporter

ANNUAL STAFF



Top Row—Adams, Soldier and Sailor; Gray, Asst. Bus. Mgr.; Beckman, Alumni; Potter, Bus. Mgr.; Hauser, Art.
 Middle Row—Grover, Editor; Nickels, Steno.; Dodds, Steno.; Howell, Athletics; Godard, Seniors; Caul, Activities.
 Bottom—Meyers, Literary; Gruwell, Snapshots; Mayo, Asst. Ed.; Crosby, Sol. & Sailor; Miss Coskery, Advisor; Tostlebe, Athletics; Reis, Humor.

CLASS DAY

The Class of 1919 gave the annual Class Day Program Friday evening, June 6. Such affairs usually improve every year, but perhaps we flatter ourselves when we say that this was the best ever.

I am sure that the seniors were surprised, if not shocked, to hear Verna relate such astounding facts concerning their lives to come. Nevertheless they surely must have felt better when they, being a remarkable class, heard their remarkable will. Indeed, they sincerely trust that the whole school will profit by it. The History, of course, was another brilliant feature, although it is doubtful if it was fully appreciated. The music—glee club, orchestra, duets, solos, etc.—spoke for itself.

Last but not least were the farce and the class song. "Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk-che-la-le" rang clear and strong through the old building, when with lusty throats sixty boys and girls sang their adieu to the old high school.

"I tell you sister, he's in love with *me*!"

"But I tell you, sister, he's in love with *Me*!"

"Nonsense!"

"Stuff!"

"Absurd!"

"Idiotic!"

But he wasn't in love with either of them, nor Musidora into the bargain. It was the sweet little Rose who finally hooked the dashing officer. According to Rose. "'Tis maidenly reserve which always decides the important question, 'WHO'S TO WIN HIM?'"

Following are the characters of the farce:

Cyril Dashwood (<i>A young officer in search of a wife</i>)		Raymond Byrnes
Mr. Prattleton Primrose (<i>A middle aged bachelor of an undecided</i>		
<i>turn</i>)		Gordon Pohlman
Squire Brushleigh (<i>A country gentleman</i>)		Lawrence Holsinger
Rose (<i>Brushleigh's daughter</i>)		Edith Sunderlin
Sylvia (<i>A young lady fond of "sport"</i>)		Mavia Cooper
Minuetta (<i>A young lady fond of "dancing"</i>)		Neva Snook
Musidora (<i>A young lady fond of "romance"</i>)		Jeanette Beyer
Arabella (<i>Their friend, a young lady fond of "flirtation"</i>)	..	Veronica Morrissey

CALENDAR FOR YEAR 1918-19

"Write it up real nice and jazzy,
For the SPIRIT don't you know?
I am sure that you can do it,
But do it quick and don't be slow."

I've been thinking like the dickens
What has happened all this year?
I'll refer now to my diary
For 'twill help me—it's a dear.

Here it starts September third day
It's not really bad at all
Lots of new kids and new teachers
One real nice one—named Miss Ball.

Russell Barker's sure good looking,
That Miss Koch is just a peach,
I just love my dear old high school,
When I get THRU, guess I'll teach.

Now there comes September twelfth
day
And goodness me what do we hear?
All the frat boys to the office?
How exciting! Oh, my dear!

Few days later in my diary,
There'll be a dance soon if we can,
And the girls must ask the fellows,
Gee! I wish I had a man.

On the second of October
Both the "Y.'s" a party gave,
We all sure did have a swell time,
Tho some teachers misbehaved.

Little later I have written,
"We beat Jefferson today,
Score was fourteen to just nothing,"
My, how our old team did play.

Then there sure was much excitement
Germany had sued for peace,
Whistles blew at about two bells,
And we all did march the streets.

But the next day people told us
It was bosh, and not all so,
But we hoped 'twould soon be over,
Wished 'twould hurry, woe, oh woe.

Then old "Fluzy" and his family
Moved to Ames to make a stay,
We were half glad and half sorry,
But no school for many a day.

Then—"Don't congregate in bunches,"
And—"Don't go down town," they say,
"Keep three feet apart—now mind that,"
So—The long hours dragged away.

Halloween passed with no parties,
We most wished for school to start,
Then, Oh! Such a wonder happened,
And from it we all took heart.

For the WAR was REALLY OVER,
And we sure did celebrate,
Paraded afternoon and morning
In the evening—bonfire late!

On the twenty-fifth school started.
No more sleeping mornings late,
No more kidding the cute bridge guard;
Such no longer was our fate.

No vacation 'till Thanksgiving,
Then just one small tiny day,
And we went to school next Saturday,
Our vacation time to pay.

Then quite suddenly came more 'flu,'
And again we all were out,
Were we happy? Should you say so?
On not a face was there a pout!

Now, I'm really awfully sorry,
I can't write just what's in here,
'Twould be interesting, no doubt,
But it can't be done, I fear.

For if you would see my diary,
All my secrets would be told,
And not even for the joke box,
Would I my heart to you unfold.

Now I guess this might go in here,
New Year's dance at K. C. Hall,
Went with—Gee! I almost wrote it!
But, anyway, it was some ball!

Band has started up real peppy,
Lots of people out for it;
When we've learned a little 'bout it,
Then we sure will make a hit.

Now big events come—two of them,
Beat Toledo and Cherokee,
At basketball and in debating,
Aren't we proud, tho? Good me!

Next week end we were defeated
In the same two games, Oh, woe!
It was Boone and old Sioux City,
But the next we'll beat, I know!

But now look at some other games
Webster City, one; Ames—Oh, much!
Can't remember figures and names
It don't rhyme—well—life is such.

Next week was the Ames and Boone
game,
But again they beat our team,
If we just had had some more time!
Oh, such luck—I just could scream.

Next night the Forensic party
'Twas the nicest, nicest one—
Mr. Steffey was quite shocking—
We all had just packs of fun.

Senior party on the twenty-eighth,
All had lots of fun, I guess,
And you know I heard some scandal
Four girls said—"Like Harry best."

Then the girls had a real tournament,
Winners?—the YELLOWS made a
rep,
Showed the ones who came to see it
That the girls have much, much pep.

Our boys played fine at state tourna-
ment,
Ellis got on first state team,
Isn't he just the finest player?
In our school he sure does gleam.

Boone again right up and beat us,
But they surely had to fight,
For as always the dear Ames team,
Played with all their strength and
might.

Then St. Patrick's Day—So MUCH
fun,
Though we stayed in school SO LONG

We raided movies and all that stuff,
For all those things I'm sure some
strong.

For some weeks all was excitement,
"What's to happen?" "Don't you
know?"

Why the Carnival of course, child,
And it sure WILL be some show.

It was oh, so nice and jazzy,
Peppy, snappy, and all that,
Vaudeville and nigger minstrels
They were rare, you bet your hat.

Now I've got to hand this thing in
They won't publish it, I s'pose,
But I'll put it in the joke box,
Kiss it good-bye,—there it goes.

—H. E. S.

ONE STUDENT'S ACTIVITY

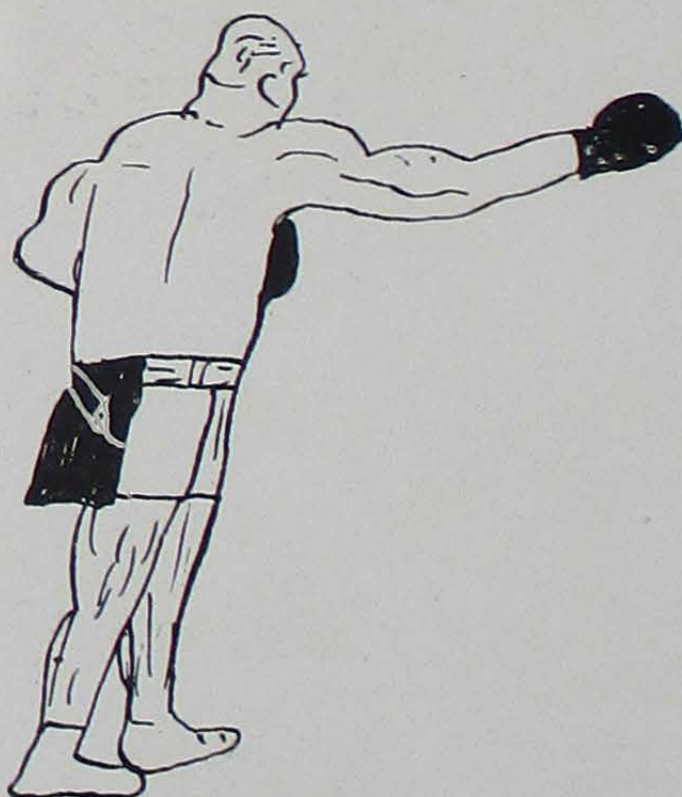


THIS IS Prof. Posegate THE great explorer, who
confines his searches strictly To "Wild Women".

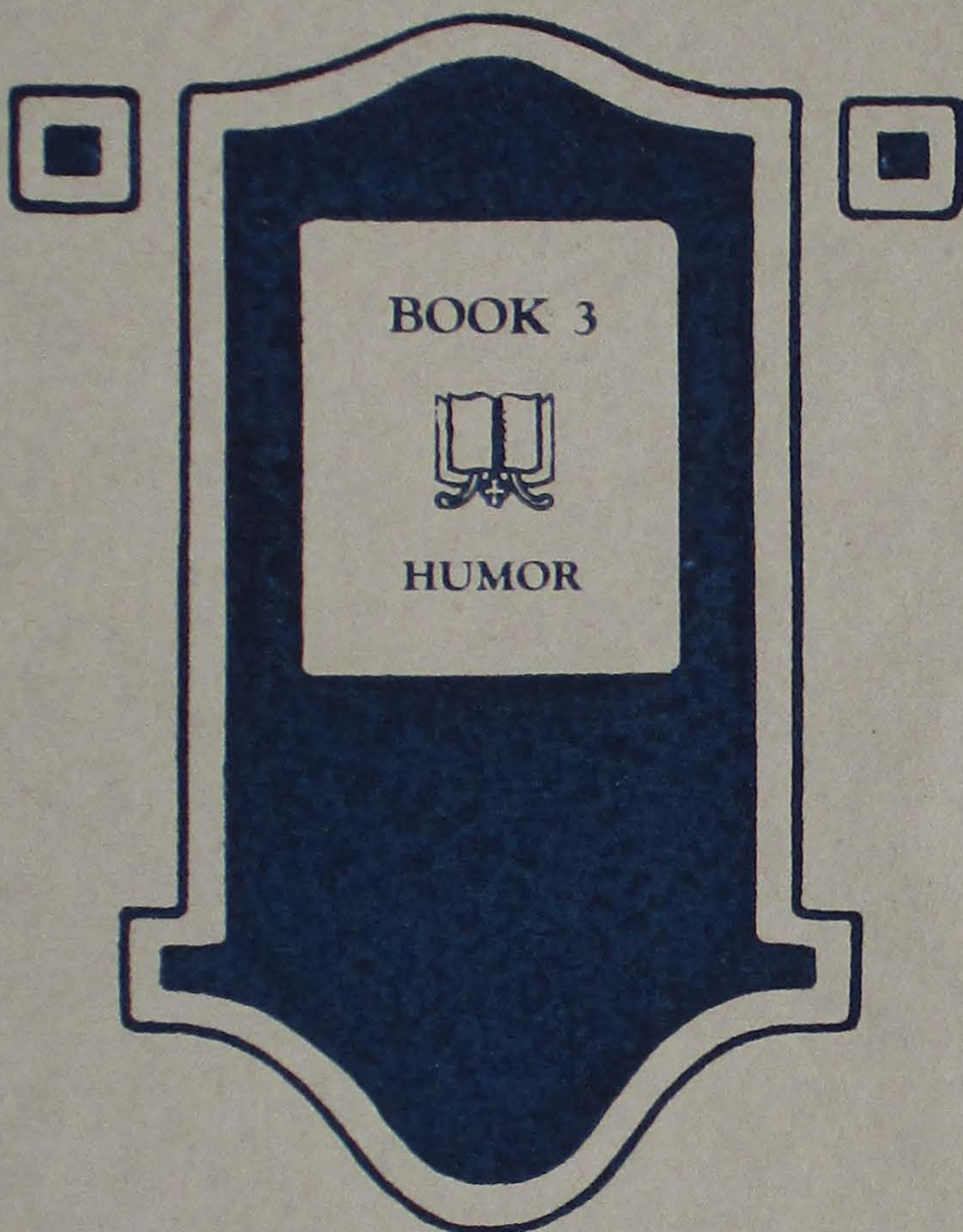
SOME MORE STUDENT ACTIVITIES



This is the cell, Anson Marston, who was found "moonshining" in the Kentucky hills occupies



"Juicy" Jewel, the heavyweight champion of the world







A Spree.



Who gassed Gertrude?



Can this be Carolyn?



Called to arms.



Chums.



Days of real sport.



Shocking!!!

POPULAR SONGS ADAPTED TO FAMOUS PERSONAGES

1. Miss Miller—" 'Till We Meet Again."
2. Chev'.—"Why Do They Call Them Babies?"
3. Harold G.—"Alcoholic Blues."
4. Hap. McC.—"Sweet Genevieve."
5. Raymond B.—"Oui, Oui, Marie."
6. Buzz—"In the Evening, by the Moonlight."
7. Miss Rayburn—"I Am Always Chasing Rainbows."
8. M. Howell—"I Cannot Live Without You."
9. Cleo Meredith—"Some Form."
10. Bob. Potter—"It's Never Too Late to Be Sorry."
11. Carl Wilson—"Stick in the Mud."
12. Pris. and Donald—"How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm?"
13. Roy Bennett—"I Aint Got Weary Yet."
14. Pris.—"Kiss Me Again."
15. Steffey—"Tell That to the Marines."
16. Thompson—"They Were All Out of Step."
17. Eleanor M.—"Sweet 'n Pretty."
18. Kate Steele—"Can You Tame Wild Women?"
19. Frank Kulow—"I'm Waitin' for You, Liza."
20. Earl Rayness—"Bring Back My Bonnie to Me."
21. Max Beman—"I'll Say She Does."
22. Donald Crooks—"Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love."
23. Edson Jewell—"You Will Be the Same Sweet Baby."
24. Alfred Carleton—"Those Charlie Chaplin Feet."
25. Dorothy G.—"They Go Simply Wild Over Me."
26. Robert Watson—"Long Live the Ladies."
27. Miss Fickel—"Fond Memories."
28. Ardella P.—"I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry."
29. Sidney A.—"Chasing Chickens."
30. Miss Ball—"That Hula Hula Girl."
31. Mr. Pollard—"Smiles."
32. Seniors—"Where Do We Go From Here?"
33. Mr. Cramer—"Somebody's Done Me Wrong."
- 1st Floor hall—"Barnyard Serenade."
- 2nd Floor hall—"Chicken Walk."
- 3rd Floor hall—"Cupid's Garden."

Miss Ball : "I hear that they have found Columbus' bones."

Harry Williams: "Is that right? I didn't know that he was a gambling man."

Toot, (staying all night with Lydia): "What's that under me?"

Lydia: "My arm."

Toot: "Feels like a hair-pin."

EXTRA! EXTRA!! EXTRA!!!

TERRIBLE EPIDEMIC SWEEPS OVER AMES HIGH—
FRIGHTFUL LIVING DEATH. DESPITE PREVALENCE
OF THE DISEASE, SCHOOL REMAINS OPEN.

DAUGHTERS OF SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT FAMILIES IN
TOWN ARE HARDEST HIT. NO KNOWN CURE. NOTED
SCIENTIST, MISS LOUISE COSKERY, IN-
STRUMENTAL IN FINDING REMEDY.

An awful, terrible, horrible, hideous epidemic is sweeping through our school and cutting a swath as wide as Mae Adamson and as long as Gladys Myers.

Do you have it?

Beware!

It is highly contagious, especially among the female portions of the masses of dumb beasts who are wont to haunt the corridors of old Ames High School. Even some of the teachers are afflicted, though it does not break out so quickly with them nor do they suffer so severely as the girls.

This terrible disease scourges young and old alike: the freshmen and the seniors; the homely and the beautiful; the large and the small; the gifted and the giftless; the brilliant and the dense.

The boys are wont to call it "silly" (pronounced as silly as it is, looks and sounds,) but we notice they come as near it as possible. Rubbing their ears together, etc., don't you know? Perhaps it is silly but no one is to blame. Just like the flu, this formidable malady does not stop to consult with a person whether he desires it or not, but just strikes with full and cutting force. It stops for nothing but mows down its victims like a machine gun or a German army.

Though nearly everyone is afflicted with this grim, ghastly deterioration it is not so fatal as was the influenza. No one dies a natural death; it is more like a living death. One still lives on but suffers constantly with the horrific disarrangement.

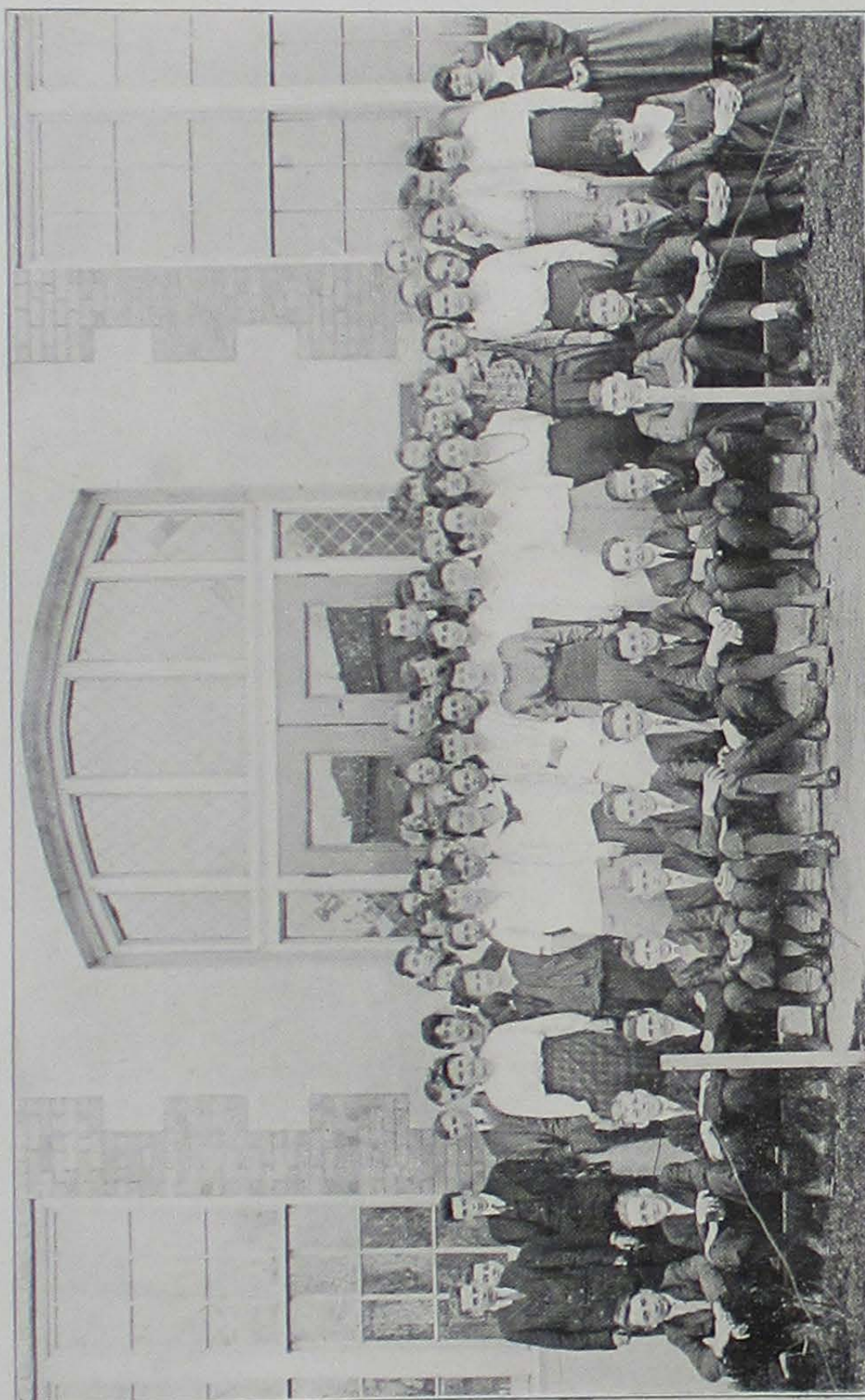
At one time it was thought advisable to close the doors of the Mansion of Education until the awful ailing was stamped out, but on account of the prevalence of the disease and because it is not *absolutely* fatal this consideration was disregarded.

There is no known cure. The great scientists of the Ames High School are vainly trying to find a remedy. The one most interested in accomplishing this is Miss Louise Coskery who has not yet been afflicted and who literally abhors what she, like the boys, terms as "silly." She is taking her life in her hands and many are very much worried about her but she steadily refuses to hear the pleas of her numerous friends to leave the frightful disease alone.

Do you wonder what this is?

It is the gruesome disorder that is sweeping, but not cleaning, the lower halls. It is the hideous habit the girls have of "kissing"—each other!

THE SENIORS IN 1916



Some Preps! They sure look green.

MODERN FREE VERSE

One day in study hall
A teacher read an
Announcement.
And it said,
To pass when the first bell
Rang.
And to be
In the next class
When the last bell
Rang.
It would save time
She said.
And we all thought
It was a good plan
To save time.

The bell rang
And I began
To look
For my books.
I hunted long
And then I found them
And went to class
And before I got there
The bell rang again
And I was late.
And I went
Back to study hall
And I got
A slip.
And then I went
Back to class.
And I thought
These time saving
Devices
Are surely
Fine.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Winnie Hill with her hair curled?
Laurence Holsinger with his lessons?
The Atwood girls alone?
Louis Gray asleep?
Florence Snook with a date?
Raymond Byrnes with Marie Mortensen?
Jennie McCuskey in love?
Verna Clark marrying a potter?
Dorothy Gruwell fat?
Eleanor Murray short?
John Myers in a white collar?

Miss Ball talking to "Hap" McCarty?
Pauline Thompson posing?
Miss Coskery being sarcastic?
Manning with the "Howell" left out?
Miss Thornburg losing her temper?
Miss Fickel at a dance?
Miss Ball shocked at her students?

PARTS OF A FORD

(Scattered about in A. H. S.)

Crank Miss Fickel
Nuts Freshman Class
Steering Wheel Faculty
Klaxon Toot Sloss
Lamps Jennie McCuskey
Upholstery Arnold Livingston
Oil Easy Studies
Brake Mr. Steffey
Fenders (mud guards) ... Optimists
Speedometer "Spirit"
Batteries Textbooks
Shock Absorber Miss Ball
Starter Knowledge
Spring (make it easier) .. Vacations
Gasoline Leslie Gray
Tail Light (always disappearing) High Grade.

PICTURENSIA

A new and terrible epidemic of a mental disease has lately broken out in Ames High School.

Among seniors, especially, it is very prevalent, though some juniors and even preps and sophs are afflicted with it.

History tells us that there have been serious outbreaks among the student body in past years, so this disease is not altogether new—but nevertheless it is terrible to behold.

In the first stages of delirium the patient seems terribly concerned over queer subjects such as Hart's and Quade's and goes around muttering to himself. He also has a strange desire to stand before a mirror turning his head from side to side, still muttering to himself.

In the next stage his mind turns to "proofs." It is then best to humor



Jolly good fellows.

SPECIAL BUNCH



Lovers.



Ain't I Sweet?



Estella cometh.



Gone but not forgotten.



Who'd a' thot it?



Veterans.

See pages 124 and 126 for some more interesting SNAPSHOTS

the patient by admiring and flattering his so-called "proofs."

For some time after this the patient seems to be improving. But then comes the worst stage of all. He has his pictures and with them there comes a terrible mania to exchange with everyone—anyone he can find.

The whole building rings with the cries of the afflicted, "Have you seen——" "Exchange with me!" "His are so——" "——more printed then——."

Thus runs the delirium. No cure has yet been found though specialists on mental diseases are studying the case and it is believed that the epidemic will die out if allowed to run its course.

Edward R.: "Were the Lord and Lady of the May killed?"

Joe A.: "No, they were married."

Edward R.: "Wasn't Poe very fond of women?"

Joe A.: "Well, that was natural, wasn't it?"

Miss C.: "Robert, name two epics and give the author of each."

Robert P.: "Beowulf, but I don't remember the author."

Miss C.: "That should have been easy. All you needed to say was 'author unknown.' Name the other epic."

Robert: "Paradise Lost."

Miss C.: "In what age was it written?"

Robert: "Age unknown."

"You college men seem to take life pretty easy."

"Yes; even when we graduate we do it by degrees."

"Here, Binks, I wish you'd take my garden seeds and give them to your hens with my compliments. It will save them the trouble of coming over after them."

MY NIGHTMARE

I had an awful dream last night,
About a dreadful creature.
It was made up of little parts
Of every Ames High teacher.

It had Miss Rayburn's wiggling face,
Miss Fickel's ceaseless talking.
And as for how THE THING did
move,
'Twas like Miss Ball's queer walking.

It had Miss Boyd's boring stare,
Miss Coskery's cruel sarcasm,
Miss Miller's choicest line of grouch,
(T'would put you in a spasm.)

Like Mr. Pollard, wished to sing,
But like Miss Curtis, couldn't;
And now and then announcements
made
Like we wish Steffy wouldn't.

It had Miss Thornburg's love for work
McWilliam's shining diamond,
(Say don't you think that teacher's
case
As bad as Mort and Raymond?)

The rest I can not tell you now,
I'm sure 't'would set me crazy,
And you can tell from what I've said
The dream was sure a daisy.

But thank my lucky stars for this—
The dream left out Miss Mercer,
And Koch and Niles and Singer, too,
They MIGHT have made it worsen.

Ardella, coming out of the door
sees Fern in the hall: "Listen, dear."

Mr Singer: "Were you speaking
to me?"

Miss Franke: "Don't you know
that punctuation means that you
must pause?"

Bright Prep.: "Course I do.
Dutch Griffith punctuated his tire in
front of our house and he paused for
half an hour."

SENIOR DIRECTORY

Name	Occupation	Ambition	Ought to be	Noted for
Chevalier Adams	Singing	To be a clown	In the "bug" house	Riding in a hearse
Julia Arrasmith	Helping Pollard	To be an opera singer	A farmerette	High notes
Russell Barker	Kidding	Journalist	Manicurist	Opera singing
Raymond Byrnes	Losing his balance	To keep Mort. on the string	Seen and not heard	Bluffing
Lillian Brendeland	Washing milk bottles	To live in Ames	Sleeping	Writing notes
Jeanette Beyer	Studying	To be a violinist	A maid	Flirting
Naomi Britten	Vamping	To whistle	Paderewski	Dimples
Ermina Beeman	Dancing teacher	To pass up English 8	Miss Coskery	Her good-looking family
Richard Beckman	Whispering	To fall in love	An A. H. prof.	His track
Verna Clark	Keeping Bob occupied	To drive the Ford	A ghost	Attending church
Wayne Cupps	Flirting	To get a girl	Dating every night	His Hup
Mavia Cooper	Combing her hair	To get to school on time	In the band	Her pomp
Lorraine Caul	Loafing	Cabaret dancer	A dictionary	Chewing gum
Carolyn Crosby	Writing to "Burt"	To make a good wife	In a convent	Her sleek head
Donald Crooks	Walking to town	To tame Pris	A good trackman	Color schemes
Priscilla Dodds	Walking	To get home early	A Crook	Donald
Edna Dressler	I don't know	To recite in History	More dignified	Dates
Ivadell Elwood	Getting dates	To get a home	With mother	Hanging on to Louie
Fern Grover	Hunting Marvin	To have a pin	A dress maker	Her quiet disposition
Lyle Griffith	Going to Nevada	To own the News Stand	Behind the bars	His spectacles
Florence Godard	Worrying	To run a nursery	Suffragette	Dancing
Dorothy Gruwell	Having dates	To marry Harwood	Matinee idol	Sunday school teaching
Elizabeth Gleason	Keeping house	To be grown up	Bashful	"Pecky"
Manning Howell	Breaking hearts	To be a strong man	In Cherokee	Kidding Miss Miller

Name	Occupation	Ambition	Ought to be	Noted for
Roy Hess	Killing rats	To be a "vet"	Pied Piper of Hamelin	His eyes
Olive Husted	Opera singing	To be a deaconess	A barber	Sunday dates
Lawrence Holsinger	Reciting in history	To wear a pomp	In the dairy	Basketball
Grace Iden	Riding with John M.	To sing	An artist	Her history map-books
Goldie Jacobson	Driving a Buick	To be popular	A jitney driver	Cooking
Fred Jones	Blushing	Nothing	Principal of A. H	Lecturing in Physics
Myrtle Johnson	Saving time	To be a history teacher	Married	"Phys" grades
Ava Kulow	Giggling	To live in town	A stenographer	Recitations in English
Minnie Lindauer	Running to school.	To read French	With Ava	Haunting the rest room
Marie Mortensen	Making excuses	To run the cafeteria	Spanked for breaking dates	Light housekeeping
John Marsh	Driving a Ford	To own Grace	In kindergarten	His brown suit
Zoe van Meter	Powdering	To be pretty	A hair dresser	Talking
Waldo McDowell	Writing notes to Pris	To get a college girl	On Welch Ave.	Diamond ring
Dan McCarthy	Kidding Miss Thornburg	To get a Nevada queen	At Home	Beds in class
Veronica Morrissey	Serving at Lynches	To go to a dance	Black headed	Running to school
Eleanor Murray	Wearing out shoe leather	To be a missionary	Dancing teacher	Y. W. announcements
Jennie McCusky	Tickling the typewriter	To graduate	On A. H. S. faculty	Chaperoning
Myrtle McCannon	Studying French	To learn to dance	A minister's wife	Talking
Gladys Meyers	Watching Miss Ball in study hall	To be fat	A good swimmer	Height
Lucile Nichols	Wearing frat pins	To be a clerk	In "No Man's Land"	Her ear puffs
Dorothy Oliver	Riding on the street car	To own a Ford	A mosquito	Her red sweater
George Puffet	Keeping radiators warm	To bluff in physics	An athlete	His football ability
Grace Pohlman	Maid of Miss Ball	To be a school teacher	A librarian	Her smile
Gordon Pohlman	Running to the Hurdles	To live in Laurens	A valet	Flashfulness
Robert Potter	Lighting Clark's front porch	To be a farmer	A poet	Going to Rolfe

Name	Occupation	Ambition	Ought to be	Noted for
Ruth Prall	Running Cabaret at the Greeks	To be Mrs. Scovel	Less frivolous	Going to Nevada
Gertrude Reis	Wheedling tardy slips from Mr. Steffy	To talk louder	A Hawaiian	Hula dancing
Edith Sunderlin	Singing	To rival Galli Curci	A victrola	Her "pep"
Nordica Stokka	Laughing	To be a nurse	Movie magnet	Curls
Estella Sill	Rivaling Miss Boyd	To meet her equal	In China	Her outbursts
Neva Snook	Loving up Ruth Prall	To dodge Miss Coskery	In a home of her own	Her dancing
Florence Snook	Writing letters	To be good-looking	Out of school	Breaking engagements
Margaret Sloss	Driving a Ford	To be a doctor	A drummer	Kidding the little boys
Lydia Tilden	Feeding "Ichabod"	To be a physical training teacher	Studious	"Chev"
Harriet Tilden	Skippping school	To have a good memory	An English critic	Her S. S. Class
Harry Williams	Sleeping	To wake	A printer	Crabbing

HER CREED

Miss Miller in a Y. W. meeting. "I like to meet folks on the street that speak to me whether they know me or not—it really doesn't matter if they smile at you real nicely."

Miss C. in Eng.: "What do you think of Boswell's style, Joan?"

Joan: "I can't tell for I don't know much about style."

Marie M. was patting a dog out in front of the school house. Raymond B. coming past, said: "Poor dog."

Speaking of Raymond B. falling off the platform in pep meeting, Marie M.: "I'll bet he hurt his pride n'everything."

Miss C. to Marie M. in Eng. 8: "No that isn't right, you must have that writer mixed with some other man."

Marie: "Oh yes! "I was thinking of Burns." (Byrnes)

Margaret Sloss was trying to think of a new song and was telling how very sad and melancholy it was when Ivadell piped up: "Till we meet again?"

FRENCHY

Miss Thornburg in chemistry: "The insect killer is called Bordeaux mixture."

Norman C.: "Is that the same as Paris green?"

(Referred to Miss Miller)

Miss C. to a junior class: "What is the difference between a student and a scholar?"

Ida H.: Teachers are scholars."

Miss C.: "Do you think we have any around here?"

Ida H.: "No, but real teachers are."

THE TEACHER

It was on a morning dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
 Over many a long and lengthy lesson,—'twas an awful bore;
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of someone gently rapping, rapping on my nodding head,
 "'Tis some teacher there," I muttered, "tapping on my nodding head,
 Ah! I would that I were dead."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
 And each study-hall member stared at me as ne'er before.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
 From a nap surcease of sorrow—sorrow for my dear lost grades—
 For those rare and radiant objects that are known to us as grades.

Suddenly her yells grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 "Ma'am," I said, "Miss Rayburn, truly, your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping.
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping where I learning store
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—and I looked at her some more.
 She raved on—ah evermore.

Straight into her mad eyes peering, long I sat there, wondering, fearing,
 Dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But her anger did not slacken, and her eyes with wrath did blacken,
 And the only word there spoken were the screamed words, "Now go!"
 And I went—but very slow.

And Miss Rayburn never sitting, *still* is flitting, still is flitting,
 'Round the study hall in Ames High, up one aisle and down some more.
 And her eyes have all the seeming of a Demon that is dreaming.
 And the sunlight o'er her streaming, throws her shadow on the floor.
 And my soul from out the shadow that lies floating on the floor—
 Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

—H. E. S.

SOLID GEOMETRY

To prove that a rotten potato is a
 beehive:

A rotten potato is a speck tater.
 A spectator is a beholder
 A beeholder is a beehive
 Therefore a rotten potato is a bee-
 hive.

Miss Coskery: "Marie, was Lucy
 an imaginary woman or not?"

Marie Mortensen: "Why, Words-
 worth saw her in a garden and fell in
 love with her."

Miss C.: "No, Marie, you must be
 thinking of Burns." (Byrnes)

Mildred Gernes: "I don't see how
 Ted could have used a pony in physics
 test."

Lucille N.: "Don't you know what
 a pony is?"

Mildred: "Why, of course I do
 It's a young horse."

Wanted—A small bed, on which I
 may sleep in study hall.—John My-
 ers.

Prof.: "What happens if you
 have too heavy a load for your
 horses?"

Norman: "You get stuck."



Congratulations

*for another year's
work—well done*

The Tilden Store

The Store of Quality & Satisfaction

*Fashionable clothes
for young men
& young women.*





Gazing into the future.



The new woman.



Bums.



Alone but happy.



Gertrude and Eleanor.

Look among the ads for the best jokes.

There's no use trying, you can't beat those TWIN STAR shows.

SHIPLEY-BLACK CO.

SAY IT'S BOUGHT AT SHIPLEY'S
IT MEANS QUALITY

DRESSES
COATS
WAISTS
and MILLINERY

You are always sure to obtain
QUALITY and EXCLUSIVENESS,
at the price of the very ordinary,
when buying here.



BRING YOUR
Little Brother
or Sister

To our new Department of
Infants' Wear

They will surely enjoy it.

Here you will find

Pretty Little Coats, Dresses, Saques,
Bootees, Caps, Robes, Dolls,
Rattles, most anything you can
think of.

SECOND FLOOR



Two of a kind!



Hunting cooties. Working for Uncle Sam.



Ready for action.



Whither bound?



Forever young.



Preparing for a long, dry summer.

This space reserved for Eddie Rutherford. He didn't say what he was going to do with it.

Whata yu huntin' for?—The TWIN STAR of course

FRESHMAN DITTIES

If I had the car "Mike" Morris has,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd take the girls out riding,
As all good sports should do.

If I had the "dough" that Maurice
has,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd treat a bunch of the freshman
girls
Instead of just one or two.

If I was as short as Doris Gray,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd grow as Doris McCauley did,
'Till I was six feet two.

If I had the eyes that Parker has,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd wink at all the girls in school,
And make them blush—like you.

If I could flirt as Pauline flirts,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd flirt with all the boys in high,
And "Poll" and Steffy, too.

If I had the girls that Leonard has
I don't know what I'd do;
With some in France and Scotland,
And England and America, too.

If I had the ponies Gladys has,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd take some girls out riding,
And a couple of "prep" boys, too.

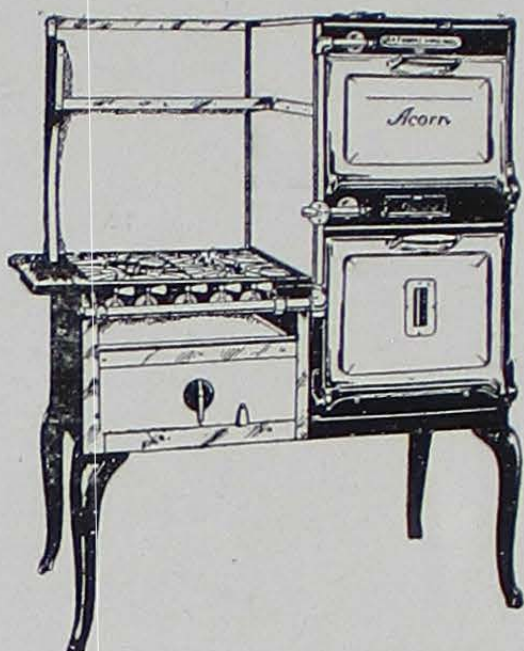
If I could wink as Willie winks,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd wink at Dorothy Franke,
And make her wink back, too.

If "Max" were in the lion's den
Oh, what would Edna do???
She'd say, "Oh, Max, my darling,"
And run right in there, too.



Call 47

The Range That Almost Thinks



It Saves Fuel
It Saves Food
It Eliminates Servants
It Eliminates Guess Work

Acorn Automatic

Come in and see the out-of-the-ordinary Range

IOWA PUBLIC SERVICE CO.

A. H. S. is a pretty good school, you'll admit.

HOWARD ADAMS'

is a pretty good place to get

Candies and Soft Drinks

of the highest quality, as you'll find out if you try us once.

A. H. S. patronage of this business during the year has been appreciated, and we will try by continuing our square-deal policy to hold it.

HOWARD ADAMS

"We back the Spirit -- Why not back us?"

When you build that new home or repair the old one
Specify **HANSON LUMBER**

Let us figure your bills--large or small. Our plan book is at
your service.

HANSON LUMBER CO.

Chas. M. Miller, Mgr.

Phone 10

I F

you need a shave, hair cut, etc.

SEE US

Our shop is up-to-date in every
respect

No long waits Satisfactory Work

W. H. GARRETSON

Patronize

Our

Advertisers

"Jack, I wish you'd give that
young brother of mine a talking to.
It's time he was choosing a career."

"Judging by the hours he keeps,
I though he was studying to be a night
watchman."

"Please, mum, there ain't no coal
left in the cellar."

"Why on earth didn't you tell me
before?"

"Because there was some then."

MEMORIES

"I see they are making shingles
out of cement now."

"Then I recall my wish to be a
boy again."

*Just tell 'em it's at the **TWIN STAR**—that's enough*

Duff Ave. Grocery

H. A. REDLINGER

Groceries

Notions

Bakery Goods

Meats

D. E. PARSONS

Harness

Auto-top Repairs.

Trunks, Traveling Bags,

CREDIT AND POWER

Many of our most successful men ascribe their "start in life" to the day they opened a bank account.

Credit and power can be wielded in the commercial world by means of a Bank Account.

We invite you to begin one with us.

Story County Trust and Savings Bank
Ames, Iowa

THE STYLE SHOP

For Everything in Women's Wear

New things always coming in
The Right Prices

The Latest Styles

W. C. Hunter Co.

Op. Sheldon-Munn
Ames, Iowa

"Were you moved by her music?"

"Yes; it amounted to that. I think we should have kept the flat another year if it hadn't been for her."

—Puck.

He: "You'd better marry me. Eligible men are scarce."

She: "I suppose I could offer that as an explanation."

BEST TONIC

"Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery?"

"Oh, yes; he told me he was going to charge me a dollar a visit."

"Why is a doornail deader than a door?"

"Because it has been hit on the head."

Say, do you know it's nice and cool at the TWIN STAR?

DRESS FOOTWEAR

Look to us for the right styles
in Footwear for all occasions

We have the season's newest creations

AMES BOOTERY

TO THE PUBLIC

¶ In recording the fact that the Cadillac was officially designated as the standard seven-passenger car of the United States Army, we wish to lay emphasis on two important points.

¶ It was selected for its inherent ruggedness, and above all, for that permanence of value which minimizes adjustment and overhauling and spells economy in the long run.

¶ The one outstanding fact about the Cadillac, apart from its splendid ease and beauty of action, is its unmistakable and most obvious value.

¶ Always, Buick cars have been developed, not re-designed. And for nineteen-nineteen they reach the highest pinnacle in its development. Each model has a certain scope, a particular range of usefulness. Enough models have been provided in the complete Buick line to enable any purchaser to select a Buick car that is exactly equipped to serve him to the utmost limit of his demands for utility.

¶ In offering Dodge Brothers Motor Cars, we know that we are selling a machine that is made of iron and steel and character—a vehicle that must and does symbolize and maintain a priceless reputation built on honor.

BOOST FOR GOOD ROADS

MINERT AUTO CO.

Phone 905

CORNER DUFF & LINCOLN

AMES, IOWA

MONARCH TEA AND COFFEE

OUR SPECIALTY

A. M. Norris, Cash Grocer

132 Main

Phone 311

CHRIS SORENSON

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Fish and Oysters in Season

Phone No. 9

Ames, Iowa

There is a young junior named Earl,
Whose feet are more swift than a
squirrel,
In basket ball a wonder,
A genius, by thunder,
This peppy young junior named Earl.

Now Norman just cannot be beat
He's athletic from head to his feet,
In looks he's right there,

So the girls all declare,
This athletic fellow named Norman.

"You can't believe everything you
hear."

"No, but you can repeat it."

TRUTHFUL ERROR

The doctor felt the patient's pulse
and declared there was no hope.

Say, that Show at the TWIN STAR today "is a bear."

YEOMANS BROS.

HIGH CLASS AUTOMOBILE
AND SIGN PAINTING

107 South Kellogg

Ames, Iowa

YES!

We have the niftiest ladies' garments in this vicinity. They all say so, so will you when you see them. And for the young men, the latest style Suits in very best shades, all at reasonable prices.

J. Jacobs Co., Ames

FOR SALE!

6 room modern dwelling \$3600. Many other dwellings, also acreage tracts, vacant lots, farm lands. All kinds of insurance.

LITTLE BROS. Phone 196

Suits, Trousers and
Overcoats to Order

Cleaning, Repairing
and Alterations

M. D. LAWRIE
TAILOR and CLEANER

Phone 49 406 Kellogg Ave. Ames, Iowa

OUR SPECIALS

Electrical Fixtures, Supplies, New Work and Repairs

NELSON ELECTRIC CO.

Phone 43

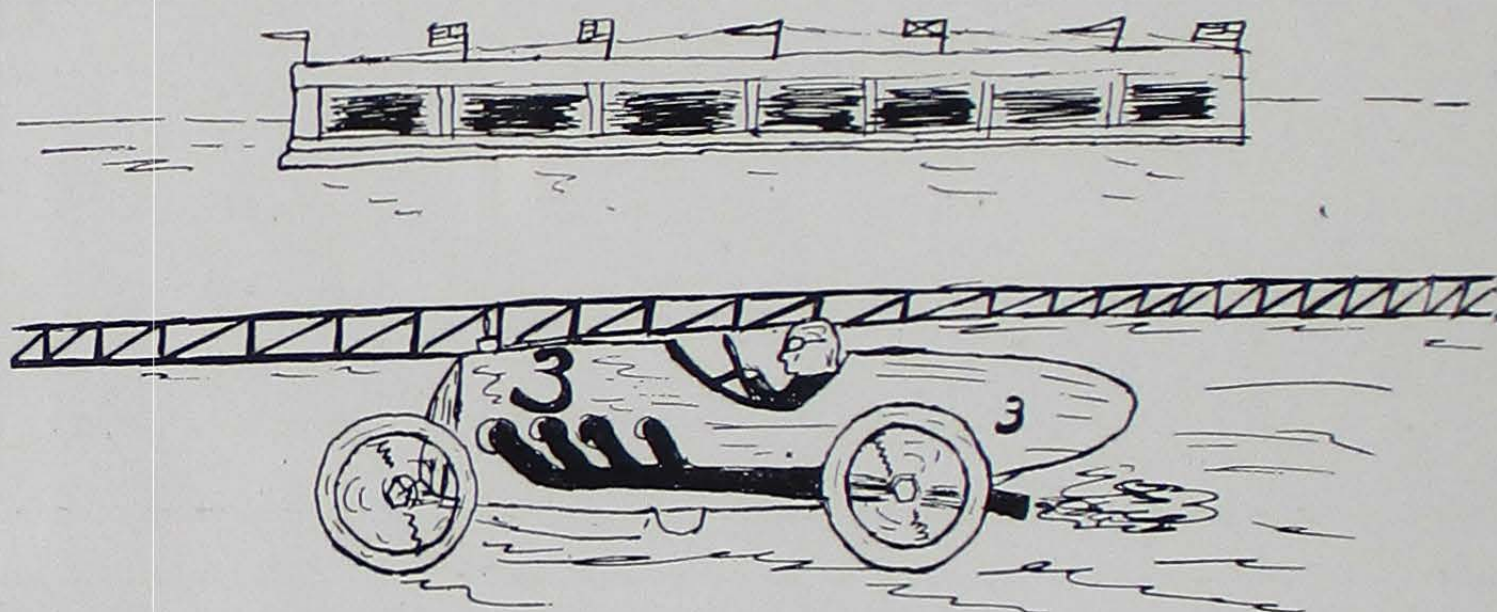
320 Main Street

IN ORDER TO START LIFE RIGHT

You must start a Bank Account. The right place to start a Bank Account is at the

COMMERCIAL SAVINGS BANK

AMES,
IOWA



IN THIS PICTURE YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZE
OUR OLD FRIEND "DUTCH" GIFFITH NOW THE
KING OF THE SPEEDWAY

U goin' to the TWIN STAR tonight? U bet.

Mrs. Jeannette Franks

Exclusive Millinery

220 Main St.

Phone 1141

A. T. LERDALL

College Properties
Lands

College Savings Bank Building
Phone 395

B. G. DYER, M. D.

Masonic Temple

Practice limited to the Eye, Ear,
Nose and Throat

DR. SNYDER

Dentist

Ames National Bank Building

Phone 362

BEN G. BUDGE

M. D.

Phone 107

Union National Bank Building

D. M. GHRIST, M. D.

JENNIE G. GHRIST, M. D.

Physicians and Surgeons

Phones 33, 180

L. C. WILSON

Dentist

Over Union National Bank

Phone 182

F. H. WATERS

R. D. FELDMAN

Dentists

Ames National Bank Building

Phone 13

DR. ADAMSON

Physician

and

Surgeon

Office Phone 192

Home 238

Osteopathic Physicians

DRS PROCTOR,

ROBERTS and ROBERTS

Office Phone 240

O'NEIL'S

Velvet Ice Cream

Is Made in a Modern Factory

WE HAVE THE BEST EQUIPMENT
made, and the result is a rich, smooth,
☪ ☪ DELICIOUS ICE CREAM ☪ ☪

ASK US TO SHOW YOU

Harriet T.: "Isn't Commercial Law awfully hard to remember?"

Harriet S.: "I don't know, I never tried."

Louie Gray was walking thru the lower hall with his usual number of feminine admirers when Miss Miller said, "There comes Louie with all his sidelights."

Eleanor M.: "Oh! Manning Howell is always howling around."

Miss C.: "Yes, he ought to be a teacher."

Bill: "It is said that Alexander the Great, when on a campaign ate the rations of a common soldier."

Hill: "And did the poor soldier get nothing?"

For Snap, Pep, Speed and Laughter, go to the TWIN STAR.

Try — THE CITY BAKERY

For Rich, Velvety Bread & Delicious Pastries

Phone 178

E. G. RAYNES

136 Main



Capital \$50,000

H. W. STAFFORD
President

L. B. SPINNEY
Vice-President

I. O. HASBROUCK
Cashier

CLAY W. STAFFORD
Asst. Cashier



Capital 25,000

Thrift

By Thrift We All Succeed

START A SAVINGS ACCOUNT TODAY

AMES NATIONAL
BANK

and

AMES TRUST AND
SAVINGS BANK

Get that Commencement

**Diamond
Ring
or
Watch**

from

L. C. TALLMAN
Jeweler

SAVE YOUR CHICKS

Try a sack of our dried

**BUTTERMILK
CHICK MASH**

We also carry a full line of
Chicken Feed which is scienti-
fically prepared.

**AMES GRAIN AND
COAL COMPANY**

Phones 6 and 7

J. M. Munsinger, Manager
L. E. Munsinger, Ass't Mgr.

FOR_____

Fountain Pens
Tablets

Fancy Box Paper

Pens, Pencils, Tablets

Toilet Articles

Kodaks and Cameras

GO TO

Judisch Bros. Drug Store

A FAIR QUESTION

Don: "I dreamt I proposed to a very pretty girl last night."

Priscilla: "What did I say, dear?"

Miss Coskery: "Did you have something to say, Fred?"

Fred: "No."

Miss Coskery: "Oh! I thought

you had a bright idea and you were merely stretching."

Miss C.: "Are we interested in the love story or in something else in this poem?"

Lyle Mc.: "I'm sure I don't know what else we could be more interested in than in a love story."

Some classy picture at the TWIN STAR today—I'd say so.

C. W. DUDGEON
JEWELRY

Watches

Diamonds

Where all the
Students go—

WHEN
THEY WANT

The Finest Chocolates
The Purest Ice Cream
Most Courteous Service
The Greatest Satisfaction

**LOWRY'S
Pharmacy**

The Rexall Store

Godard's Gift
❧ SHOP ❧

YOU ARE
CORDIALLY
INVITED

to visit our store.
We will strive at
all times to please

*When in need of something
suitable for a Gift,
come in.*

GODARD'S

*We Specialize in fine
Confectionery*

The Durability,
Convenience &
Comfort of our

**Porch Swings and
Lawn Furniture**

Will begin to be apparent
in the next few hot days.

*Come in and look over
our stock.*

**ADAMS
Furniture Co.**

**F. J. Olsan
& Sons**

FLOWERS
of all kinds

We always have the best
Our Prices are reasonable

OLSAN'S

PHONE 8 AMES, IOWA

ATHLETIC DRUG COMPANY

Soda Fountain Candy Cigars Photo Supplies
 Stationery Views

Block West of the Gymnasium

At the College

THE CAMPUS TOGGERY

Outfitters from Head to Foot

College Savings Bank
Building

2526 Lincoln Way
Phone 419

Miss Boyd: "Give me a word with
'ar' in it."

Edward: "Margery."

Comment of High School Girls on
the Boys in High School. (Heard in
the lower hall)

Lydia T.: "I like that little Cyril
Barger best of any boy in high
school."

Harriet S.: "Oh! No! I like little

'Sogy' much better."

Toot S.: "Well, I just hate all
men. They are the most fickle things
alive."

Toot Sloss was trying to remove
something from "Vic" Brunner's eye
when she said: "I don't see any-
thing."

Vic: "Well, neither do I; that's
why I want it out."

If it's at the TWIN STAR it's O. K.—I know.

THE VARSITY SHOP

Baseball, Tennis, Football and
Basketball Equipment.

SAVING THE SMALL SUMS

It is surprising how a large amount of money when kept near at hand can disappear.

It is equally surprising how quickly small sums carefully banked can accumulate into a comfortable reserve.

Our Officers invite you to open a Savings Account in this Institution and deposit therein those small sums that are so apt to "slip through the fingers."

The UNION NATIONAL BANK
AMES, IOWA

Ames Pantorium

Modern Cleaners
Work Called for and Delivered

208 Main St.

Phone 231

We Cordially Solicit Your Picture Framing

We also carry a large stock of hand colored copies of nearly all the noted paintings.

H. M. DUCKWORTH

TWIN OWL LUNCH

Large main dining room now operated
in connection with the lunch counter

QUICK SERVICE AT POPULAR PRICES

Try our special Sunday and Holiday dinners

CHRISTINSON BROS.

LYNCH'S

A cool place for cool
things daintily served

Exclusive agents for Whit-
man's and Elmer's Candies

There was a young lady named Beyer
Who is wearing her dresses higher,
So that now, her few clothes
Come clear up to her nose
This goddess like maiden, named
Beyer.

Edith S.: "I think Arnold Liv-
ingston is the image of Fatty Ar-
buckle."

Miss C.: "Why, I think he looks
like Mr. Pollard."

I have a funny feeling
When it's time to get a card
I really wish I had been good
And worked just awfully hard.

I think perhaps I will reform
But it's too late just now
So bravely I'll submit to it
And to my fate will bow.

Dorothy G.: "Tennyson wrote 'A
Memorandum' (In Memoriam).

TWIN STAR shows are brim-full of Life, Action and Thrills.

LOUGHRAN MACHINE CO.

Farm Machinery, Buggies
and Coal

AMES

GILBERT STATION



Our Stock Is Varied and Complete

"Munn's Matchless Materials"

H. L. Munn Lumber Co.

"We Deal IN HONOR,
IN SERVICE
and FORDS"

DUNLAP MOTOR CO.

AMES, IOWA

Get Those **Shoes** Repaired

— AT —

ROUP'S SHOE SHOP

THE FUEL WITHOUT A FAULT

No Clinkers

No Dirt



Little Ash

No Soot

JUST CLEAN COAL

We have the Exclusive Agency--Try a Load--Once Used
Always Used

SPAHN & ROSE LUMBER CO.

Phone 264

GENTLE HINT

Fern: "I'm afraid that bell means another caller."

Marvin (imploringly): "You know there is such a thing as your not being at home."

Fern (suggestively): "Yes, and there is such a thing as my being engaged."

EXERCISE AND REFRESHMENT

Sign seen on Main street: "Cup of Coffee and a Roll Down-Stairs for 15 cents."

Mildred: "You can't believe everything you hear."

Marion: "No, but you can repeat it."

The TWIN STAR is my place—Kum on, let's go.

S. OCHAMPAUGH

A. L. CHILSON

OCHAMPAUGH & CHILSON

PLUMBING and HEATING CONTRACTORS

Phone 55

AMES, IOWA

Artists·Photo-Engravers

Besides being the largest organization in the country specializing on *Quality College Illustrations*, handling over 300 annuals every year, including this one, we are *general artists and engravers*.

Our *Large Art Departments* create designs and distinctive illustrations, make accurate mechanical wash drawings and birdseye views, retouch photographs, and specialize on advertising and catalog illustrations.

Our photographic department is unusually expert on outside work and on machinery, jewelry and general merchandise.

We reproduce all kinds of copy in Halftone, Zinc Etching, Ben Day and Three or Four Color Process; in fact, make every kind of original printing plate; also Electrotypes and Nickeltypes by wax or lead mold process.

At your service—Any time—Anywhere—for Anything in Art, Photography and Photoengraving.

JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING CO.

554 WEST ADAMS STREET · CHICAGO



The Home of
Hart Schaffner &
Marx Good Clothes

Society Brand
Clothes of Supreme
Style

Unconditional Satisfaction Guaranteed

W. H. JAMESON

It's better to buy of us than wish you had

Interwoven Hosiery
Packard Shoes
Kingly Shirts

Bradley Sweaters
Schoble Hats
Complete Full Dress

213 Main

2520 Lincoln Way

Russell Barker was preparing for
the street when Carolyn came down
stairs: "Oh! Doesn't he look cute?"

This curly headed maiden, named
Murray.

There was a young lady named Mur-
ray
Whose head 'twas her duty to curry
But one day the comb stuck
In, the Lord only knows what

"John," said a lady to her new
coachman, as he was on his way to the
polls to vote, "are you going to exer-
cise the franchise today?"

"Which of the horses is that,
Mum?" inquired John.

What Du Yu say, let's go to the TWIN STAR—Oh Boy

A BANK ACCOUNT

Is the Seed from which a Fortune Grows

Why Not Plant Your Seed in Our Bank Today?

COLLEGE SAVINGS BANK

Capital and Surplus \$26,000

South Side Campus

Ames, Iowa

¶ We wish to thank the High School for its patronage this year, and trust that the quality of our work has been satisfactory.

¶ If we have succeeded in helping publish one of the best Annuals Ames High ever had, it will be in line with our everyday policy of doing the best work possible.

¶ We hope to merit the continued patronage of the school by producing the best in photography.

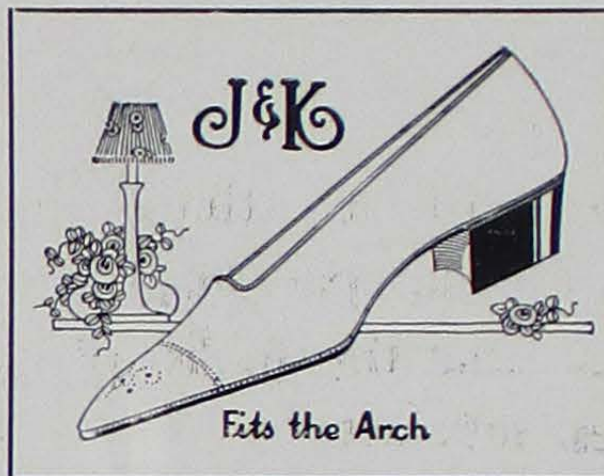
HART STUDIO

G. T. HART

For- The Coming Hot Days

**Oxfords
of Leather
and Canvas**

and all cool fabrics, in both the light weight as well as the sturdy styles for outdoor sports, are ready for you to see on display.



**You'll find
exactly what
you want**

and have been looking for in the line of footwear in this store and

in every size and width for the whole family.

Shoes That
Satisfy

BAUGE & ALM

So. Side
Main St.

COMMENCEMENT GIFTS



Gold and Silver Pencils
Leather Bound Gift Books
Cloth and Leather Memory Books
Cameras, Fountain Pens, Pennants

WE HAVE MANY APPROPRIATE GRADUATING GIFTS
FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM

AMES NEWS STAND

REYNOLDS & IVERSEN, Props.



First, Last and all
The Time---

Gus Martin's

for
Clothing,
Furnishings,
Shoes
and
Phoenix Hosiery
for
Ladies and
Men

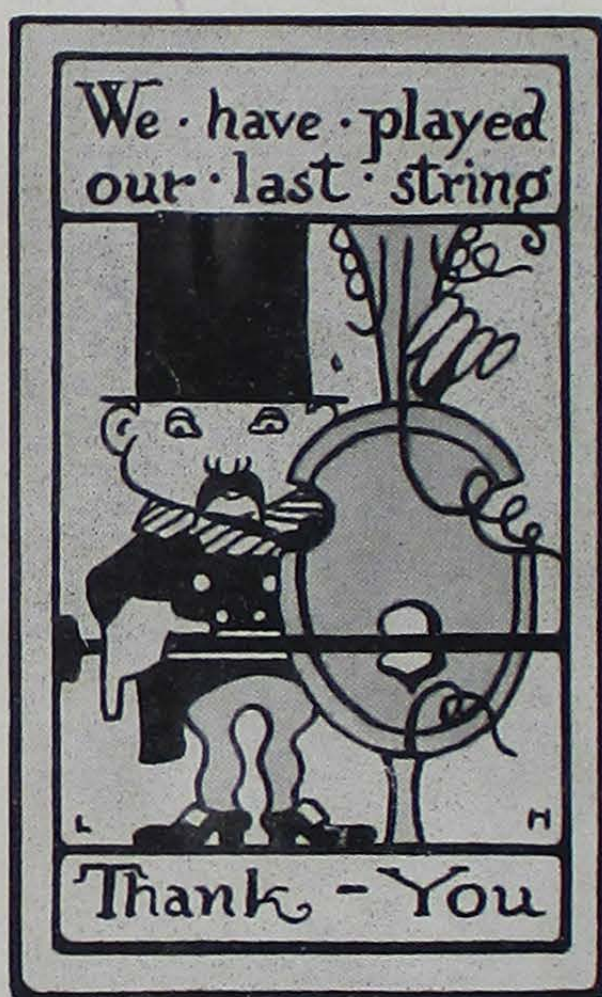
Pay Less

Dress Better

GUS MARTIN

Down Town---215 Main St.

College---2816 West St.



Gus Martin

Clothing, Furnishings
and Shoes

"Pay Less and Dress Better"



AMES, IOWA

1

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

"Peace on earth, good will toward men," was sung at the birth of Christ, and up to this day it stands as the real meaning of the Christmas spirit. But now many people seem to have lost the true spirit of Christmas, and think only of themselves, not of the joy they may give to others. Unselfish giving! What does it mean to you? It should mean joy, happiness, and the true spirit of Christmas of "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

Harriet Tilden, '19.

2

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The true spirit of Christmas is an unseen presence, joy, a wonderful expansion of the heart, a sense of comradeship with everybody. It is that we give with love, and no pessimist can drive away that kind of Christmas from our hearts.

Goldie Jacobson, '19.